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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.*
By James C. Prichard, M.D., F.R.S., Corresponding Member
of the National Institute of France. Third Edition. 5 vols. 8vo.
1836-1847.
2. *The Natural History of Man; comprising Inquiries into the
Modifying Influences of Physical and Moral Agencies in different
Tribes of the Human Family.* By the same. 1813.
3. *The Natural History of the Human Species, its Typical Forms,
Primæval Distribution, Filiations, and Migrations.* By Lieut.-
Col. C. Hamilton Smith, K.H., F.R.S. Edinburgh, 1818.
4. *On the Results of recent Egyptian Researches, in reference to
Asiatic and African Ethnology and the Classification of Lan-
guages.* A Discourse read before the Ethnological Section of
the British Association at Oxford. By C. C. J. Bunsen,
D.C.L., Ph. D. 1847.
5. *Sir C. Lyell's Elements of Geology.* Chaps. XXXIV. to XL.

WE are liable, we fear, to some reproach for not having
earlier noticed the works which are placed first in the above
list; and we feel this the more because a year has now elapsed
since Dr. Prichard was lost by premature death to the science
of his country. His various writings, directed to topics of the
deepest interest to all mankind, are characterised by an industry,
ability, and candour of research well meriting the reputation they
have obtained both at home and abroad. In regard to those
more directly before us, by conjoining the physiological part of
the inquiry with its historical and philological relations, they form
the most ample and complete text we yet possess on the subject,
and one to which all future investigation must be more or less
referred.

While acknowledging and seeking thus late to repair the
omission, we may fairly allege as to the subject itself, that it can
never be out of season or date as long as man has his place on
the earth. For what inquiry of higher import, or more lasting
interest, than that which regards the physical condition of the
human species as first created and appearing on the surface of
the globe? What investigation in all science more vast and

curious than that which, from observation of the numerous races and physical varieties of man, and from the equally numerous forms and diversities of human language, deduces conclusions as to the more simple and elementary states from which these wonderful results have been developed, and the manner and course of their development? Questions like these, even if already settled to our reason and knowledge, would yet have a constant hold on the minds of all thinking men, in their simple relation to that greatest of all phenomena—the existence of human life upon the earth. But, in truth, they are far from being thus settled. A spacious field is open to research, in which certain paths are laid down, and certain landmarks fixed in guidance and preparation for further culture; but where no harvest of complete knowledge has yet been reaped, and where even the boundary of what can be effected by human effort is still obscure.

In this very circumstance we find further excuse for taking up the subject thus late. Better defined as a department of science, and its importance more fully appreciated, the study of the physical history of mankind, in all its varieties of race and distribution, has, like other branches of knowledge, been continually enlarged by the accession of new facts and new methods of research. It has become more copious in its details, more exact in all its conclusions. Aided and emboldened by its growing connexion with other sciences, and by the number of eminent men who have given their labours this direction, it has of late years especially made rapid progress; embracing, together with the kindred subject of ethnology, some of the most curious questions which come within the range of human inquiry.

What we have said thus generally is well illustrated by the course of Dr. Prichard's own researches. A Latin thesis, *De Humani Generis Varietate*, written and printed at Edinburgh in 1809, when he took his degree there, forms the basis of all that he has since so elaborately performed. It is a bold and able treatise, considering the materials he then had in his hands. The theme, pursued with unremitting zeal, grew into a large volume published in 1821, entitled *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*; and it is the third edition of this work, enlarged gradually to five volumes by a perseverance in the same diligent inquiry, which we now have before us. The volume entitled *The Natural History of Man*, is a sort of summary of it, suggested probably by the need of comprising the new materials which had accrued, while the other volumes successively appeared.*

We

* Dr. Prichard's other writings, whether philological or medical, warrant further what we have said of his merits as a philosophical inquirer. His character was one of

We are further justified in presenting this subject to our readers, from the conviction that the great questions it involves are still only partially appreciated by those familiar with other branches of science. The history of Man, as a denizen of the earth, has indeed been conceived and pursued in many different ways, according to the objects, genius, or opportunity of those engaged in the study; but these portraitures which have severally presented him as

The glory, jest, and riddle of the world,

are partial and subordinate, and in no wise fulfil the purport of the larger title before us. The philosopher, living in the comparative seclusion of one community, may indeed, like Blumenbach and Prichard, construct a science from the labours of those cosmopolite travellers who have studied mankind on a bold and broad scale, under every diversity of region and race. But, generally speaking, the tendency of common life and habitual pursuits in the most civilized communities is to narrow, by division and refinement, all great views of the human race. The social pictures of man, found in poetry, history, essay, or romance, will explain our meaning. They are for the most part individualities of character or custom, which tend rather to curtail than enlarge the outline of inquiry, and in truth have little relation to the Natural History of Man as a part of creation at large. Even the moral and religious feelings are concerned in giving their tone and temper to such investigations, differently defining the objects and pursuing them by separate routes. And further, these objects are in themselves so numerous, and their natural aspects of such endless variety, that we can scarcely wonder at the vague understanding of the questions which lie at the bottom of the whole—questions well worthy, nevertheless, of all the learning and ingenuity given to their solution.

Whatever may be the causes, certain it is that the physical history of man has only recently taken its place as a definite branch of science. The ancient philosophers dealt with it loosely, imperfectly, and erroneously. Their limited knowledge of the surface of the earth, their entire ignorance of whole existing races of mankind—the prejudices of their mythology—and their general want of appreciation of scientific evidence, the preference of the *δόξα* to the *ἐπιστήμη*—these difficulties which, in

of great simplicity, zealous in the pursuit of everything true and useful in science. His death may well be termed premature, inasmuch as the peculiar subject of his successful research was before him to the last. We are indebted to Dr. Symonds of Bristol for a very interesting memoir on his life and writings, and find every cause to wish it had extended to greater length. The events indeed are few, but it is always agreeable and useful to trace the workings of an ingenious mind steadily devoted to one great object.

their totality, even the genius of Aristotle could not surmount, may readily be admitted in explanation of the fact we have stated. Passing over the earlier but ambiguous researches of Camper, we may affirm that the true foundation of the science was that laid by Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen, whose long life of honourable labour closed not many years ago. His celebrated collection of skulls (which we have ourselves examined under his guidance) obtained by unwearied perseverance from every part of the globe, suggested new relations and more extended and exact inquiries in prosecution of one branch of the subject. The researches and writings of Cuvier, Humboldt, Lawrence, Owen, Tiedeman, Rudolphi, and other physiologists, while differing in certain conclusions, have continually enlarged the scope of the science and concentrated the results obtained by travellers and naturalists—thus augmenting the means upon which the removal of these differences and the certainty of all conclusions must eventually depend. Philology, meanwhile, has come largely in aid of the inquiry, and the study and classification of languages, indicated more remotely by Scaliger, Bacon, and Leibnitz, has grown into a vast body of authentic knowledge, ministering through new and unexpected relations to the history of the races and communities of mankind. The names of Adelung, Schlegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Remusat, Grimm, Klaproth, Rask, Bunsen, Meyer, &c. indicate the more conspicuous of those who have advanced this science abroad. In our own country we may cite Harris, Horne Tooke, Sir W. Jones, Wilkins, Marsden, Young, Prichard, Latham, &c., as worthy associates in the same learned career.

The physical history of mankind, derived from these sources, has now assumed its place as one of the most eminent branches of natural science—assuredly one of the most interesting, in expounding to man his natural relations to the rest of creation on the globe, and those progressive causes of change which have unceasingly modified his condition here, and may continue to affect and alter it in ages yet to come.

For what are we fitly to understand as comprised in the titles of the works before us? In stating it to be the natural history of man, as a branch of that larger science which includes the physical history of all organized life on the globe, we give but a meagre conception of the subject. Vegetable life, individually fixed to one spot—generically distributed into different regions so as to form an especial science of botanical geography—limited by climate, soil, and other circumstances, though capable of vast changes by culture—all this, while furnishing much of curious illustration and analogy, can only slightly represent to us what pertains to the physical history of the human race. When we

rise

rise in the scale of creation through the innumerable forms and gradations of animal life, and reach those wonderful instincts, and yet higher functions of intelligence and feeling in certain animals, which Aristotle well calls *μνηματα τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ζωῆς*, though finding some of the analogies to approach more closely, still are we far below the level of those great questions which regard the human species—the origin, dispersion, and mutual relation of the various races of mankind. To mere physical evidence are here added other and higher methods of proof, connected with the exercise of those mental faculties which mark man as the head of the animal creation. The peculiarity, the grandeur, and, we may add, the difficulty of the theme, depend mainly on his condition as an intellectual being, whereby his whole existence on earth is defined, and the relations of races and communities of men created and maintained.

And here we touch upon the question which may be said to govern the whole subject, and which we cannot better or more briefly define than in Dr. Prichard's own words:—

‘It will be the principal object of the following work to collect data for elucidating the inquiry, whether all the races of men scattered over the surface of the earth, distinguished as they are from each other in structure of body, in features, and in colour, and differing in languages and manners, are the offspring of a single stock, or have descended respectively from several original families? This problem is so extensive in its bearings, and in many particulars so intricate and complex, that I can scarcely hope to discover evidence conclusive in respect to every part of the investigation. I shall endeavour to collect and throw upon it all the light that can be obtained from different sources.’

We have said that this question, as to the unity and single origin of the human race, governs the whole subject; and it does so in the obvious sense, that if the fact be admitted or proved (as far as proof is attainable), certain other collateral questions at once disappear. If, for instance, it can be rendered certain to our belief that all mankind, throughout all ages of human existence on the globe—in all their innumerable varieties of form, colour, customs, and language—have been derived from one single pair, nothing remains but to investigate the causes, physical and moral, which have produced from this unity of origin the wonderful diversities everywhere visible. A subject wide enough in truth to satisfy the most eager speculator! yet well defined in its limits, and even in many of the lines through which research must be pursued. But this simpler form of the question is not permitted to us: the point is one upon which naturalists of eminence have held very different opinions. It has been con-
tended

tended not only that there is no proof of the derivation of mankind from a single pair, but that the probability is against it. Some have adventured to suppose an absolute difference of species in the beings thus placed by the Creator on the earth. Many have adopted the idea of detached acts of creation, through which certain of the more prominent races had their separate origin in different localities—interblending afterwards, so as to give rise to those subordinate varieties which we see so numerous around us. Others again, putting aside the notion of the immutability of species, have boldly hazarded the belief that inferior animal organizations, either fortuitously or by necessities or latent laws of nature, may have risen into the human form: and this under conditions so far unlike, as to give origin to the more remarkable diversities which have perplexed our ideas of unity, and puzzled both philosopher and physiologist to explain.

Before going further, we may briefly advert to a point which must already have occurred to every reader. Has not this question been long ago settled on the authority of Scripture so as to preclude all further discussion upon it? Are we entitled to go beyond, and to risk any portion of our faith, upon statements or inductions derived from other sources, if contradicting the interpretations commonly given to this higher authority?

The question is one not new to modern science. In reply to it, and to vindicate that right of reason and inquiry which Man has received as one of the greatest gifts from his Creator, it might be enough for us to cite passages from the writings of several distinguished geologists, who have weighed this point with all the seriousness and candour besitting their reputation as men of piety and truth. The difference of the subject does in no wise affect the argument, which applies alike and with equal force to both cases. We might further cite what Dr. Prichard himself, in his Introduction, has clearly and forcibly written in vindication of the research he is about to commence. Take indeed what course we may, these questions, from their very nature, must needs infix themselves deeply in the minds of thinking men, and become in one way or other the matter of earnest inquiry. That the cause of truth will assuredly gain in the end, we can affirm with the greater satisfaction in this case, because it is our conviction, in common with Dr. Prichard, that the conclusions of reason and science, unaided by Scripture, concur mainly with those derived from the latter source. We think there are sufficient grounds, without reference to the sacred writings, for arriving at the conclusion that all races and diversities of mankind are really derived from a single pair; placed on the
earth

earth for the peopling of its surface, both in the times before us, and during the ages which it may please the Creator yet to assign to the present order of existence here. The arguments for such belief we shall now state; and they will be found to comprise, directly or indirectly, every part of this great subject.

In doing this we shall not bind ourselves closely to Dr. Prichard's arrangement, but seek in the shorter space at our disposal to put forward those points which bear most cogently on the conclusion just denoted. On some of these points we think that neither he, nor other writers, have been explicit enough, or given them their full weight in the argument. We shall endeavour to place the evidence in as clear a form as possible, and to aid those unacquainted with the subject in comprehending its relative value and effect.

What then are the sources of knowledge, what the methods of research, through which to arrive at, or approximate to, the solution of this inquiry? They may best, we believe, be classed under three heads:—*First*, the Physiological, including all that relates to the physical conformation of Man—his mental endowments—the question of the unity or plurality of species—and the laws which license or limit the deviations from a common standard. *Secondly*, the Philological, including all that relates to human languages—their connexions, diversities, the theory of the changes they undergo, and the history of such actual changes, as far as we can follow it. *Thirdly*, the Historical—taking the term in its largest sense, as including all written history, inscriptions, traditions, mythology, and even the more common usages which designate and distinguish the different communities of mankind.

This too seems the natural course and order of the inquiry. Man is first to be considered as a part of the animal creation at large, and under the many points of close and unalterable likeness to other forms of animal life, in all that relates to his procreation, nutriment, growth, decay, and death, as well as in regard to the modifications of which the species is susceptible and the diversities it actually exhibits. Various instincts—belonging especially to the early stage of life, before his higher faculties have risen into action—further attest this great natural relation, which human pride can neither deny nor discard. But beyond and above this comes in the peculiar condition of Man as an intellectual being, richly provided by his Maker with those endowments which, in their highest elevation from nature or culture, have bequeathed to the admiration of all ages names made immortal by their genius and attainments—Homer, Aristotle, Dante, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, Laplace, and others which crowd on the memory—and gifted yet further with

with that moral sense, those faculties and sensibilities of feeling and passion, to which, duly guarded and governed, we owe our understanding of virtue and conscience, and of all that is beautiful and sublime in the world around—forming what Milton has well called ‘a piece of divinity within us; something that was before the elements, and owing no homage to the sun.’

The consideration of these higher attributes of man, and of the organs adapted to the faculty of speech, carries us naturally to the second, or philological part of the inquiry. Human language, derived from these conditions, has become a main index to the history of mankind. Its numerous forms, as we find them in existence and maturity among different communities of men—forms, in many cases, so remote in the roots of words, in grammatical structure and idiom, that the doubt may well arise whether they can have any common origin—these very diversities, as well as the connexions of languages, are all subservient to the inquiry before us. We have already spoken of the many eminent men who have devoted themselves to this part of the subject; collating on philosophical principles the detached records of the numerous languages which crowd the globe; and giving to the history of races and nations, irrespectively of all other tradition, a new and wider basis than heretofore. The progress of such researches of late years is the best exponent, as we shall see, of what may be attained by their future prosecution.

To the physiological and philological succeeds the historical part of the argument. It might seem on superficial view that this would be the most copious source of knowledge as to the physical history of man, and his original dispersion over the earth. We might expect here to verify and extend the conclusions derived from the former methods of inquiry, and to give to the whole science more certainty and completeness. And so it is, whenever we can obtain concurrence, or even approximation of results, from these different sources. But, pursuing the investigation on this principle, we shall find ourselves speedily and continually at fault. History, as we have it in our hands, is rarely capable of conducting us to the heights of this great argument, seen dimly through the mists of time, and often rather obscured than enlightened by human tradition. Its line, broken and interrupted even before, stops where the more arduous part of the ascent begins, and gives us no guidance into the earlier ages beyond.

We might much enlarge, were it needful, on this incapacity of History to satisfy our just curiosity as to the primitive condition of the human race on earth. But we shall confine ourselves to a few general remarks, such as may obviate misconception as to the bearing

bearing and value of this part of the evidence. In placing them here, we deviate from the order of arguments just laid down; but we do this purposely, that the attention of our readers may be better concentrated afterwards on the two other topics, on which the solution of the inquiry chiefly depends.

We have already spoken generally of the bearing of sacred history on this subject. In the Old Testament we have a record of the creation of man upon the earth, and of a line of successive generations down to the period of the great Deluge; from which we are led to date a second growth and dispersion of mankind. But it would wrong the proper objects and influence of the sacred volume to regard it as a physical history of man, or to seek in its pages for the facts with which this science has especial concern. A few passages only can be brought to bear directly on the conclusions we seek to obtain; and there is constant danger, as well as difficulty, in tampering with words and phrases so alien in their objects and manner of use. The Mosaic writings are the record of the origin and progress of one people, wonderful in every age of its history, and by the dispensation of Providence signal in its influence on the whole human race. All that is given to us, apart from this main object, is incidental, brief, and obscure; and the chronology of the Jewish people itself rendered ambiguous by the recognized differences of the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Septuagint texts; amounting in the whole to a period longer than that which has elapsed from the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy to the present day. Even in an early part of these books we find allusion to nations which had grown into existence and power; but without any sign to mark their origin beyond some single name, or the general statement of the multiplication of man on the earth. It is, however, this affirmation of the origin and multiplication of mankind from a single pair of created beings which forms the great link between the Scripture narrative and the subject before us. We have already stated this as the basis of the inquiry—the question to which all others are subordinate; and expressed our belief that the evidence derived from other sources concurs with what is thus delivered to us in the Mosaic history. We must not look to Scripture for description of the primitive physical characters of the human species, or for details as to the origin of human languages. But it is much to arrive at the same point through paths thus diverse; and we shall do well for the cause of truth to hold the sacred volume ever in our hands, seeing where it fairly comes into contact with other knowledge, but never forcing its peculiar objects and phraseology into conclusions with which it has no concern.

Passing from the Scriptural to other history, whether of writings, tradition,

tradition, or mythology, we lose this distinct affirmation of the unity of mankind, without any equivalent in the more certain record of the primitive state of the species. The notices indeed multiply as to the growth and spread of particular tribes; but even if possessing much more authority than belongs to them, they would go short way to satisfy our seeking for knowledge of that mysterious period, which intervenes between the creation of man and the formation of nations and empires. We lose ourselves in utter darkness when we seek to go beyond certain epochs, remarkable in the ancient world as the periods of great movements and migrations among the people best known to us. One of these may especially be denoted, as comprising within a very brief time the record of six migrations and settlements, each containing some germ of future history.* Yet even this period, in which were sown the seeds that ripened into Grecian genius and civilization, how vaguely and scantily is it known to us! How much more obscurely still those vast Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic migrations which have given cast and colour to all the succeeding destinies of Europe! Here we have hardly the ground of tradition to stand upon: all measure of time is lost: we are obliged to come at once to the relations of language, as the only index we possess to these mysteries of the ancient world.

Of the grandeur of Egypt at a remote period we have numerous proofs; and the genius and industry of the present age have derived from its sublime monuments, its hieroglyphics and paintings, the evidences of vast extent of power, of various refinements of policy and civilization. But in this very point lies the deficiency of history. Whence, and how, this growth of grandeur, unrevealed in its origin, and so faintly traced in its earlier progress? Long series of sovereigns have been determined through hieroglyphic inscriptions, compared with the fragments of history; the founders and dates of many of the great monuments—‘those wild enormities of ancient magnanimity,’ as Sir T. Browne calls them—similarly fixed; certain astronomical periods ascertained; and a chronology of much exactness carried back to a remote antiquity. But antiquity is a relative term; and the researches of Bunsen and Lepsius, the latest labourers in this great field, though stretching backwards nearly 5000 years, are arrested at a period far short of the origin of the remarkable nation on whose history they have bestowed so much learning and toil.

The history of the Assyrian Empire, contemporary with that of Egypt, has been more deeply sunk in obscurity. Fragmentary

* Cuvier has particularly marked this period, extending from about 1550 A.C. to 1450 A.C., and including, besides the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, some of the most noted epochs of settlement in Greece.

notices in Scripture and in Greek authors have told us of its greatness and conquests, the magnitude and decorations of its capital. But we have only just begun to disentomb the great Nineveh, and can only partially decipher the peculiar cuneiform characters which designate and give date to its wonderful works of art. The intrepid zeal and ability of Mr. Layard, already re-directed to the spot, will, we doubt not, achieve further successes on the same fertile soil; but when all is done, there will yet remain the void of time beyond, in which genius and diligence are alike lost and fruitless.

The vast empires of China and India offer yet more striking examples of this imperfection of history, as bearing on the early condition and diffusion of the human race. Native records, aided here also by astronomy, carry us obscurely back to dates as remote as those of Egypt and Assyria; but beyond this all is lost in the depths of time, or in the still darker depths of mythology. And to take another instance, from a different source, but not less cogent for our object, where do we find the faintest authentic trace of those maritime migrations, seemingly not single, but successive, which peopled the great American continent; giving birth to numerous nations and languages, and to various monuments of power and civilization still only partially explored? Here only one or two vague traditions float before us, which poetry may adopt, but which history refuses to appropriate to its graver purposes.

These few examples will show how scantily we can draw from ancient history the peculiar information required. We nowhere get high enough. The regions of tradition or mythology are reached; but it is still the *selva oscura*, the *basso loco* of the poet, and we do not obtain access to the clear sky above. It may even be affirmed that we gain less certain knowledge of the early races of mankind from direct history than from those relations and resemblances of custom which often remain infixed for ages, when all other connexions are lost—the usages pertaining to birth and death—the methods of warfare—the regulations of property—the punishment of offences—the manner of habitation—and yet more remarkably the bodily mutilations which are found so strangely to exist in common among nations widely separate on the earth. Much caution is obviously needful in dealing with indications from this source. There is the same liability to deception here as in the case of etymology, where ingenuity so often deceives itself by a shadow of resemblance alone. But pursued with discretion and the multiplication of authentic facts, wherewith to correct hasty conclusions, this method of research becomes fruitful of curious results; and, like those branches of the inquiry to which we are
now

now hastening, gives yet more abundant promise for the future, aided as it now is by a thousand facilities, unknown and unsummed heretofore.

We have dwelt thus long on preliminary parts of the subject, under the conviction that many, even of those conversant with other sciences, scarcely appreciate the entire scope of that under our review. We come now to the two main sources of knowledge as to the natural history of man, viz., human physiology and human language; lines of argument distinct in themselves, yet parallel in direction, and mutually giving force to every conclusion in which they concur. Through these channels alone can we proceed upwards when history deserts us, and tradition throws a light too flickering or false to be safely trusted. Even admitting that certainty is unattainable, we may yet reach a degree of probability fully warranting the attempt, a timid abandonment of which would be treason against all true philosophy:—

Ardua dum metuant, amittunt vera via.

Human physiology ranks as the highest department of that great science of organic life which has made such astonishing progress of late years, compassing conclusions and general results which would once have been deemed impossible to human research. The closer study of comparative anatomy—the improved use of the microscope—the increased resources of chemical analysis—the wider sphere of actual observation—and greater exactitude in the collection and classification of facts—all have concurred to this result. Other sciences, moreover, and especially geology, have lately furnished new and extraordinary aids to this branch of knowledge. What space is to the astronomer, time is to the geologist—vast beyond human comprehension, yet seen and comprized by the conclusions of the science. The astronomer indeed throws his line of numbers more boldly and securely into the depths of the infinite before him. The geologist can rarely give this mathematical certainty to his subject, or express the vastness of time more definitely than by the relation and succession of periods. But this result, and the methods by which it is attained, are such as well attest the value and grandeur of the science. The study of fossil remains, in representing successive epochs of change, and renewed creations of organic life on the surface of the globe, becomes the interpreter of facts of transcendent interest. What more wonderful than to extricate from the depths of the earth those mute yet expressive evidences of time far anterior to the creation of man!—of ages to which no human estimate can ascend, save as respects the mere order of succession in the series! What nearer material approach can
man

man find to his Maker, than in decyphering those repeated epochs and acts of creative power, and those successive modifications of animal life, which, while still including its simpler forms, gradually acquire higher types of organization, and express a scheme of fixed and constant progress, however imperfect our view of the steps by which this is attained? Dividing these periods by the geological characters which clearly denote their relative age and succession, and the altered conditions of the earth in each, we may affirm that each period, amidst a general change of species, contains some element of higher life and more consummate organization. We have not room to dwell on this topic, or to detail the different expressions which naturalists have given to the general fact; but its bearing upon our subject—the natural history of man—will be obvious at first sight, and rises in importance as we pursue and enlarge the inquiry.

For what is the position of man in the scheme and series thus described? The answer is written in clear characters in the same great volume of nature—the evidence negative indeed in part, but not on that account less certain. While all anterior conditions of animal life, as they have successively occurred, are represented to us by innumerable vestiges and fossil remains, no trace whatsoever is found of the human being until the epoch in which we have our present existence. Bones, shells, impressions of the most delicate structure, even the passing footsteps of animals over a moist surface, all these things have been wonderfully preserved to the inspection of this later age. The most minute as well as the most gigantic forms of the ancient animal world, in its several periods, are familiar to our present knowledge. If in one spot the remains have been too imperfect to allow the naturalist to complete his delineation, such is the rich exuberance of this fossil world that he rarely fails to obtain what is wanting from some contemporaneous strata elsewhere on the globe. Even the *lacune* which still exist in the series of zoological types are in progress of being filled up from the same fertile source—yet of man, we repeat, no one vestige is to be found; certain though it is that this must have happened, had his existence been laid among any of these first creations on the earth. A single bone, distinctly discovered in a certain geological site, and attested as *human* by Cuvier or Owen, would have decided the question. But none such have been found—a few alleged instances have been subsequently disproved—and the creation of man, as well as of the various species of animal life by which he is now surrounded, may distinctly be referred to the actual surface of the globe, as the latest of those acts of creation of which geology furnishes the record and the proof.

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Though less certain in evidence, it is reasonable to add, in confirmation of this view, what we have just stated as to the introduction of certain higher organizations at each of the periods in question. The step from the most advanced genera of the mammalia to man may be much greater than any antecedent one; but still we are not entitled to disregard this relation as possibly forming part of the great scheme which we humbly contemplate with the faculties permitted us to use. The simple fact that human reason is rendered capable of contemplating such objects, attests more strongly than any other the actual pre-eminence of man over all besides of the existing creation.

This point then settled, we come to the particular questions regarding the first condition of man on the earth, which we formerly indicated as lying at the root of the whole inquiry. Is the human being a single species of what naturalists call *the genus Homo*? or do the diversities of physical character which we see in different races compel the admission that there were more species than one in the original act of creation? Again, if the unity of the species be proved, are we to look for the origin of this species in a single pair placed in some one locality of the globe, and thence diffusing the human race over its surface? or do the facts observed make it probable that there were more than one—possibly several distinct pairs—representing the more prominent diversities of the species, and located in different points, so as to become so many centres of diffusion and admixture of these varieties?

The questions thus generally stated may be said to include all others appertaining to the subject; save one perhaps, already adverted to slightly, but which we must here notice further, inasmuch as it involves the very definition of a species, and suggests contingencies which, if admitted, change the whole aspect of the inquiry. We allude to the opinion of certain naturalists, avowed or anonymous,* who, holding that there is no sufficient reason to suppose the immutability of species, believe it possible or probable that what have hitherto been considered such, may, by the operation of various causes, acting through long periods of time, be gradually transmuted into other and very different forms, or species as we now regard them. The most eminent advocate of this doctrine, Lamarck, hardly cared to shelter himself under those

* We use the term *anonymous* here in reference to the volume entitled 'Vestiges of Creation,' well known to many of our readers, in which all that can be alleged on behalf of this doctrine, and more than can reasonably be alleged, is stated by the unknown writer with skilful plausibility, in language of great vigour and clearness. Those who first encounter the subject under his guidance ought to read also some of the able replies the work has provoked, and which have led the author in his later editions to adopt various modifications, not so explicitly acknowledged, we think, as they might have been.

vague generalities by which others have sought to temper their conclusions and reconcile them to the common belief. He lets it be understood that he imposes no limit on this principle of progressive transmutation. From the simplest primitive germs or rudiments may be evolved, by what has been termed spontaneous generation, all the various forms of vegetable and animal organic life; the particular forms being determined by the conditions to which the germs are incidentally subjected; and the development, multiplication, and variation of species depending on the same contingencies, acting through unbounded time, and aided by certain principles of action and change within the beings thus developed. These principles, which have been variously termed *appetencies*, *plastic powers*, *efforts of internal sentiment*, *subtle fluids*, &c., betray in the outset the weakness of the system. They are phrases unmeaning in themselves—ruinous to all true philosophy. Yet Lamarck, boldly appropriating them, pushes his conclusions into numerous particular instances of this presumed transmutation of species. That which most concerns our present subject is the view he hazards of the transformation of the orang-outang into man; and the sketch he gives, with a rare intrepidity, of the means by which this wonderful change has been worked out. He has not been careful to take the best instance for his case—the Chimpanzee, or *Simia troglodytes* of Angola, being a closer approach to the human form than the Orang-outang of Borneo, and fully justifying the old line of Ennius—

Simia, quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis!

But whichever be taken as the point of departure in this change from the monkey to the man, the deficiency in argument and fact is the same. Difficult or impossible though it is for human reason to comprehend successive or innumerable specific acts of creation, it is in nowise more difficult than to conceive creation at all:—easier indeed than to conceive laws primitively impressed upon matter, rendering it capable, by any feeling, appetite, or necessity of its own temporary organization, of evolving new organs and instruments of action. For it must be kept in mind, though Lamarck himself leaves it out of sight, that this theory implies not merely variations of form and power in organs previously existing, but the progressive creation or substitution of organs and powers entirely new. Such changes as these we nowhere see in progress. The exact knowledge obtained of certain animal and vegetable species during a period of 3000 years tells us of no such mutations. To avoid difficulties which belong to the limited comprehension of man, and which meet us equally on the confines of all human science, we are called upon to adopt a system

system which doubles these difficulties, and gives us only vague words with which to solve them. We are much inclined here to adopt the language of Cícero—*Utinam tam facile vera invenire possim quam falsa convincere!*

One familiar instance will often illustrate better than a thousand arguments. From the window at which we are sitting we see at this moment a large spider weaving its subtle web for the entanglement of its prey. The system before us supposes that some inferior organization feeling the appetency for this particular food, and the need of means for obtaining it, there thence resulted the growth of that beautiful mechanism of structure belonging to the spider, and that wonderful instinct by which the web is woven with such exquisite exactness and adaptation to its use. But this is not all—our speculator cannot rest here. The material of the web is a chemical compound of the most definite kind and definite purpose, and requires especial organs for its elaboration. This material must be alike provided for by the theory in question, and no subterfuge of phrases can save it from the demand. Thus taxed—and we might endlessly multiply such instances—the doctrine becomes a nullity to our comprehension or use; and we may wisely acquiesce in that simpler and more intelligible view, which refers all these wonders of subordinate intelligence to the will and ever present and active power of the great Author of nature.

The relation of this particular question to the subject before us will now be obvious. Those of our readers who wish to pursue it further may refer to all that Cuvier has so admirably written on the permanence of species; to the works of Dr. Prichard; and to the excellent chapters in Lyell's 'Principles of Geology,' which we have placed at the head of this article. While we concur, however, with Sir C. Lyell in rejecting this theory as inadmissible in reason, we freely acknowledge that its discussion among men of science has done much to enlarge our views as to all that concerns the definition of species in nature, the conditions establishing their identity, and the changes more or less permanent of which they are susceptible, either from natural causes, from education, or from forced union with each other in the production of hybrids. The topic is one of deep interest, carrying us by diverse paths into the midst of the most profound questions which can legitimately exercise our reason. It is associated closely with many of the natural sciences, as especially with all that relates to the physical history of man.

No one of common reflection can enter the walls of a great zoological museum without some sentiment of awe in looking on the innumerable forms of life around—*cette richesse effrayante*, as Cuvier

Cuvier well calls it, when speaking of insects alone as one class in the vast series. The wonder is augmented when considering that this is only the visible world of life. The microscope has now disclosed to us the waters of the earth tenanted by hosts of living beings before unseen; and the most recent researches of Ehrenberg show the atmosphere around us peopled with genera and species not recognised by the most delicate human sense, yet probably affecting in various ways the physical condition of man.* If there be any real transmutation of species, or spontaneous generation and present creation of new species, we might expect to find it among these minute and simple organisms, or germs, which seem to have some common relation to vegetable and animal life; and may be presumed more liable to change in evolution from the influences surrounding them. Yet we have no certain evidence of this having ever occurred, and many facts adverse to it. The sudden appearance of known species in new situations, accepted by some as a proof, shows only the exquisite minuteness of the primitive germs of life, and their tenacity of existence until the conditions occur necessary to evolve them. Of this tenacity we have proof in many remarkable cases, and it is probably in some inverse ratio to the elevation of the species.†

* These researches, which are recorded in two or three memoirs presented to the Berlin Academy of Sciences during the past year, appear to have been suggested to Ehrenberg by the prevalence of the Cholera in Berlin towards the end of 1848. They offer the extraordinary result of nearly 100 species of organic life existing in different strata of the atmosphere as examined on this spot. Another memoir about the same time relates the singular phenomenon of a vivid vermilion matter, which, on the 26th of October, 1848, suddenly showed itself on the bread and other farinaceous substances in different parts of Berlin; and which was found, on examination, both there and in England, to consist of two fungi and one animal organism—the latter called by Ehrenberg the *Menas prodigiosa*. It is a curious, though presumably casual coincidence, that precisely the same phenomenon occurred in Philadelphia when the Cholera was raging there in 1832. We have it in the relation of Quintus Curtius that during the siege of Tyre by Alexander the bread in the city was found suddenly stained with blood; a miracle then—now explained (as may be many similar phenomena of former times) in a manner scarcely less miraculous, but in accordance with the natural laws that pervade and govern the world.

• It is impossible not to suppose that these living organisms, tenanted the atmosphere in which we ourselves live, may have, in their existence and changes, many important effects on the human economy. Though not yet explicitly placed among the causes of disease, it is likely that future research will show them to be so.

† The same general reasoning will apply to the seeming identity of the curious cellular structure which appears, from recent research, to form the nucleus of all the textures of organic life. That species so numerous and distinct are actually evolved from that structure, proves that there is an *agent of life*, independent of the cell, though working through it as an instrument or medium. It is conceivable that different combinations of cells may modify the result in the simpler forms of life. Such would seem to be the case in the recent observations of Professors Forbes and Steenstrup, commented upon by Professor Owen in his recent volume entitled 'Parthenogenesis.' But the cases of this kind hitherto made known are few in number—the effects, as far as we can see, are only temporary—and the type of the species appears to be maintained amidst the variations impressed on them.

The questions which regard the individuality, the permanence, and the capacity for variation in species, are, however, so vast and various, that it would be vain for us to seek to discuss them in detail. They are, moreover, the subject of much recent controversy, resulting from the minute researches into the simpler primitive forms of animal and vegetable life, of which we have just spoken. Doubts have been started as to the actual existence of *true species* in nature; that is, of separate tribes of beings with specific organization and incapable of transmutation into one another; and though few have ventured as far as Lamarck, many have trodden on his traces, and resting on some singular phenomena of hybrids, particularly as disclosed in the experiments of Weigmann and others on hybrid plants, have supposed the power of transmutation within a more limited range. It is curious to observe how closely some of these recent views approach to the discarded notions of the ancient philosophy. Atoms begin to have currency and favour again; and many a line of the magnificent poetry of Lucretius might be taken as the text of modern theory on these subjects. The definitions of species by Buffon, Cuvier, De Candolle, &c., though essentially alike as involving the facts of resemblance and constant reproduction of the same beings, are yet open to some critical cavil; and it has been doubted whether the term *species* might not be expediently exchanged for some other more free from ambiguity. We fully admit the influence of names upon things, and that 'words do mightily entangle and pervert the judgment.' It would make an amusing and important subject of inquiry, in what cases of physical science, and yet more of morals and metaphysics, new terms might be adopted, with the effect of removing doubts and closing controversies engendered by the faulty or fluctuating use of more ancient names. It is manifest, however, that such corrections must never be needlessly or arbitrarily made, lest the ambiguity created be greater than that removed. And as respects the term in question, though it has no etymological merits, we doubt whether any could be adopted, expressing in a more convenient form the relation which it professes to describe.

With the impossibility of entering fully into this subject of species, we gladly avail ourselves of the summary which Sir C. Lyell has given, at the end of his 37th chapter, of the conclusions reasonably deduced from our actual knowledge of the conditions and changes of animal and vegetable life existing around us.

{1st. There is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves to a certain extent to a change of external circumstances, this extent varying greatly according to the species.

{2nd. When the change of situation they can endure is great, it is usually

usually attended by some modifications of the form, colour, size, structure, or other particulars; but the mutations thus superinduced are governed by constant laws, and the capability of so varying forms part of the permanent specific character.

'3rd. Some acquired peculiarities of form, structure, and instinct, are transmissible to the offspring; but these consist of such qualities and attributes only as are intimately related to the natural wants and propensities of the species.

'4th. The entire variation from the original type which any given kind of change can produce, may usually be effected in a short period of time, after which no further deviation can be obtained by continuing to alter the circumstances, though ever so gradually—indefinite divergence, either in the way of improvement or deterioration, being prevented, and the least excess beyond the defined limits being fatal to the existence of the individual.

'5th. The intermixture of distinct species is guarded against by the aversion of the individuals composing them to sexual union, or by the sterility of the mule offspring. It does not appear that true hybrid races have ever been perpetuated for several generations, even by the assistance of man; for the cases usually cited relate to the crossing of mules with individuals of the pure species, and not to the intermixture of hybrid with hybrid.

'6th. From these considerations it appears that species have a real existence in nature, and that each was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished.'—*Principles of Geology*, 7th edit., p. 385.

These conclusions we believe to be valid in all essential points. We suspect if male and female juries of each species could be summoned upon the question of its distinct individuality, they would speedily return an affirmative verdict; and, perchance, with some surprise and amusement at the doubt submitted to them. While in arguing this question much stress has rightly been laid on the period of utero-gestation, as deciding the identity or difference of species, we think sufficient importance has not been attached to the relation and adaptation of the sexes of each species to one another. This remark very especially applies to the bolder doctrine of transmutation of species already discussed. A double transmutation would in every case be required, and with adaptations in every successive stage of change which it would defy any calculation of possible chances to meet or explain.

We cannot hesitate then in believing that the permanent individuality of species is the intention and general law of creation. We consider that the variations themselves of which species are rendered capable (doubtless for wise and sufficient purposes) do, by the limits imposed on their extent, express the same general law. And if objection be still taken to the immensity of the numbers of species thus presumed, we answer

that he must be indeed an infant in physical science, who would limit the scope of creation by his own conceptions, or define the numbers therein employed by his own narrow use and comprehension of them.

Though we may seem again to have deserted our immediate subject, reflection will show that it is otherwise. The physical history of man is based on the same general grounds as that of the rest of the animal creation. Man stands at the head; but in a physical sense he does so simply as the highest in a series of animal types, connected by close though perhaps unequal links, and subject to the same general laws determining the origin, distribution, and variations of species. He forms a genus to himself on every principle of just classification; and it is the conclusion of Prichard and his compeers that this genus differs from all other genera of the animal kingdom, in containing but one species. Still we must hold it ever in view that Man is a part of the great scale of animal life; and we shall speedily see how many arguments and analogies may be drawn as to all that regards his physical history, from those inferior forms of being which exist, for his uses or contemplation, in the world around him.

This is especially true as respects the inquiry to which we now come, having already in part premised our opinion upon it, viz., whether there be one species or more of the genus Man? :—whether (to put the most cogent case in front) the perfect Negro and the perfect European, seeing the strong contrasts and diversities they exhibit, can be rightly deemed of the same species? :—and whether, to explain other striking varieties in the races of men, it be needful to extend yet further this view of their specific differences? In discussing these points we must limit ourselves to the reasons best fitted to elucidate the conclusions obtained.

The question naturally first occurs—and it is a question which in its nature becomes an argument—if man be not a single species, how many species of the human being must we count of the earth? The Negro is the most striking contrast to the European; but the beardless, yellow Mongolian also has characteristics so strongly marked, that we cannot concede the difference of species in the one case without admitting it in the other. How, or where, are we to stop in these admissions, when we find diversities alike in kind, and different only in degree, existing everywhere around us; and determining those divisions into races, of which some have retained the same distinctive characters from the earliest periods of history. The question is further perplexed by the intermixture of races and varieties; rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to define any such primitive

tive separation of origin, as the phrase of *different species* implies. Multiplicity then in this case becomes itself an argument for unity. No lines of demarcation are found sufficiently strong to render the plurality of species natural or probable. Every such line is traversed by others, which, while effacing its distinctness, do all point to a certain common origin—expressing in this what we believe to be the unity of the species over the earth.

This manner of putting the argument, however, though strong, is obviously not conclusive. It is rendered much more forcible by a regard in detail to those conditions which may fitly be considered as showing the identity or diversity of species; and further, by analogies derived from the variations of species in other parts of the animal creation. From these two sources, concurring in the evidence they afford, we derive conclusions as certain as any that can be had in those parts of physical science into which mathematical proof does not enter.

And first, as to the criteria which best determine the identity or diversity of species—an inquiry of singular interest in its connexion with the physiology both of animal and vegetable life. Limiting our present view to the former, and to the part of the scale more approximate to man, we may name the following conditions as those which must mainly determine the result in each particular case:—the anatomical structure in all its parts—the average duration of life—the relation of the sexes and laws of propagation, including the periods of utero-gestation and number of progeny—the production, or otherwise, of hybrid progeny by mixed breeding—the liability to the same diseases—and the possession of the same instincts, faculties, and habits of action and feeling. It will be readily admitted that wherever individuals or groups of beings concur as to these general conditions, there the proof of identity of species is complete. But we have already alluded to that capacity for variation within certain limits in each species, which may as justly be called a law of nature as the division into species itself; and we are in no instance whatever entitled to expect entire conformity to the several conditions stated above. In recurring to them hereafter it will be seen that each condition includes a liability to such variations, more or less, for every species; and it would seem a general fact that this increases as we rise upwards in the scale of animal life. In the higher animals, and notably in man, this capacity for variation shows itself peculiarly in all that regards the instincts, habits, and mental faculties, as modified by climate, food, culture, and other contingencies. In the phenomena more strictly of physical organization, a lesser amount of change is likely to occur; yet
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here also (and it will soon occur to us as an important point in the argument) the familiar experience of every one will indicate to him innumerable such varieties, more striking as the research is more extended and minute.

Taking these circumstances into account, our demand for proof of the identity of species will be limited to such conformity to the several criteria above stated as may be general—never admitting more than a certain amount of deviation from the common characters—the deviations themselves alike in kind under like conditions, and prone to return to this primitive standard, when the causes of change are removed. The latter phenomenon, strikingly attested by many well known facts in natural history, will be at once felt as a cogent argument for the unity of the species in which such variations occur, however widely they may alter the aspect of the races and breeds included under it.

Submitting the case of the human being to these criteria, which have helped to solve the most doubtful questions as to other species, we may confidently say that an affirmative answer is derived from all, as to the proper unity of Man. In truth each point has been directly or silently conceded, except those which regard configuration, colour, and certain other bodily peculiarities on the one hand, and on the other the equality of the mental endowments and capacities. On these points discussions have been raised; and with the effect, as we have before stated, of leading some inquirers to the persuasion that the corporeal and mental diversities of the Negro and Caucasian cannot be explained otherwise than by supposing a difference of species—thus sanctioning the vague and uninstructed belief which the ignorant or interested have so often adopted as to this matter. It may be doubted whether this opinion, in its distinct form, has now many advocates; and we might not think it needful to dwell on the argument more minutely were it not that the reasonings apply almost equally to that modified view before mentioned, which, without denying the identity of the species, affirms that there were different pairs, of different primitive types, placed separately on the earth. Every argument, of course, which tends to show that one species is capable of undergoing the variations actually found among mankind, must apply *pro tanto* to this latter doctrine also.

Looking first then to the anatomical part of the question—the characters most dwelt upon in the discrimination of the different races of men are the skeleton, and particularly the skull and pelvis—the stature—the colour of the skin—and the nature of the hair. In all the systems of arrangement of these races, the figure
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of the skull has formed a principal feature; the differences in this structure—so important in the organ it encloses—being such as are obvious to the most careless observer. The early researches and collections of Camper and Blumenbach have been since much extended, and new specimens of crania obtained from various parts of the world, particularly from the two American continents; to which latter class the valuable investigations of Drs. Warren and Morton have been especially directed. These new acquisitions have often proved important in furnishing links between cranial forms more widely dissociated to our previous knowledge. Nevertheless the main differences are strongly enough marked to justify a division into races upon this character, though naturalists have not hitherto wholly agreed in what to be adopted. The one originally proposed by Blumenbach included five races—the Caucasian, Ethiopian, Mongolian, Malayan, and American—and this with little modification was long acquiesced in. The later researches of Dr. Prichard, founded on more ample materials, led him to reduce the chief types of cranial form, and the distinction of races founded thereon, to three only, which he characterizes, from their several peculiarities, as the *prognathous*, the *pyramidal*, and the *oval or elliptical*. The *prognathous*, or that marked by the predominance of the jaws, is the cranial type of the lower Negro and Australian races—the *pyramidal* crania, connected with broad, lozenge-formed faces, furnish a type common to the Mongolian or Tamar nations, the Laplanders, Esquimaux, Hottentots, and many of the American races—the *oval or elliptical* cranium expresses the form common to the Caucasian races and all the more highly civilized nations of the world.

While acquiescing in this division, we may add that we do so simply from its being the one most natural and comprehensive, where some division is required for the clear elucidation of the subject. Under the view we entertain that the various distinctions of cranial form, endlessly multiplied in detail, are secondary, and all derived from a common source, we can attach no higher importance than this to the classifications proposed. Our present knowledge enables us to follow these more strongly marked types into each other, through all the intermediate links; and we can go yet farther, and affirm that some of these changes are taking place under our own eyes. The Turks of Europe and Western Asia are doubtless of the same stem as the Turks of Central Asia; yet they have gained, probably within a few centuries, the cranial form and facial features of the Caucasian races; while those retaining their original seat and manner of life retain also the pyramidal skull and Mongolian characters of the race. The Laplanders,

Laplanders, Finns, and Magyars, all derived, as we have reason to believe, from the Mongolian stock, present three gradations of change from the pyramidal to the elliptical type, and bearing proportion to the degree of civilization attained by each. Again, we have various testimony that the Negro head, so strongly marked in its characters, is gradually approximating to the European form, where successive generations of Negroes, without actual intermixture, have been in constant communication with European people and habits.

As a particular feature of the cranium, the facial angle, determining the relation of the line of the forehead to that of the face, is a subject of interest, even to the most common observers, in its seeming connexion with the intellectual development and expression. Its great diversity in different individuals is well known; and the same variation, within certain limits, extends to different races. Naturalists have busied themselves in giving exact measurement to the angle, both in man and the inferior animals; and with results which at first were held by not a few of them to sanction the idea that the Negro was an inferior species, and descending nearer in this part of his development to the Oran-outang or Chimpanzee. But more exact researches have corrected various errors in these results, both as regards the monkey and the man; degrading the former from his acquired rank, and restoring to the latter his identity with the rest of the human species. In truth, the average diversity in this part of the cranial form in the Negro is far below the occasional deviations of the same kind in the European; and both must be regarded as effects of that general law of variation of species, which shows itself alike in individuals, in families, and in races of mankind. The value of the last remark will be manifest as respects both this particular topic and all other parts of the question; and we shall have occasion to recur to it again, as one of the keystones of the argument.

What we have thus stated respecting the diversities of the skull in different races, and the inferences therewith connected, will exempt us from saying much as to the other anatomical points in the question. The form of the pelvis, the length of the forearm, the position of the head in reference to the vertebral column, as well as the colour of the skin and character of the hair, have all been cited in proof of a specific difference between the Negro and European stock, and the closer relation of the former to certain species of the quadrumana. But the argument has been disproved in each case—partly by enlarged inquiry, as in the instance of Professor Weber's valuable researches on the pelvis—partly by more exact admeasurements and the application of that system of averages which has contributed so greatly to the progress

gress of science—partly, again, by those general considerations we have already propounded as to the varieties naturally incident to the same species, the graduation of all these varieties into each other, and the occurrence of the same or larger deviations in individuals or families as in races of men. Take, for example, the colour of the skin, to which the latter class of arguments chiefly applies, and the diversities of which are at least as prominent as those of figure. The extreme contrasts in this case are the Negro and the Albino. The latter is clearly an accidental variety; but, as such, becomes, from its marked characters, a valuable exponent of all other varieties of colour. That part of the structure of the skin, which is called the pigment-cell, is evidently capable of undergoing great changes in its secretions from climate, manner of life, and those more mysterious causes connected with generation and the hereditary transmission of bodily features and peculiarities, the mighty influence of which we everywhere see, but which our ignorance makes it difficult yet to subject to particular laws. Time is manifestly an element of the greatest importance here. The amount of change of which we have evidence, even within short periods, is the proof of the capacity for far greater change where time is prolonged, and any particular community so placed as to be exposed continually to the operation of the same physical causes.

When to these considerations we add the particular evidences upon which we have already so much dwelt, viz., the fact that nature produces frequent varieties in all races as striking as are the extreme diversities amongst them; and, secondly, that there is an entire continuity in the gradations which occur in nature from one diversity to another, we present the argument in the most complete form it can assume. Thus, to take a single but striking example of the first case—a Negro may have an Albino offspring without pigment-cells—a fact that includes at once all those minor varieties of colour which are so familiar to us in the same community, and even in the same family. The continuous gradations of colour from the Negro to the native of northern Europe, though less obvious to common knowledge, have been so well substantiated by travellers and men of science, that no remaining doubt can exist on the subject. The same two methods of argument (of which we are anxious that our readers should understand the full value) apply equally to the hair of the Negro; which, though called *woolly*, has been well ascertained to have no relation to wool, and is found to graduate through a series of changes into the ordinary hair of the European races in one or other of the many varieties which these races present.

The argument for the unity of the human species might perhaps

haps be sufficient, even if it ended here. But it is exceedingly strengthened from a source to which we have more than once alluded, viz., the analogies presented by the inferior species of animal life. We have already said that man, physically considered (and it must be added intellectually also), is subject to this questioning by analogy, and it is very pointedly true in the great question of species and varieties. The exuberance of the subject is such that we can but give a slight indication of it here. Those who desire to pursue it further will find ample means of doing so in the many works on Natural History, Physiology, &c., which have lately appeared.* The main point in the argument is this; that other species, and notably the races of domesticated animals, exhibit varieties precisely of the same kind as those occurring in mankind—much more extensive in degree—and in most cases derived from similar causes. The outline of this argument, as applied to the horse, the dog, the ox, the hog, the sheep, the domestic fowl, &c., will be understood by every one. We know, and regard without surprise, those vast diversities of size, figure, colour, habits of life, and even instincts of action, which distinguish the various breeds of these animals, separating them all more or less from what we may regard as the original stock of each species. It is only indeed in certain instances that this primitive stock can be ascertained amidst the varieties that have been impressed upon it; the best evidence being that of reversion to the original form in those cases where the artificial conditions of domestication are altered or withdrawn.

Selecting one instance in illustration, let it be the Dog—that singular animal, which Cicero well affirms to be created for the especial uses of man. What is there in the diversities of the human species comparable to those which this animal exhibits in size, in the form of the muzzle and cranium, in the colour, quality, and quantity of its covering, in the sounds it utters, in its intelligence and habits of life? What more different in aspect than the bull-dog, the Newfoundland dog, the Cuba dog, the pug-dog, and the greyhound? Yet we cannot reasonably doubt (the dog itself, whatever its race, certainly does not doubt) the entire identity of the species. It has been justly stated by M. F. Cuvier, that if we begin to number the breeds of this animal as species, we must count up to fifty at least. A question still exists among naturalists whether or not the wolf may be considered its original type. This point—to be settled hereafter by more exact knowledge of the utero-gestation of the

* Without any undue preference, we would refer to the copious writings of Dr. Carpenter on these subjects, as distinguished by great ability and very exact knowledge, brought down to the most recent time.

wolf and its hybrid relations to the dog—does in no way affect the general argument. What concerns us here is the amount of variation of which the species is capable, and the varieties actually produced by nature or culture, and very especially by the intimate connexion of the dog with the uses, habits, and affections of man. These are the illustrations we seek for, and they are abundantly furnished; indicating not merely those changes which are brought about in the individual by the conditions in which he is placed, but still more remarkably those which are transmitted to offspring, and become more or less hereditary in its breeds. Going beyond this again, we find proof in the history of the same animal (which is made known to us even from mummies in the tombs of ancient Egypt), of there being a limit speedily attained to these deviations from a primitive type. And we have further authentic evidence that where dogs are removed from the homes and influence of man they lapse again into a wild state, assume a common form and colour distinct from that of their domesticated state, and often even lose the power of barking, which some have supposed to be an acquired quality not natural to the species.* The dingo of Australia and the dhole of India are instances of such seeming relapse to a wild and more primitive state.

Similar illustrations might be given from the other domestic animals we have named, but less striking as they become less intimately associated with man. They all offer examples of that remarkable class of facts to which we have just alluded as a main element of the varieties of race,—those, to wit, which regard the transmission from one generation to another of qualities or instincts artificially acquired, but which, so transmitted and maintained by use, tend to become hereditary in the breed. The extent to which this capacity for change proceeds—the relative permanence of the changes so induced—the parts of structure or

* Every student of the natural history of the Dog is bound to complete his education at Constantinople. Neglecting the beauties of the Bosphorus, the mosques, seraglios, and kiosks, he will find ample scope for study in this great Canine Commonwealth, or rather group of republics—for the Turkish capital is parcelled out into districts by the dogs themselves, wholly irrespectively of the vast human population tenantry it, with which they have little other concern than as consumers of their offal. The canine citizens of Constantinople have no human masters, nor other home than its narrow, steep, and tortuous streets; but they live under certain municipal regulations of their own, which it would be curious to investigate in detail. That which forbids any interloper of the species to enter other than his own district on pain of being devoured, seems a necessary effect of numbers pressing hard on the means of subsistence. The dogs of Constantinople are a meagre, sullen, wolfish looking race, covered with scars and bruises from horses' hoofs, indolent from being ill-fed, seemingly careless of life or limb from the same cause. Basking under the mid-day sun, they scarcely move away from man or beast trampling upon them. The political economist, as well as the naturalist, might find many analogies and various materials for study in this great community of dogs, thus strangely insulated from man in the midst of human multitudes.

functions most liable to them—the conditions favouring or limiting their progress—these are all questions infinitely curious and instructive, and still largely open to future research. They are connected closely, moreover, with the history and theory of analogous variations in man—the manner of operation being similar, and the extent and limits of deviation defined by the same general laws. In these domestic species more especially, we have, in the manner in which certain acquired qualities become hereditary in particular breeds, an index to the formation of races among mankind. The inquiry, so conducted, gains in value and importance when we reflect on its relation to the future destinies of man; and see in this power of transmission of acquired faculties, the possible element of new and higher conditions of our own species. There is nothing improbable in this view, when we regard the changes and diversities actually existing around us. What we are called upon both by reason and analogy to admit, is a line of ultimate limit to such deviations, assigned doubtless to us, as to other created beings, by the great Creator and Governor of the whole.

We have hitherto spoken only of those physical conditions of the human being, by which we consider the unity of the species to be vindicated, and which go yet further to render probable the derivation of the whole from a single source. We must not let the argument stop here. The proof rises in value and certitude as we admit the intellectual and moral endowments of man into the question. It is very true that from this source, as well as from physical configuration, arguments have been drawn, and strongly insisted upon, by those who maintain the specific inferiority of certain races. The mental faculties of the Negro in particular have been placed in pointed contrast with those of the European; and the inference thence derived that, whether individually or in communities, the former is incapable of reaching the intellectual standard of the latter, or an equal grade of civilization in social life. The advocate for identity of species has been triumphantly called upon to produce instances from the Negro race of any high attainments in literature or philosophy; and in default of these, summary judgment has been taken out against the whole race in question.

Now, on a subject of this kind, we must not be governed by mere words, however plausible or sanctioned by common use. The term *civilization* is one of those vague generalities often applied for convenience or fashion, with very slender warranty of facts. How frequently is it defined and tested by conditions belonging to our own usages, and which are totally inapplicable to other climates or different circumstances of life! We talk
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much of *civilized Europe*, and, as matter of general comparison, the expression may be justified. But, we must not neglect the fact, that there are districts in Ireland—others, much larger, we could name in the very centre of France—which hardly rank in real civilization above many of the negro communities of Soudan. If we go into the great cities of the United States, New York, and Philadelphia, a comparison between the free negro population and the quarters peopled by Irish emigrants would, we venture to say, be decidedly to the advantage of the former. We are asked for examples of some eminent advancement in literature and science. Even were the demand reasonable on other grounds, seeing the condition under which the Negro has hitherto been placed, we should meet it by asking for similar examples of *native growth* among the forty millions of Slavonian race who people the vast plains of European Russia? We might variously multiply instances to the same effect, but we prefer resting the case upon what we believe to be an assured fact, viz., that where negro communities have been associated with European races through a series of generations, their capacities and habits become altered and enlarged, and their attainments approach closely to those of the *same class* in the most civilized countries. This corresponds with what we before noticed as to certain changes taking place in bodily configuration under similar circumstances. It is an example, moreover, of the variations to which every race of mankind is incident, as well as the Negro, where the more essential conditions of life are altered for long successive periods of time; and as such is very instructive in relation to our subject.

These variations, we are bound to add, are not of advancement alone, but in many cases manifestly of degradation from the standard of the particular race. As such we may probably regard the Hottentots and Bushmen of Southern Africa; the Esquimaux, Laplanders, and Samoyides of the arctic circle; the Fuegians, Rapuas, and numerous other tribes scattered over the globe. This fact indeed, applying alike to the mental and bodily organization, is one which binds itself closely and necessarily with all other parts of our argument. Those varying conditions of existence, which even in the *same* nation or community tend to degrade and debase certain classes, do so on a larger scale and with more lasting effect, where the insulation from the original stock is more complete, and where the circumstances of life are yet more strongly contrasted, and continued for longer periods of time.

What we have said will be readily understood as applying equally to the moral feelings and character of different races as to their intellectual faculties. The denotation of unity of origin is

as strong in the one case as the other. However modified in form and expression by education, the conditions of government and society, or the various necessities of life, the emotions, the desires, the moral feelings of mankind, are essentially the same in all races and in all ages of the world. We have neither room nor need for argument on this subject: all history and all personal experience concur as to the fact. Were we to cite any one instance in particular, it would be the faculty of laughter and tears—those expressions of feeling common to all colours, races, and communities of mankind, civilized or savage; and which give proofs of identity, stronger than all reasoning—λογου τι κρειττον. To our great poet—whose philosophy alone would have made him immortal, even had it not been conveyed in immortal verse—we owe a line, which far more happily expresses our meaning:—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

It is this ‘one touch of nature’ testified in tears, which decides the question of unity of species to the common feeling of mankind as entirely as it does to the observations of the naturalist, or the reasonings of the philosopher.

Though our limits have compelled us to curtail this discussion in numerous particulars, we have pursued it sufficiently to show how much it governs the second question proposed, viz., Whether, though the species be one and single, there were not several pairs of this species placed *separately* on the earth, and possibly under certain diversities of type, corresponding more or less with those of the dominant races which now exist? It will be seen that this question is already in part answered in the one preceding it; and that the grounds of argument in the two cases are closely analogous throughout. It is true, that in the latter case they are chiefly of a negative kind, and do not admit of so determinate a conclusion. We can never prove by any human evidence that it may not have pleased the Creator to give origin to the race and its varieties in this particular manner. The solution cannot be rendered other than one of probability; but we think the amount of probability attainable to be such as may fairly justify the inference to which we come.

We are entitled, first, to ask the same question here as before—Where is the limit to be placed to this multiplication of pairs, if intended to express the several types or varieties of man? Fischer, in his *Synopsis Animalium*, affirms the existence of seven forms or species, wholly distinct. Colonel Hamilton Smith, in the work named at the head of this article, says that we must necessarily admit the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negro, as separate
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in origin, and though calling these typical forms, he goes far towards asserting the distinction of species. The Colonel fights for his triple type with zeal and skill; and we are ready to admit, that if the separate types be confined to three, he has rightly chosen them; but we do not see sufficient grounds for this limitation. Looking at the many varieties of mankind, and the manner in which they are insensibly interblended, we find no lines strong enough to form a limit to the supposed multiplicity of pairs, though many sufficiently marked to furnish a basis for the division of races. We think the evidence of facts not likely ever to go beyond this, and that more exact knowledge will tend further to confirm the belief that all these distinctions of races are secondary and subordinate to one single source of human life on the earth.

Of the arguments to this effect, beyond those already stated, the most important undoubtedly is the analogy derived from all other species of organic life. We doubt whether unequivocal proof has ever been produced of the same species having even two primitive *habitats* on the surface of the globe. We have no means, indeed, of absolutely demonstrating the negative; and we must rest the argument, therefore, on the general and very remarkable fact, now recognized by naturalists, that different species, whether animal or vegetable—whether terrestrial, aquatic, or atmospheric—had originally definite seats and localities on the globe, whence their diffusion has been effected by accident or design, modified by their locomotive powers and several capacities for bearing changes of climate and place. There is now a Geography of animals and plants, as well as of mountains, rivers, and kingdoms. The Botanical Geography of De Candolle, to which Humboldt and Brown have so largely contributed, defines at least twenty botanical provinces on the globe, each being the centre of groups of species peculiar to itself in origin. The Zoological provinces have hardly yet been so exactly denoted; but are manifestly subject to the same law of distribution, connected, it may be, with some native adaptation of each species to the region where it had its origin. The great importance of this discovery will at once be obvious; and not less so the extreme interest of the facts in natural history, by which it has been established and verified. The systematic division into provinces may undergo alterations in effect of future revision, but the principle is fixed; and time can only bring fresh accession of facts to this wonderful law of the primitive distribution of species.

Few minds would have been hardy enough to conceive all this *à priori*—to admit, for instance, the likelihood of such facts as
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the insulated geology and botany of the Galapagos Isles or St. Helena; or those extraordinary relations of typical form in adjoining regions, and on the same continents, which are observed even where the species are distinct. It cannot be doubted that geological changes in the globe, and particularly the relative changes of sea and land, have been largely concerned in the present distribution of organic life, by altering climate and separating genera and species connected primitively with common centres. The researches of Professor E. Forbes have done much to enlarge and illustrate this inquiry. In Sir C. Lyell's work there is an admirable account of those conditions which probably have determined the various distribution of species over land and sea—closely limiting the locality of some, enabling others to occupy large tracts of the earth's surface or of the waters of the ocean. This will at once be recognized as a fundamental part of the inquiry. On the one hand, while pointing at the original singleness of locality for every species, it indicates their diffusion or limitation as depending on the capacities of each for undergoing the deviations which enable them to sustain changes of climate, food, and other conditions of life. On the other hand it indicates the main causes of all such varieties in these altered conditions of existence acting on certain parts of the animal structure and economy, and modifying them within the limits of change prescribed to each species; thus completing the circle of demonstration to which every day is adding new evidence.

Following, then, this great line of analogy from inferior species, we are led to infer that man also had his origin in a single and definite place on the earth; whence he has diffused himself more widely over its surface than any other species, by virtue of those eminent faculties of mind, as well as body, which enable him to meet even the extreme contingencies of climate and food, and to adapt his existence more variously to the circumstances around him. Man can clothe himself, can fit his habitation to the climate, can prepare his food by cookery, can provide artificial means of transport. In the simple expression of these familiar facts, common to no other animal with him, we have the history of his distribution over the globe; and can conciliate this with the belief that he had his origin in one spot alone. We have adverted to the deficiencies of history respecting the early migrations of mankind, and their collection into communities and nations; and we are obliged to admit further, that we can in no satisfactory way explain the peopling of the many remote isles of the ocean, seemingly inaccessible to man in the ages to which such events must be referred. Still the difficulties of solution do
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not alter the facts to be solved. The human race is actually spread over the earth and the islands of the sea; single, as we have seen, in all that constitutes the proper definition of a species. Such is the nature of this distribution, that the difficulties are not better obviated by supposing two, three, or more centres of creation than one only. We must, in contradiction to the analogy of all other species, make the number incalculably great, to satisfy this method of solving a case, which, after all, is reducible to probabilities perfectly conformable to our reason. A more momentous and difficult question is that of *the time* involved in this early part of man's history, and requisite to explain his dispersion and multiplication on the globe. But this question applies itself equally to all parts of the subject—to the variations of bodily type, as well as to the local distribution of races and nations, and the growth of the various languages which have become the use of man—and we must postpone its consideration till the whole topic is more completely before us.

Meanwhile, recurring to the physical evidence for the origin of mankind from a single pair, we may advert once more to the fact, that the actual deviations in man from a common type or standard are less than those which we find in the animals most familiar to us by domestication. The causes of variation, as we have seen, are mainly also the same; including that most remarkable cause, the tendency in certain acquired qualities or habits to become hereditary in the race. To this great natural phenomenon we may trace many of the more prominent features, physical, moral, and intellectual, which distinguish races and nations. Its operation begins with individuals and families where the effects are most familiar to our observation—widens, though becoming less marked, as these are grouped together into larger communities—blends itself variously and closely with all the other natural causes which modify the species—and finally, though more obscurely, forms the basis of what we call national character; a term often vaguely used, but true and explicit in itself, and involving some of the most curious questions which concern the condition and prospects of mankind. The whole subject is one fairly approachable by human reason and observation, yet hitherto less studied than we might suppose likely, seeing that these same causes are actually and constantly in operation under our eyes, shaping out new forms of national character, and with them new destinies for the human race. We might cite many instances to this effect. We will name only the most remarkable, in the United States of America; where, though colonized almost exclusively from one old and civilized country, and deriving from that source its language, laws, literature, and numberless usages,

there has grown up, within little more than two centuries, a great nation,* well marked and peculiar in many of its physical and moral features, and likely to assume a still more definite character, notwithstanding its vast increase of territory and population. The instance is one eminently illustrative for our subject, showing at once the scope of such variations, and the causes, manner, and time required for their accomplishment.

There yet remains a question, and that a curious one, connected with the physiological part of our inquiry. If mankind, as now peopling the earth, be of one species, and derived from a single pair, what bodily configuration and character had this simple primitive stock? Were the originals of our species like to any of the derivative races, or moulded in some form now lost amidst the multitude of secondary varieties? In his earliest researches Dr. Prichard adopted as to this point a view somewhat repugnant to the common notions and feelings of the civilized world. He boldly stated his belief that the Negro must be considered the primitive type of the human race; resting this conclusion on the following grounds—1st, that in inferior species of animals any variations of colour are chiefly from dark to lighter, and this generally as an effect of domesticity and cultivation; 2ndly, that we have instances of light varieties, as of the Albino, among Negros—but never of anything like the Negro among Europeans; 3rdly, that the dark races are better fitted by their organization for the wild or natural state of life; 4thly, that the nations or tribes lowest in the scale of actual civilization have all kindred with the Negro race.

Taking these arguments as they are stated, and even conceding for the moment all the assumptions they involve, we certainly see no such cogency in them as to oblige us to relinquish the fairer view of our original progenitors. Even Dr. Prichard himself seems to have abandoned this theory in his later writings, though rather by silent evasion of it than by any direct avowal of change. While, however, we refuse on any present proof to people our Eden with a negro pair, we must fairly admit that we can give no satisfactory answer as to the point in question. Direct evidence on the subject is wholly wanting, nor is it easy to see whence it should ever be obtained. There is as much reason for supposing the original type to be altogether lost, as for believing it to be represented in any one form that now exists around us. All we can presume with any degree of assurance is, that this primitive type did not depart out of the limits of existing forms, in whatever manner or proportion it may have combined their varieties. Beyond this we can affirm nothing; and rather than hazard

hazard an idle speculation, are willing to leave the question in the obscurity where probably it must ever remain.

We have now completed the outline of this inquiry, as far as the physiological argument is concerned. It has, we think, been rendered, on purely scientific grounds, next to certain that man is one in species—highly probable that all the varieties of this species are derived from one pair, and a single locality on the earth. There are no difficulties attending these conclusions so great as those which other theories involve—and it may be accepted as a further indication of truth, that, in proportion as our knowledge in the several sciences connected with this subject has become larger and more exact, in the same proportion have these difficulties lessened or disappeared. Armed then with this strong presumption, derived from one source, we approach the second part of the argument, as originally proposed; that to wit, depending on the history of human languages in their various forms, and connexion with the history of nations over the globe. But on this theme, needful though it be to the completion of the subject, and largely embodied in the works before us, we cannot at present enter further than to show its intimate relation to the inquiry, and the general results to which it leads. It is far too copious to be dealt with in the small space we have at our disposal, and too complex to admit of any intelligible abridgment.

That language should exist at all, and that it should exist among every people and community of the earth, even those lowest in the scale of civilization, is in itself a cogent argument for the unity of man as a species. As is the case with so many other wonders amidst which we live, its very familiarity disguises to us the marvellous nature of this great faculty of speech, confided to man, and to man alone, by the design of his Creator.* The more deeply we look into the structure and diversities of language, the more does this wonder augment upon us; mixed,

* We will not, by widening the definition of language, embarrass ourselves with the question whether this faculty be not possessed by various animals subordinate to man. Admitting fully the expression of Cuvier, in comparing the faculties of brutes with those of man, '*Leur intelligence exécut, des opérations du même genre,*' we still believe that no just definition can identify the mere instinctive communications by sound, however modified, through which the wants of animals are expressed and supplied, with those wonderful forms and devices of language which have rendered even grammar itself a science, and an index of human character and culture. Of the writers who have sought to assimilate the language of inferior animals to that of man, the late Dr. Macculloch is the most able, and in his posthumous work on Natural Theology will be found a very ingenious chapter on the subject, defaced, it must be owned, by a style and spirit of writing which robs his works of half their value. In this case it seems less his object to elevate our notions of the faculties of the lower animals, than to degrade our estimate of the human being.

however, with great perplexity, in regarding the multitude and variety of these different forms, hitherto reckoned only by approximation, but certainly exceeding some hundreds in number. Many of these are reducible, with more or less deviation, to certain common roots—others do not yet admit of such affiliation—others again have been so imperfectly examined or recorded, owing to the want of a common phonetic system, that no sure place has yet been assigned to them in the series.

It is to this seeming chaos of tongues that the labours of modern scholars and philosophers have been earnestly directed; not simply for the solution of questions as to the structure, diversities, and connexions of language, but with yet higher aim, in regard to the origin and progress of nations. Ethnology owes many of its most precious documents to these researches. They have aided it where the records of history were obscure or altogether wanting; and it cannot be doubted by those who have watched the course of this science of late years that it is destined to advance much farther by the same prolific methods of inquiry. We have before noted the names of some of the eminent men engaged on the subject. The 'Discourse on Ethnology' by Chevalier Bunsen is a remarkable example of these labours, and of the philosophical refinements which have been added to the study of language. The vague and partial conjectures of etymology, and the crude catalogues of words caught by the untutored ear, are now replaced by a close and critical research into the principles of language, and into analogies of a higher class than those founded upon words and sounds alone. We could willingly pursue this topic further, but must limit ourselves simply to what may show the vast aids derived from this source to the study of the history of Man; and the increasing certainty of the conclusions, as the materials become larger, and the methods of using them more comprehensive and exact.

The classification of languages is, in truth, the classification of mankind—the migration and intermixture of languages are records of the changes and movements of man over the face of the globe. From the singular multiplicity, however, of these forms of human speech, a person new to the subject might well suppose it impossible to arrive at any certain issue; while those who have gone deepest into it find certain limits, which no genius or labour can surmount. Nevertheless, in relation to our argument, this very multiplicity, like that of the physical varieties of mankind, becomes an evidence of common original. Whatever opinion be held as to the primitive source of language—and many have found cause to consider it of divine communication—we may fairly presume that the numerous varieties of speech, now existing, had their

their origin in the detached localities and under the various conditions in which portions of mankind were early spread over the earth. Their formation, and the changes they have undergone, have been determined by the faculties, feelings, and social instincts, common to the whole species, and requiring analogous modes of expression by speech. Accordingly we find that the grammatical relations of different languages, apart from those technical forms which disguise them to ordinary observation, are more certain and closer than the connexion by words and roots. Were there more than one species of mankind, and were the type of one race really inferior in its origin to that of another, nothing would be so likely to attest this as the manner of communication of thought and feeling. Language itself would become the surest interpreter of this difference. But its actual varieties, only partially coincident with the degree of civilization and social advancement, offer no such lines of demarcation; and, however great the differences, all possess and manifest in their structure a common relation to the uses or necessities of man.

The most peculiar class of languages, that most detached from others in its genius as well as forms, is undoubtedly the monosyllabic, as spoken and written in China and certain conterminous countries. The singularities of this *inorganic language*, as it may well be termed, have furnished endless matter of discussion to the most accomplished philologists. It has even been made a question whether it should be termed the most imperfect or the most perfect form of human speech; whether the rudest or the most philosophical of inventions. Without engaging in a warfare of definitions, which here, as in so many other cases, are the real matter in dispute, we may safely state it to fulfil all the probable conditions of language in its earliest and most simple form. M. Bunsen goes so far as to consider it as a monument of antediluvian speech, insulated from others by physical changes on the globe, and retaining those primitive and fundamental characters which have elsewhere merged into secondary and more complex forms. Without following him into this bold speculation, it is sufficient to say that, even if the Chinese language were proved to stand absolutely alone in its most prominent features, we could recognise in this no proof of a separate stock of mankind. The physical characters of this people distinctly denote them as belonging to the great Mongolian family; and as the monosyllabic form of language does not extend to other nations of that race, we are not entitled from its peculiarities to deduce a conclusion which is opposed to these less dubious marks of a common original.

We are left, then, amidst this multitudinous array of tongues,
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with no more certain clue of origin than those common necessities of social life and intercourse which belong to the species. These, however, are necessities in the strongest sense of the word. They compel the formation of language, and even of the more essential grammatical forms which it assumes. To explain its multiplied varieties we can do no other than admit, what is probable indeed on other grounds, the early separation of the human race into distinct communities, and the dispersion of those into localities so far detached as to give cause and scope for the formation of new languages; some of them retaining obvious traces of a primitive root, and collaterally connected more or less closely with other tongues; others, again, seemingly insulated in origin and independent of all such connexion. The latter case is obviously the one most difficult to conceive, compatibly with a single origin of mankind; and in seeking for explanation we feel ourselves forced backwards upon periods of time which may well alarm the imagination and discourage inquiry. Recent research, however, has done a good deal to abate these difficulties; and it is important to remark here, as we have done in respect to the physical diversities of mankind, that the more minute the inquiry, the more do all differences and anomalies disappear from view. A mere superficial regard to words and sounds often leaves widely asunder what a rigid analysis of methods and roots will exhibit as closely related in origin, and dis severed only by successive steps, which are sometimes themselves to be traced in existing forms of speech. The philosophy of language thus becomes a guide to ethnology, the best interpreter of the history of nations.

Were we not limited here to a mere outline of the subject, many instances might be given of these recent discoveries in philology which have removed old barriers of time and space, and thrown their light forwards upon fields of knowledge still unexplored. It is interesting to note how much these discoveries, as well as the classification and nomenclature of languages previously adopted, connect themselves with the recorded tripartite division of mankind into three great families after the Scriptural deluge. Some of the most remarkable results recently obtained are those which disclose relations, hitherto unsuspected or unproved, between the language of Ancient Egypt and the Semitic and Japhetic languages of Asia; thus associating together in probable origin those three great roots which, in their separate diffusion, have spread forms of speech over all the civilized parts of the world. Taking the Japhetic, or Indo-Teutonic branch, as it has lately been termed, we find these inquiries embracing and completing the connexions between the several families of language which compose this eminent division of mankind; already

already dominant in Europe for a long series of ages, and destined apparently, through some of its branches, to still more general dominion over the globe. We may mention, as one of the latest examples of the refined analysis of which we are speaking, the complete reduction of the Celtic to the class of Indo-Teutonic languages, through the labours of Bopp, Prichard, and Pictet; whereby an eighth family is added to this great stock, and the circle completed which defines their relations to one another, and to the other languages of mankind.

In closing our remarks on this subject we must again repeat that we have almost exclusively limited them to what regards its general connexion with the primitive history of man;—unable to include that vast body of knowledge which has given philology a place among the sciences, and associated it with ethnology by relations which serve to illustrate and verify both. Yet we have said enough to show how closely the history of human language is connected with that of the human species—and, further, how strongly these researches tend to the same conclusion as that already deduced from physiology, viz. that man is of one species, and derived from a single pair primitively created on the earth. There yet remain two inquiries, to which, notwithstanding their interest, we have only slightly adverted—those, namely, which regard *time* and *place* in their relation to this great event. But, to say nothing of the intrinsic difficulty of these questions under any circumstances, we consider that they cannot reasonably be brought into view until we have first mastered, as far as it may be done, this preliminary science of human languages. Our physical knowledge of man, as a part of the animal creation, is wholly inadequate to such inquiries; and he must, in truth, be an adventurous reasoner who expects to draw from either source any certain solution of them.

We may possibly at a future time resume this important subject in the greater detail it requires. Meanwhile, we hope to have already justified the assertion with which we prefaced this article, that there is no subject of science of deeper interest than that which regards the natural history and original condition of man. Even were the questions it involves less remarkable, and less important in regard to the present and future condition of the species, the methods of argument and sources of evidence are such as may well engage and engross every scientific inquirer. The evidence is drawn from all parts of creation—from the mind, as well as from the bodily conformation of man himself. The argument is one of probability; always tending to greater certainty, though, it may be, incapable of ever reaching that which is complete. But this is a method of reasoning well understood

to be compatible with the highest philosophy, and peculiarly consonant to our present faculties and position in the universe. And if 'in this ocean of disquisition fogs have been often mistaken for land,' as in so many other regions of science, we may at least affirm that the charts are more correctly laid down than ever before; the bearings better ascertained; and that our reason can hardly be shipwrecked on this great argument, if common caution be observed in the course we pursue.

ART. II.—1. *Toleration Act Amendment Bill.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 9th August, 1848.

2. *Clergy Relief Bill.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 5th March, 1849.

3. *Clergy Relief Bill*, as amended by the Select Committee. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 3rd April, 1849.

4. *Clergy Relief Bill.* Brought from the Commons, and ordered by the House of Lords to be printed. 25th July, 1849.

AS it is sufficiently well known that there are various matters, civil and ecclesiastical, with respect to which the clergy are looking for relief by legislation, it is easily to be conceived that many a member of that body may have had his curiosity agreeably excited during the past Session, by observing in the newspapers certain parliamentary discussions from time to time under the inviting title of 'Clergy Relief Bill.' Nor is it more difficult to imagine his feelings of disappointment, when, upon examining a little further into the matter, he may have found, that the clergy relief proposed to be granted was not a relief of any sort to clergymen continuing such, but simply a relief, to those disposed to accept of it, and so far as this depends on legislation, from being clergymen at all. We trust, however, that the choice of this title, infelicitous at best, and degrading if it had been made with full knowledge and consideration, is to be ascribed not to the mover of the Bill, Mr. Bouverie, but to some officer of the House of Commons, whose duty it may be to dress the outside of bills, and to know nothing of what is within, and especially to select for what we understand is termed, under a recent regulation, the 'short title' of a Bill, some designation not running beyond a very limited number of syllables. Such a proceeding is doubtless recommended by convenience, with a view to the frequent repetition of the title of Bills required by the rules of the House at their various stages; but it has led in the instance before us to a misnomer. Members of parliament, however,

however, have had to use this title in default of a better, and we must follow their example.

The clergy then, whom Mr. Bouverie proposes to relieve, are, as appears from the longer or statutory title of the Bill, 'Persons in Holy Orders of the United Church of England and Ireland, declaring their dissent therefrom.' The subject thus offered to our view is indeed limited in scale, but of the very highest importance: and it is one to which we now the more earnestly desire to draw the attention of all persons interested in the permanent and essential welfare of the Church, because its importance is rather latent in the principles it involves, and in the ulterior application of those principles, than betokened by notes lying upon the surface. The general sentiment with regard to clergymen who have been seduced from their loyalty, in whatever direction they may have wandered, is undoubtedly a desire that, if they cannot see their error and repent of it, the Church should be relieved from all further connection with them; and, finding that the reported purpose of Mr. Bouverie's Bill is coincident with this wish of their own, most men are content to pass it by with a sentiment of favour as to its end, which leaves not much room for jealousy as to the means employed in attaining it.

Nor is it our intention at all to detract from the value justly attaching to any measure which, without incurring greater evils, should clear up and disentangle the ambiguous relations now subsisting between the Church and her seceding ministers. On the contrary, we utter from the heart our fervent aspirations for the success of such a measure: and do not hesitate to affirm, that the more clear and trenchant the line of demarcation drawn, the more complete and absolute for all purposes the legal liberty bestowed, the better for all parties concerned.

The primary purpose of Mr. Bouverie's Bill was to obtain the release from prison of a certain Mr. Shore, who recently officiated as a clergyman of the Church of England, and who now acts as a dissenting minister in the same parish, district, and chapel. It is perhaps on the whole fortunate that that weak and ill-advised person has regained his liberty by the discharge of the bill of costs, the non-payment of which was the sole cause of his confinement: because the knowledge that a gentleman in holy orders was in prison, with the prevailing ignorance and the frequent misstatement of the cause, was unfavourable to the dispassionate discussion of the questions involved in the Bill.

We shall not turn aside from our purpose, which is to promote such consideration, by entering upon the merits of the case of Mr. Shore. No man need hereafter attempt, on the part of the
Bishop

Bishop of Exeter, that which he has performed so effectually for himself in his Letter to the Primate: and we shall only offer, in justice to that prelate, a single remark upon a matter of fact in connection with it. Before the appearance of the Letter, we observed that it was usual with many of the liberal members of the House of Commons to make Mr. Bouverie's Bill an occasion for inveighing against the vindictive, bigoted, and tyrannical proceedings of the Bishop; but from the day of its publication the whole crowd of acrimonious critics at once became silent and abashed:

*Ut videre virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,
Ingenti trepidare metu.*

Or let us rather say, it was the force of facts which brought about this change in the tone of critics in some sense responsible: abuse and falsehood were left to a meaner order of assailants out of doors; but the debates in parliament from that moment lost their personal aspect, and turned upon the general merits of the measure. We must add with pain, that the perusal of the documents contained in the Bishop's letter left upon many minds a conviction that, of the parties engaged, not the Bishop, not Mr. Shore, but an individual of higher temporal rank and name than either, had by far the greatest reason to deprecate any further controversy respecting the causes which separated Mr. Shore, and the chapel in which he officiates, from the Church of England.

Turning then to the more general aspect of the question, we have to remind the reader that the proceedings in the case of Mr. Shore brought fully before the public the state of the law in regard to clergymen desiring to separate themselves from the Church. Numerous as had been the cases of such clergymen during the long period since the passing of the Toleration Act, the public at least, and the parties concerned—though we presume it was not so with lawyers—had up to the present day remained in very general ignorance of their legal position. It was indeed well known what the effect of the Ecclesiastical Law must be in regard to that class of persons. In the view of the Church, a character had been impressed upon them at their ordination to the priesthood, which, strictly understood, was altogether indelible by schism, by heresy, or even by apostacy. As a baptized person remains under the obligations incurred at baptism, and retains in a certain sense and for certain purposes the powers and qualifications which it conferred—so a priest, renouncing (with whatever aggravation) the vows which he has made and the gifts which he has received, is not absolved from the one, but remains under his whole responsibility, and cannot lose the possession of the other, though he may forfeit the right to any exercise of his sacerdotal functions. Upon repentance and return to duty,

duty, as there can be no re-baptism, so there can be no re-ordination. Accordingly, where Church-law and State-law exactly coincide, a clergyman whose inward sentiments might have become inconsistent with the discharge of his sacred office must still continue through life under his original obligations in respect to it, externally and legally, as well as in a religious sense.

Among ourselves, indeed, there does not appear to be any law by which a clergyman, unless holding a cure or benefice, can be compelled to perform any clerical duty whatever. All those, therefore, who are inclined simply to abandon their calling, have always been practically free to take that course. But the case was different with persons who, departing from the Church, might become dissenting ministers of any existing body, or might fashion a new mode of faith and of ministry for themselves; there was no case, we believe, applicable at all points to the present state of our statute law and to acts of simple non-conformity in an unconsecrated building, so that it had to be determined by the sentence of a Court whether such acts done by a clergyman were or were not legally punishable. The negative course of desisting from the exercise of clerical functions might be adopted with impunity: the question remained whether those clergymen who added a positive infraction of the laws of the Church, by taking to themselves the discharge of religious offices forbidden by her, were in like manner secure, or were amenable to the jurisdiction of her tribunals.

It was held on the side of Mr. Shore, that his case (which may be taken as representing all cases whatever of Protestant dissent) was covered by the Toleration Acts, as they take no distinction in terms between clergymen and laymen of the Church of England, as against the former. The eighth section of the Toleration Act (1 W. & M. c. 18) provides that 'no person *dissenting from* the Church of England, in holy orders or pretended holy orders, or pretending to holy orders,' if he take certain oaths and make certain declarations, shall be liable to a penalty for officiating in any congregation allowed by the Act. The nineteenth of George III. (c. 44) uses the same language in describing the persons who were to obtain benefit by the Act. In 1742 (Burn, ii. 189) Lord Hardwicke said,—

'The Act of Toleration was made to protect persons of tender consciences, and to exempt them from penalties; but to extend it to clergymen of the Church of England, who act contrary to the rules and discipline of the Church, would introduce the utmost confusion.'

The statute of 1812, however, extends its relief, on the conditions specified in the Act, to '*every person who shall teach or preach at or officiate in or shall resort to*' any congregation of Protestants.

Protestants (c. 155, sect. 4). In *Carr v. Marsh*, a proceeding against a clergyman for preaching in a chapel of the Church of England without consent of the incumbent, Sir John Nicholl gave his judgment that the effect of the Act of 1812 was confined to Dissenters.* And recently, in the case of *Mr. Shore*, Lord Denman has declared that he

‘cannot divest himself of the character of a priest in holy orders, with which he has been clothed by the authority of the Church of England, when he was ordained by one of the Bishops, and when he promised canonical obedience to that Church. From that character, or from that vow or promise, he can only be released by the same authority which conferred the one and enjoined and received the other.’

Mr. Shore has prosecuted the case by appeal, with no other effect, we apprehend, than that of further confirmation to this view of the law.

Thus then the broadest distinction is declared to exist between the civil liberty of laymen and of clergymen to dissent from the Church. With respect to acts of non-conformity committed by the former, within the conditions of certain statutes, the discipline of the Church is not merely enfeebled, but—so far as regards all direct penal consequences—annulled. But with respect to the clergy, it appears that the Toleration Acts are now clearly shown to have no legal effect; and the discipline of the Church is in full force with regard to them, qualified only by the dilatory, cumbrous, or costly nature of any process which may be necessary in order to apply it through the medium of the existing ecclesiastical courts. Nor is it difficult to find a distinction of principle which may be thought to lie at the ground of this distinction in fact. A layman, as such, is under the vows of his baptism; a priest, as such, is under the vows of his priesthood. A non-conforming layman, whatever be his relation to the particular laws of the Church, does not renounce his baptism; but a non-conforming priest does renounce his priesthood. And as we presume our law would not recognise the renunciation of Christianity, so neither—as is now made to appear—will it recognise the renunciation of priesthood. If, however, this be a valid distinction, it is so, we apprehend; rather in the abstract than historically. There ought, as we think, to be a great difference in the strictness of discipline with respect to laity and to clergy; but the Legislature has proceeded in these matters too much at hap-hazard,

* *Phillimore's Burn*, ii. 220, c. We have pleasure in acknowledging the valuable labours of Dr. R. Phillimore in his edition of *Burn*, as well as in respect to other subjects connected with his branch of the legal profession.

and many both of the best and the worst results of its proceedings were, probably, unforeseen.

Here then we are met by the view of a gross anomaly. A body of men, numbering between the United Kingdom and the Colonies from eighteen to twenty thousand, all of them occupying more or less prominent positions, and all, from the nature of their pursuits, particularly liable, if shallow in learning or unstable in character, to the contagion of religious novelties, are deprived of the protection of the law in the exercise of the civil privilege of freedom of conscience. Error or unbelief they may indeed conceal within their own breasts, and they may forego the exercise of ministerial duty; but if their own inward persuasion urges them to active and public exertion—nay, as it would seem, even if they become private or lay members of any religious sect—they are liable not only to censures properly ecclesiastical, as consisting in the deprivation of ecclesiastical privileges, but to monitions respecting their personal conduct, the disregard of which may entail the penalty of imprisonment. So that persons of this class enjoy their personal liberty only by sufferance of the ecclesiastical authorities.

It appears to us that Churchmen should be even beyond others forward to apply a remedy to such a state of things. It is most unsatisfactory that the utter dilapidation and ruin of Church discipline with respect to some should be compensated by or contrasted with its theoretic rigour in regard to others. Let us consider in how many ways the powers now in the hands of the Church, though dormant through the moderation of her rulers, operate injuriously. In the first place, their existence is a real political grievance to clergymen who become dissenters from the Church in earnest, and from conscientious motives. In our own breasts we may not be able to acquit even such men from blame, but we must all feel it to be a civil wrong that there should be a power to brand them with public dishonour, or to vex them with legal penalty on account of their exercise of an admitted political right, though we may conceive them to be in religious error. In the next place, the opportunity is given to light-minded and frivolous men of the same order to play the martyr at a cheap rate before the sympathizing portion of the world, and to catch the admiration of all those whose concern for apparent suffering outruns their sense of the duty of examining before they conclude. Nay, these advantages are to be had at the very smallest cost, because such persons can now produce a sensation by saying, 'See to what hardships we are liable:' while they have within themselves a comfortable assurance that (unless, indeed, they were to proceed to some unusual and outrageous lengths) their liability is likely

likely to be no more than a name. Then, further, the high moral and social standing of the clergy is open to disparagement, from the imputation that they are restrained by the fear of legal penalties from acting freely on the dictates of their consciences; and even the authority of their teaching is sometimes assailed on the same score. Lastly, the Church is held accountable in the public view for that which the State has chosen to do in regard to her—if, indeed, there were anything worthy to be called choice in the matter,—and if the difference now existing between the legal liabilities of laymen and clergymen for non-conformity be not the result of accident rather than of design, much less of design founded on permanent and comprehensive reasons. Even this does not complete the picture of disadvantage and discredit connected with the present state of the law. Let us observe that it is one which has never been put into complete execution.

The Bishop of Exeter is accused of having proceeded to extreme measures in the case of Mr. Shore: but this is far from the fact; for the zeal of the prelate on behalf of Church discipline has led him no farther than to procure a sentence which establishes the legal criminality of that gentleman's conduct. He might have proceeded against him, we apprehend, for contumacious disobedience to the ecclesiastical judge, and procured his excommunication. Mr. Shore would then have stood divested of all claim to participate in the privileges of the members of the Church; whereas, if he were to die to-morrow—or at any time before some further suit against him may have come to issue—in the very parish where he has created a schism, his imprudent friends might by force of law compel the clergy of that parish to read the funeral service over him. The process against him halts and is incomplete. Mr. Shore's offence has been demonstrated and denounced, but it has not been ecclesiastically punished. The punishment which he did receive in being cast in costs was an incident of the proceedings, not their end—burdensome to him, useless to the Church; the imprisonment that followed on his refusal to pay attached simply to the non-satisfaction of a legal claim for a sum of money due for costs of suit. As a citizen, he has suffered; but as a member of the Church, declared to be in contumacy, he enjoys impunity. The law is a law upon paper; but the experiment of its full application to delinquent, or, as we will rather say, non-conforming, clergy, is as yet untried.

But although there are ample reasons for conceding frankly, and, indeed, for zealously co-operating to bring about, a change in the law, it is still to be considered that the present state of it involves the recognition of principles in themselves beyond all price, however faulty and inconvenient may be the mode of their application;

application; of the very principles on which the order and vitality of all bodies, and especially of bodies spiritual, must depend; and of which the Church of England, as we believe, only requires the just and temperate use to enable her to develop a strength that would surprise alike her enemies and her supporters. That there is such a thing as law in a church, and even in an established church; that this law touches not only matter of pecuniary and external right, but likewise of obligation purely spiritual; that it regards unity in doctrine and submission to the constituted government of the Church as subjects fit to be enforced by the withdrawal not only of honours and emoluments conferred on the condition of conformity, but also of the title to her ordinances, and, if necessary, by formal expulsion from her body: these propositions—however plain upon paper—however undeniable—however elementary in the view of all those who really regard the Church as a body having a definite structure and office, and a definite revelation to promulgate—are propositions of which the public mind has, through long desuetude, almost entirely lost its hold. And further, they are in the sharpest conflict with all that is dangerous, and all that tends to disorganisation and to unbelief, in the spirit and movement of the age.

The value of an assertion of these principles in the form of public law, in its relation to our actual circumstances, is not merely great—it is incalculable. This is ground of which not an inch nor a hair-breadth should be given up except for an equivalent—an equivalent in kind, an equivalent in the shape of statutory provisions which shall do something towards preparing the way for the reform of Church discipline. No question in the present day has become the subject of formal Parliamentary proceedings, which cuts so directly and so deeply into the quick as this. The historical fact of an Apostolic succession, the Catholic principles which form the foundation of our formularies, will never secure for the Church the cordial homage of conscientious men, if she shall show herself indifferent upon the question whether in her life and practice she is to assert an Apostolic system, instead of holding its obligation in theory alone, and leaving her ministers both to teach and to act what they please concerning it. It was not a Church reduced to formula in books or creeds, but a Church impregnate in living men, to which the promises were intrusted by our Lord. It is vain to talk of protecting the integrity and continuity of doctrine, unless we also protect the integrity and continuity of the body to which doctrine is committed—of that body a belief in whose sanctity and universality is an essential and ineradicable part of doctrine in its earliest and simplest historic mould, the Creed of the Apostles. There

There is no man, we will venture to say, who has realized in shape to his intellect, and who has loved with fervour in his heart, the great truth of a Catholic Church—holding truly, though of course subject to due reserves, the place, relatively to us, of our Lord's visible Person, and constituting, as has been profoundly said, the necessary sequel and complement of the Incarnation—who will not also feel that all bodies of men professing to be portions of that Church, yet renouncing for it the use of penal sanctions, spiritual in their nature, and voluntarily surrendering the discipline of excommunication, which rests upon the practice of the Apostles, and upon the precepts of the Saviour Himself, are mere praters at best and are in the way to become blasphemers. The high words that they employ will scorch and blast their lips, for they usurp the titles of Defenders of the Truth, while they open to her foes not merely the sphere of secular privilege and social communion, but that one precinct which and which only upon earth the Lord has appointed to be her everlasting and impregnable fastness.

Valueless therefore and invidious as may be, when considered in itself, a power to restrain the freedom of Mr. Shore's actions, which has hit him in his purse, where we would fain have seen him scatheless, and has left him untouched in his clerical and ecclesiastical capacity, where he was properly amenable, it would be a most serious error to allow of the erasure of that power from our law without carefully weighing what is to be substituted for it.

And now, what should be the substitute? The Church is, as it seems, possessed of power to imprison Mr. Shore, and also of power to amerce him: she can deprive him of all the privileges, civil as well as spiritual, of his character as a clerk, while he remains by law under all its disabling effects: she can excommunicate him by the sentence of a court, after a proceeding having all the formalities and securities of public law, but having also delay, expense—and above all the necessary but immense evil of a secular spirit and tone pervading and degrading the most solemn subject-matter.

In our judgment, there can be as to the substance, with whatever reservations as to the form, but one reply to the question we have put. Let the Church part with all her power to restrain in the slightest degree by her laws such of her clergy as do not acknowledge their authority: let such of her clergy as do not acknowledge this authority lose, not by any capricious award of a superior who may be angry, prejudiced, or unjust, but by direct legal consequence of their own act of self-emancipation, their title to put her law in motion against others for their own benefit.

But

But do not let us have the one-sided law which is worse than lawlessness; do not let us have the legal anarchy which shall consecrate by one statute the claim to disobey another: do not let us say of the Church that she shall be denied the functions essential to the existence of any and every organised body, and that she alone in the social system shall be a slave.

Let us not, however, be mistaken. In contending that it is essential to a society that it should have the power of expulsion over its refractory members, and all such minor powers as are included within that, the largest that the Church should claim, we are far from intending that either the greater or the lesser of these should be brought into speedy or stringent action. The principle of them is vital; but, while that is retained, the practice may be infinitely various according to the varieties of social and ecclesiastical circumstances. A society recognised and allowed in the necessary conditions of respectability and efficiency can afford to be generous. What we have to desire is not the punishment of offenders for its own sake, but the maintenance of order for the sake of all, themselves included: for if the order of the body be destroyed, to what upon repentance shall they return? What we have to dread for the Church is the establishment of a principle of anarchy. Not that it will assume the simple form of an abolition of all dogma and all discipline. If it comes, it will come more modestly: it will affect to tolerate the dogma it abhors—provided it be an abstraction only: it will be content with a practical system, so adjusted as to give impunity, perfect, certain, uniform impunity, to every contradiction in word or act of the written law, no matter what may be its degree or from whom it may come. But those who resist the entrance of this anarchy into the Church should, even for that very purpose, be forward to supply disorderly spirits with opportunities of escape from her pale. Away therefore with the idea that a measure like that of Mr. Bouverie should be resisted or suspected because it gives too much liberty to those in whose interest it is introduced. This it *cannot* do. It can only err on the side of giving them too little, or else in refusing the same relative justice it has conferred on them to the members of that body which they have left. Nothing in fact can be more clear, more simple, than the abstract justice of the case in a civil point of view. Mr. Shore wishes to have done with the Church: and that being so, the Church also wishes to have done with him, until it please God that he be otherwise minded. Her claims upon him, registered in heaven, she cannot gainsay or qualify; but neither can she desire to enforce them by the apparatus that the kingdoms of this world provide: and perhaps in the frank abandonment of all pretensions to external or coercive

authority over an erring child, she pursues the plan most likely to leave the way to his heart unbarred and the door of restoration open.

There is here, be it observed, no derogation whatever from the doctrine of what is called the indelibility of orders. The Athanasian Creed, as being part of the Common Prayer Book, is still part of the law of England, although that law has ceased to punish the denial of the divinity of the Son of God by persons dissenting from the Church. Orders will still be indelible according to English law, although those who act as if they were not will cease to be punishable to any temporal intent or purpose. If it be said that this change leaves the indelibility of orders on a social and political ground less elevated than that which it now holds, we think it enough, in a religious view, to answer, that it leaves a law touching the body of Christ on the same social and political ground as that on which is already placed the higher law concerning the Head; and that, as matter of conscience, we ought to view without dissatisfaction a change which effects this equalisation.

The key, then, to the only just, and we may perhaps add the only possible, solution of this question respecting the *relief* of clergy from their clerkship is, perfect freedom to Mr. Shore as regards the Church, perfect freedom to the Church as regards Mr. Shore. But as we proceed to a narrative of the abortive attempts at legislation which have already been made, we shall see that there has been either a scandalous ignorance or a strange disregard of one or the other of these principles, or a real difficulty in reducing them to legal form, or a mixture of these causes of failure in proportions which it would be difficult, as, happily, it is also needless, to analyse.

There are before the world four editions of Mr. Bouverie's Bill, and the next session will probably give birth to several more. The first of these is entitled the Toleration Act Amendment Bill, and was ordered to be printed on the 9th of August, 1848. The second is denominated the Clergy Relief Bill, and was ordered to be printed on the 5th of March, 1849. The third is the same Bill, as amended by a select committee, and ordered to be printed on the 3rd of April, 1849. Lastly, the Bill underwent new changes in the committee of the whole House, to which it was referred after passing through a select committee. Under this its fourth form it was shovelled into the House of Lords on the 25th of July, when all London knew that on the first or second of August the parliament would be prorogued, in conformity with that common and most discreditable practice which too much prevails, of sending to that House important measures—and even
measures

measures peculiarly suited for the consideration of the Lords—at a period of the session when it is too late to give them attention, and when the responsibility of their rejection is made to rest apparently in that quarter, while it really belongs to the House of Commons or some member of it. The fourth edition of the Bill is that printed for the use and by the order of the Lords, and it contains the last amendments made by the Commons.

The first edition of this measure is one which cannot be described in terms of too severe reprobation. We do not doubt that Mr. Bouverie, when he introduced it, was in the hands of others, to whom he must have too hastily given his confidence: and it is even possible that the drawer of the Bill may have had no other object in his view than the relief of seceding clergy from civil penalties. But let any dispassionate person view with us for a moment the indisputable legal effect of this Bill, and he will perceive that it deserves to be remembered as an example either of audacious treachery on the part of its framer, or else of an ignorance and precipitancy most disgraceful to any member of the legal profession. The preamble refers to the Toleration Act, and declares that doubts had arisen whether seceding clergymen could publicly pray, preach, or administer the Lord's Supper, without a licence from the Bishop of the diocese. Then comes the single enacting clause. It is in favour of all persons (1) who shall have taken the oaths, and made the declarations required by the Toleration Act, or by the Act 19 Geo. III. c. 44; or (2) who, after the passing of the Bill, shall, besides the oaths and declaration of the last-named Act, declare as follows:—

‘I, A. B., do sincerely declare, that I am a Protestant, and a Dissenter from the United Church of England and Ireland.’

And it is then enacted that no such person shall be

‘prosecuted or proceeded against, or punished in any Ecclesiastical Court, for publicly or privately reading prayers, or for publicly or privately praying, or for preaching, or for administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in any unconsecrated chapel or building, without any licence or authority for so doing from the Bishop of the Diocese’—

provided only that the building be one duly registered. We pass by some strange instances of verbal carelessness in the wording of the Bill, as having more important matter to discuss.

Converted into plain every-day English, the clause means neither more nor less than this:—a clergyman, declaring himself a Protestant and a Dissenter, shall retain all his ecclesiastical privileges, and shall at the same time be freed from all his ecclesiastical obligations. The operation is effected with the rapidity

and ease of the highest art : no change shall pass upon the man ; only certain words shall escape the ' barrier of his teeth ; ' and then—the penal laws of the Church have that admirable quality which Nero desiderated in the people of Rome—they have but one neck, and the knife of a single and (for an Act of Parliament) a short sentence divides it. For other men in holy orders there shall be a balanced and ordered system, conferring privileges, imposing duties, and enforcing those duties with penal sanctions : for these favoured individuals it is otherwise ; all law as against them shall be dead—as enabling and favouring them it shall retain its vigour.

What freaks and pranks might Fortune and Lord J. Russell not have played under these legislative auspices ! A well-fed rector declares himself in due form a Protestant and a Dissenter, and opens, or is about to open, we will suppose, a place of worship over against the parish church. Well, there is a patron interested in the benefice ; he begins to consider whom he shall present to it ; but in the midst of his inquiries it is observed to him that the incumbent has not resigned, and that under the Toleration Act Amendment Bill he could not be ejected. Again ; the declaration has been made, and is a matter of some notoriety ; the chapel over the way is in preparation ; on the first Sunday after the great event the parishioners repair to church with some curiosity to know who is the substitute for their late pastor. But lo ! the Protestant and Dissenting clergyman is not their late pastor at all ; he appears in the reading-desk, in the pulpit, at the altar, and officiates there when and as often as he pleases—his right to do so is the same, neither more nor less, as it was before he had declared himself a Dissenter. What relief is there in this dilemma for the patron or the parish ? None whatever. But stay ; we are wrong : the rector may be nominated to a bishopric, or to the primacy ; in that case there will be a vacancy and a new presentation—since, if the doctrine of Her Majesty's Attorney-General shall find its way into our law or practice, there is no limit whatever upon the range of ministerial choice for the episcopal office : all that is requisite is that a certain name be found within a certain document called a *congé d'élire*, and that the owner of it have borne it for thirty years, and be physically capable of going through the prescriptions of the Consecration Office, and—yet one condition more—be also of the masculine gender : what else it matters not—in the case of one nominated to be a bishop : he may be deaf and blind ; he may be a beggar, a bankrupt, an outlaw, a swindler, a gambler, a brothel-keeper, a notorious pickpocket, a convicted felon ; he may be a layman, a catechumen, a schismatic, a heretic, a heathen,

heathen, a Jew; but a bishop he must be and he shall be: and it is essential to the peace and fame of England that the man whom a majority of the House of Commons—having, it must be confessed, a much narrower range of choice—may have thrust into the place of prime minister, usually for other than theological qualifications, should not be precluded by any judicial or other check from any of these extremes, of which the most improbable are not uniformly the most formidable: and, further, any man who doubts of this can be no other than an enemy in disguise to the Church, as he is also an open traitor to the State.

But we quit this strange and shameful example of the carelessness with which ecclesiastical affairs are too often handled in the House of Commons.

The second edition of the Bill is far more worthy of Mr. Bouverie's high personal character; it bears tokens of his having reflected on the subject during the recess of 1848-9, and indeed fundamentally differs from the former in recognising the principle that the seceding clerk, while he emerges into lay freedom, shall also pass under lay disabilities. It is likewise a more comprehensive measure; the relief which it affords is not restricted to Protestants, the declaration being simply—

'I, A. B., do solemnly declare, that I am a Dissenter from the United Church of England and Ireland.'

And the immunities given are not confined to praying, preaching, and the administration of one Sacrament, but are enlarged so as to comprehend 'any breach of the discipline of the said Church.' The Bill agrees with its predecessor of 1848 in providing that this declaration, after having been made, shall be registered at quarter sessions (clause 2), but it goes on to provide that the person making it shall within a certain number of hours transmit a copy of it to the bishop of the diocese (clause 3); that the bishop shall within a certain number of days record the same in his registry (clause 4); and that—

- The entry thereof shall have the same operation, and be attended with the same consequences as to the rights and liabilities of such person, as a sentence of deprivation of such person of the preferment he may hold within the diocese of such Bishop, and also as sentence of deposition of such person from Holy Orders.'

Another clause (clause 6) adds more explicitly, that from the date of such entry all the rights and all the liabilities attaching to the seceded clerk in virtue of his orders shall cease, provided only that no Roman Catholic priest shall thereby become qualified to sit in the House of Commons. The improvements thus spontaneously introduced by Mr. Bouverie and Mr. Lushington into their

their measure (for it bears both their names) were such as fully to entitle them to the supposition that its former monstrosities were owing to a benevolent precipitancy on their part, and that they were individually willing, if the exercise of their free judgment were allowed them, to avoid wounding the conscience of the Church while they provided for entire freedom of action on the part of clerical seceders. The Bill now recognised the principle that a person disqualifying himself for the due discharge of the duties of a clergyman should also become disqualified by law from profaning them, as well as from enjoying the emoluments which ordinarily attach to the exercise of the clerical office. It is true indeed that such a principle may well be deemed elementary and self-evident. But it is also true that the frank recognition of it by Parliament ought to call forth the sentiment of thankfulness: for we live in times when, owing partly to the progress of alien influences without, and partly to the semi-paralytic habit into which the Church had recently declined from the inveterate custom of walking on state-crutches or state-stilts, the very simplest and most transparent ideas that belong to her nature as a spiritual incorporation have come to be met by some with rude and contemptuous denial, and by others to be regarded as among the subtlest, most mysterious, and most disputable matters with which human opinion is conversant.

According then to the second edition of the Bill, the man who sought emancipation from his priesthood was to lose its privileges as well as to escape from its duties. Yet let us for a moment pause to correct ourselves in the use of this Babylonish language, which may be taken to imply a forgetfulness that the severest and most solemn duties of priesthood are, and must for ever be, its highest privileges also. To escape from duties of a Christian priest! From what, and to what, is this escape? An escape from the work of apostles, from the work of saints, from the work of angels, from the work of Christ! An escape from the city of the plague, this is intelligible; but an escape *to* it! We stand, however, on the border-land between the gospel and the world, and we must employ its mixed language: upon that ground which the faith and love of our fathers made so narrow, and so levelled its fences, that he might well be excused who did not well discern the confines: but now it is widening again, and the outposts are receding; we speak the dialect of a system growing older and feebler from day to day, and we must not so speak without an express apology. To resume.

Besides the great change to which we have already referred there was another of no less importance. The first edition of the
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Bill overset the principle of Lord Denman's judgment, that no priest could divest himself of his office. The second edition proceeded upon that principle; and the declaration of the party that he was a dissenter was to be of no legal force or validity whatever until it had been followed by an act of the bishop. The Church, by the hand of the chief pastor of the diocese, was to record the declaration of the seceding clerk: and unless such record were made he would continue to be bound to her in law as he had been bound before.

True, the Bill made it compulsory upon the bishop to record the declaration; and the feelings of many sons of the Church may have been aroused by this peremptory provision. But for our part we lean to the belief that there is here no real infringement of her just claims, and that any apparent qualification of them which this compulsion may imply is such as the alliance between the State and the Church of necessity involves. It will not be disputed that, according to the Book of Canons, a priest separating himself from the Church is not only deposed, but excommunicate *ipso facto*. (Canon IX.) And although the words of Mr. Bouverie's declaration are entirely wanting in technical precision, and the signification of the term *dissent* may be open to argument, yet it is practically clear that the clergyman who should make that declaration would do it with the intent of claiming emancipation from the laws of the Church of England, and that by virtue of such intent, and of the act founded on it, he would come within the true scope and meaning of the canon. It is true, indeed, that, according to the judgment of the courts, this law does not take effect without some executory process. In the case before us, and as far as touches deposition, Parliament steps in, and, in the Scotch phrase, *impliments* the law of the Church—gives effect to it by requiring her officer to proceed. Had the canons said such a person *may* be excommunicated—the Bill should have gone no farther; but they are absolute and leave no discretion, and the clause being likewise absolute is in rough but real harmony with them. The canons indeed do not direct the bishop to do a particular official act; but they pass by him altogether, and declare it done already without his being in any manner put in motion.

There were, however, two glaring defects in the Bill as viewed from the side of the Church, besides those that might be detected in it from other aspects. The act to be performed by the bishop was not to be a sentence, but merely an entry of the declaration already made by the party. There was a great legal and a great ecclesiastical anomaly in an enactment that the mere entry of a declaration of the (in the eye of the Church) offending party should,

should, without any sentence, carry with it the consequences (and indeed more than the consequences) of a sentence pronounced in the same behalf. It was difficult to see to what practical anomalies and complications a form of legislation so singular might not introduce us. It was plain, on the other hand, that since, by the law of the Church, as expounded in her courts, a judicial act is held to be necessary in order to give effect even to a penalty accruing *ipso facto*, the form at least of a judicial act was required by decency and consistency in order to fill up the gap. And the omission of it, important in itself, would have appeared as a token of our intention wholly to ignore the regular processes of ecclesiastical law, and, finally, to break up its machinery altogether.

At the same time, if we aim at treating this important question—a bracelet miniature of the great controversy which has agitated more or less the Christian world for so many ages—not as advocates, but as peace-makers, we must not scruple to avow that the subject is one of real difficulty. The proceedings of those clergy who abandon their sacred calling is a high crime in the view of the Church: and, speaking with reference to the act and not the motive, it is highest of all when this abandonment is with a view to the erection of a rival altar, and to making a new breach in the unity of the body of Christ. But when we view these same proceedings from the standing ground of the politician, who either believes, or must often act as if he believed, that truth is for public purposes but what each man troweth, they are the assertion of a high privilege, the exercise of an important civil duty. Passing by the question of religious error, nothing remains to him but to honour the man who acts upon his convictions, and to take care that he shall have a clear stage for so acting, free from care and from question, from stigma and from slur, as well as from the coarser and material hinderances of prison-doors and costs of suit. If therefore it is difficult for the Church, such as she has always been, and must always be, to allow such acts to remain without a note of her disapproval, it is also difficult for the State, such as it now is, and is likely for a good while to be, to become a party to any such indication, as being at apparent variance with that unqualified theory of religious freedom which has become the rule of the proceedings of Parliament, although it is far from being as yet the universal characteristic of our law.

The second defect in Mr. Bouverie's Bill was one opening a still wider range of observation. It contained no legal definition of the relation of the deposed clerk to the Church after his secession, although it settled fully the question of his relation to her ministry, by totally and for ever dissolving it. At present,

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as we have stated, the obstinate non-conformity and schism of a clerk are punishable by excommunication; that is to say, by his formal and legal exclusion from the society from which he has already effected his own moral and spiritual exclusion in declaring himself a dissenter, which we take to be equivalent to a simple renunciation of his obedience. This remedy, however, not civil and temporal, but ecclesiastical in its nature, the Bill of Mr. Bouverie as it stood took away, and brought about the extraordinary anomaly that a clergyman deposed by the law and act of the Church as well as the State, and declared excommunicate by her canons, should, by an act of the State, be absolutely, and under all circumstances, protected from further process, replaced in the condition of lay communion, and left inalienably invested with the legal claims to all the ordinances of the Church which belong to that condition. Had the measure only removed the temporal incidents of excommunication—nay, had it only done away with the judicial form of it, and left the ecclesiastical consequences to follow, like those of deposition, upon the simple entry of the declaration of the party—this anomaly would have been avoided. But besides the very flagrant violation of the principles of Church law, a way was opened by it to most serious personal grievance. Surely it would be a personal grievance of the most cruel nature that (for example) the vicar of the parish in which Mr. Shore lately officiated as a clergyman; and in which he has now become the leader and minister of a dissenting body, should be compellable, at the hazard of beggary and imprisonment, to administer to Mr. Shore himself, if Mr. Shore think fit to demand them, the ordinances, or any of the ordinances, of that Church with which, so far as in him lay, he has broken all his religious ties.

We shall proceed to explain the manner in which these two defects were dealt with as the measure advanced. There were early indications in the House of Commons of various feelings likely to disturb its progress. On the one hand—there was the conservative dislike to change in an ancient portion of our law, which had not until within the last twelvemonth or thereabouts become a subject of jealousy. On the other there was a disposition to give the measure a completely new form—by converting it from one for the relief of dissidence to one for the emancipation of all indolent, worldly, or crotchety clergymen, by enabling them to lay down their orders for any cause whatever, or for none. However, Mr. Bouverie wisely determined upon having these matters discussed in detail by a select committee, rather than in the House, hoping without doubt that an amicable settlement might ensue. The committee was nominated, we believe, in the usual course by the mover of the Bill. It comprised Mr. Bouverie himself, and

and Mr. Lushington, jointly responsible with him for the introduction of the measure, and well known as a representative of the dissenting interest in Parliament; Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Napier, representatives of two of our universities; Mr. Stafford, who had borne a share in the previous discussions on the Bill; Mr. Lacy, who had given notice of an amendment in the latitudinarian sense we have above described: Mr. Horsman, who had taken a leading part in the discussion of many questions relating to the Church; Sir W. Clay, a gentleman of long parliamentary experience, who represents a population of the first order in point of number among the boroughs, and in respect of the quantities of dissent and radicalism which it comprises; and last, but not least, three legal gentlemen, Mr. Headlam, Mr. Roundell Palmer, and Mr. F. Peel, all highly competent, and two of them highly distinguished members of Parliament.

The result of the labours of this committee was the third edition of Mr. Bouverie's Bill, ordered to be printed on the 3rd of last April. From its composition it is plain that the committee could not, and from its acts that it did not, approach the question in a spirit of partizanship. As a measure of religious liberty the bill amended by them was larger than it had been before it came into their hands. Then it only gave relief to Protestants upon condition of having conformed to the conditions of the existing Toleration Acts: but now it required no other oath, declaration, or subscription than the simple declaration in its own first clause of the fact of dissent from the Church. The mere desire to be released from any obedience to her, solemnly and formally expressed, was thenceforward to be the sole condition of a title to entire emancipation. But the committee set an example which we hope will be frequently followed in future and perhaps better times—for, while they enlarged the scope of the Bill on the side of the religious freedom of the seceding clergyman, they did the same for those clergymen who should not secede: in their solicitude for the *one*, they did not forget the nine hundred and ninety-nine.

With respect to the first of the points which we have noticed—namely that the Bill, *pro tanto*, went to extinguish the judicial office of the Church, in regard to her own clergy—the committee met it by providing that the bishop, besides recording in the registry of his diocese the declaration of the party, should likewise record a sentence of deprivation and of deposition against him, and that the legal consequences affecting him, both as to freedom and as to disqualifications, should spring from and follow upon this sentence.—For the sake of clearness we reprint Clause IV. as it stood in each of these prints of the Bill:—

Bill

Bill of March 5th.

‘And be it enacted, that the bishop to whom such copy of the certificate shall have been transmitted, within — days of the receipt of such copy shall record the same in his registry; and the entry thereof shall have the same operation, and be attended with the same consequences as to the rights and liabilities of such person, as a sentence of deprivation of such person of the preferment he may hold within the diocese of such bishop, and also as sentence of deposition of such person from Holy Orders.’

Bill of April 3rd.

‘And be it enacted, that the bishop to whom such copy of the certificate shall have been transmitted shall, within thirty days of the receipt of such copy, record the same in his registry, and shall further record in his registry sentence of deprivation of such person of the preferment, whether donative or otherwise, he may hold within the diocese of such bishop, and also sentence of deposition of such person from Holy Orders; and such sentences respectively shall have the like effect to all intents and purposes, and shall be followed by the same consequences as to the rights and liabilities of such person, and as to the rights of patrons and all other persons, as if such sentences respectively had been duly pronounced by an ecclesiastical court having competent jurisdiction in that behalf.’

By this latter arrangement the judicial act and its consequences were retained; but the act was divested of all publicity and show, and the consequences were such as there could be no just dispute about, as they amounted simply to that entire separation from the clerical office which Mr. Bouverie had himself proposed. It was impossible, we think, to make any compromise between the contending principles of order and liberty to which we have above referred, that should award less to the Church and more to the seceding person: and those whom in this view it did not satisfy, must have been such as were determined to make no composition whatever with the principle of Church-law, but simply to trample it in the dust.

With respect to the second of the two points, the committee made a less complete and satisfactory provision: but one perhaps as fair as the very complex circumstances of the case would permit. They introduced into the clause standing sixth in their Bill these words:—

‘No clergyman shall be prosecuted, or proceeded against, or punished, or held liable in any action for damages or otherwise, in any court, for refusing to administer any rite or sacrament of the said united Church to or in respect of any such person.’

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It should be observed that what the committee thus proposed to enact fell very far short of the full claim of the Church as a spiritual body. She has a clear right to effective and secure provisions for bringing to justice offences which in her view are capital; and the proceeding of a clergyman who declares himself a Dissenter is to her very much what Treason is to the State—a crime which, for the sake of public order, must be visited in a marked manner within the respective spheres of State and Church—the one of corporal penalty, the other of simply spiritual privation—although, both in the one case and the other, it may happen that the moral character of the act in the individual does not correspond with the rank of the offence in the judicial scale. To leave it therefore optional by statute to each individual clergyman out of so many thousands to give or withhold the rites of the Church in such cases, is very much less than she is entitled to ask, and allows a large portion of her right to remain unprotected by the new law, while the existing provisions are, as we have already shown, so unsatisfactory to all parties. Nothing can satisfy the full justice of the case short of this: that a person becoming a Dissenter by a formal act shall thereupon, *ipso facto*, lose all capacity to receive her offices until such time as he shall have been re-admitted to communion within her body by such process as she, in concert with the State, may fix for the purpose.

But we have now to consider the further course of the Bill. On its return to the House from the Select Committee it was reprinted and recommitted to a committee of the whole House. In the mean time an agitation out of doors against it had commenced, on the part of the professing friends—we will not call them the pretended friends only, because we believe in the sincerity of their self-delusion—of religious liberty; and the writers of the *Daily News* had the effrontery to state that the amendments made, and as it afterwards appeared unanimously made, by the Select Committee, of the composition we have described, were owing to the machinations of a particular party in the Church. First, a warning was issued by advertisement against further petitioning in favour of the Bill; by-and-bye notice was given by a member of Parliament belonging, we believe, to the denomination of Baptists, that he would move to alter the *proviso* in favour of clergy declining to administer to the seceders the offices of the Church, by excepting from the scope of it the rite of burial—and finally the attack was restricted to this single though capital point, namely, the *proviso*; but the indications out of doors, on the part both of the so-called friends of Mr. Shore and of certain Dissenters, were much more comprehensive in their scope. At a meeting held April 13, 1849, Mr. J. R. Mills in the chair, a committee of the deputies of the
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Three Denominations summed up its objections by a resolution that the Bill had better be rejected than passed in its amended form: and a miscellaneous body of persons, announcing themselves as 'certain friends of Mr. Shore,' put together in one sweep-stakes the following "*Reasons*" for condemning the Bill, by way of examples:—

1. That it is a hardship upon *seceding clergymen* to require them to declare themselves Dissenters as a condition of release from the obligations of their office.

2. That the fourth and fifth clauses involved a recognition of the authority of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and branded clergymen with infamy for acting up to their convictions;—and that they ought not to be required to surrender their letters of orders on account of their differing from the Church of England on 'some formal, circumstantial, or doctrinal point.'

3. That—the *naïveté* of the language used is inimitable—'Clause 6 lays a seceding clergyman open to rejection with impunity from the rites of the Church he wishes to leave'; and that this is 'a purely vindictive infliction for a conscientious secession.'

4. That twelve months were to elapse before the seceding clergyman could sit in the House of Commons: whereas there ought not to be an interval even of a single day.

5. That Mr. Shore was left liable to pay the costs in which he had been mulcted before he could be released from prison: whereas Parliament ought either *ex post facto* to have cancelled that judgment of the courts, or to have voted the money from the national purse to reimburse him.

Finally they prayed for the rejection of the Bill, and that an Act might be passed to the effect of the scandalous project which Mr. Bouverie had long ago abandoned, with the yet more scandalous addition suggested under the last head of '*Reasons*,' which we have succinctly described.

The temper of the discussions in the House of Commons was, it must be gladly avowed, very different from that displayed in these papers and in Exeter Hall: yet there is a melancholy necessity for referring to such ebullitions, which as either wholly or partially conscientious are therefore of more serious import, since they evince that there are portions of the community in whose mouths religious liberty means not only insult and the yoke of slavery, but moral degradation and the pollution of conscience to all those who are guilty of the crime of adhering to the religion still established by law among us.

It appears from the debates in Parliament that Mr. Lacy—having failed in his plan of applying the principles of free import and free export to the clerical office, irrespectively altogether of religious

religious difficulties—volunteered to lead the dissenting movement, and proposed the rejection of the Proviso for the protection of the clergy, which a member of the sect of Baptists had only declared his design to modify. During the discussion on this amendment it was declared by Mr. Gladstone in the most explicit terms, and the declaration was not contradicted from any quarter, that the Proviso had been supported by the entire committee, including Mr. Lacy himself and the chairman. Yet, when the House came to a division, Sir William Clay and Mr. Lushington joined Mr. Lacy in his opposition to it—Mr. Horsman and Mr. Headlam were absent—and Mr. Bouverie was a teller in that majority of 118 to 57 which rejected the Proviso!—The other members of the committee voted in its favour.

Before discussing the merits of the argument, we must observe that there is something very painfully suggestive in this partial analysis of the division. To speak the plain truth, it shows that gentlemen of high intelligence and reputation agreed together, after (as we are informed) repeated deliberations, to a middle view or composition between opposite extremes upon a matter of the utmost delicacy—and by that agreement bound themselves to one another to endeavour, through their united influence, to sway the House of Commons, and procure the settlement of a question not likely otherwise to be settled at all; that an agitation out of doors hereupon commenced, and that certain of these gentlemen, under the influence of pressure from without, deliberately receded from this virtual engagement, and disavowed and overthrew the provisions in the adoption of which they had actively concurred.

There were indeed in the minority the names of a few members of Parliament professing liberal opinions, of whom we may mention Mr. Simeon, representing the Isle of Wight, Mr. George Thompson of the Tower Hamlets, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, a gentleman whose refined and tender nature combined with his genius and eloquence to make him an ornament to his party, and to Parliament itself, not less than to the profession in which he has recently won, amidst universal approval, honours of the highest order.

We would not make light of this redeeming circumstance—being indeed deeply anxious to impress it upon the minds of our readers, and especially of our clerical readers, that there is no better omen for them than the growth, on the liberal side of the House of Commons, of a sentiment which, while it will exact to the uttermost for Dissenters relief from grievance or disqualification, and will, perhaps, not scruple to deal more freely than we could wish with the Church in its civil or social character, will nevertheless respect its rights as a religious association, and the rights of its ministers and members.

members. It may be a novel and a startling saying, but it is one which there is now great need to whisper in the ear, and which presently will be proclaimed upon the housetops, that the great prize for which the Church has at this day to struggle really is *religious equality*. While there are some men still fondly dreaming of the means by which they may clutch alike and to the last every valuable and every valueless external prerogative that remains, and whose visions, perhaps, even include schemes for the recovery of what has departed never to return, there is a danger and a disease within; the foe is behind their backs and inside their lines, and they know it not. Every year, almost every day that passes, more distinctly develops and embodies a sentiment that does and will resolutely, and on each occasion that may offer, refuse to the members of the Church and her ministers, except upon the condition of disobedience to her laws, the commonest and most vital privileges of religious freedom, under the plea of her civil establishment; and it becomes in consequence progressively and rapidly more important to meet the altered tactics of the time with the weapons of the assailants—to insist that the question of the civil establishment of the Church shall be discussed on its own merits, and that it shall not be made a pretext for covering her with infamy by forcing her to acts of shame. And this not only because her eternal charter is more weighty than her temporal, her spiritual life and vigour more to be prized than her civil establishment, but because those who assail her now know full well that their best chance of destroying her constitutional privileges is by exhibiting them to the eyes, and making them felt in the hearts of her members, as indissolubly linked with religious degradation. And if this be so, we venture to suggest that a warm welcome should be given to the first indications of friendship on the part of those who—without the slightest qualification of their popular opinions, and reserving their right to protest and argue as they please against even what we may think most just and needful in the external immunities of the Church—are willing nevertheless to admit, and to act upon the admission, that her possession of these immunities, whether right or wrong in itself, shall not be made a pretext for denying to the vast majority of the country that religious liberty which has been vindicated and secured for every other fraction of the community, however numerically insignificant. But of this religious liberty the first and most elementary ingredients are, freedom to exercise a moderate and reasonable discipline over her own members, and freedom to part company from those who will not obey such discipline.

It is not, however, as a breach of engagement affecting personal good

good faith, that we chiefly dwell upon the strange inconsistency of Mr. Bouverie and others in regard to this important measure, because we are aware that distinctions may be drawn which would tend to exclude their change of conduct from that category. But there is another aspect in which it is full of melancholy meaning for those who, like ourselves, believe that the relations of the Church to the statute-law have become very seriously perplexed, that it is vital to the best interests of the country to have these perplexities unravelled, and that unravelled they can never be—though they may find another exit in a great convulsion—unless by the patience, courage, forbearance, and self-denial of statesmen and members of Parliament on all sides of the question, as well as by the same qualities on the part of bishops and clergy, applied in the first instance to devise just plans of settlement between conflicting interests, and in the second to carry those settlements into the form of law in spite of all obloquy and all resistance. There was an encouraging recognition of this necessity in the unanimous vote of Mr. Bouverie's committee; but there was a dastardly flinching from its consequences in the right-about-face which followed.

It is needless to follow the further progress of the Bill to its entrance into the *limbo* of abortive projects of law, since nothing more was done upon it until the time for real discussion had passed away, and what was then done, in the shuffle and scuffle of business at the close of the session, adds nothing to its claims on approval or to its future chances of success. But it is important to consider the arguments applicable to the Proviso, since they involve, though upon a limited scale, some of the most weighty and perplexing questions that either the negligence of former times or the necessities of our social state have entailed upon us. At the same time our observations will go no farther than to show that the Church cannot rest satisfied or secure with anything less than an enactment of this kind. We shall leave it to others, especially to her appointed governors, to consider more fully whether she can and ought to make the concessions which it involves, and which we venture to recommend for favourable consideration.

The aim, then, of the Proviso was this: that in the case of persons having received holy orders from the Church, and subsequently constituting themselves Dissenters by a formal statutory declaration, it should be free, as far as the statute-law is concerned, to any officiating clergyman to give or to withhold those religious rites to which, in the absence of a disqualifying cause, every member of the Church has in England a legal claim. Not a syllable, we believe, of this description of the matter at issue can be disputed: and the simple question would therefore seem to be:

be: Is there in the case supposed a cause which ought in law to dispossess a party of the right to require and compel the administration of the rites of the Church? But, again, this question answers itself. It is plain that the very highest and uttermost disqualification, which in the nature of things can exist, for the legal possession of the rights of membership in any body whatsoever, must be the formal renunciation of that membership, and the claim to entire and absolute exemption from its laws. Just as there is no form of disease, however loathsome or however exhausting, that shuts us out from the functions of corporeal existence in the same manner as death does, though there are forms of death in no way loathsome or repulsive. Nay, this is not only plain, but so plain that it cannot be made plainer by argument or comparison: and the very attempt we have made to illustrate may only serve to obscure it. The single point, then, remaining for consideration, to make the case complete and demonstrative, is this: Ought Dissent to be deemed in law a renunciation of the rights of membership? We say once for all, of the rights, meaning the *jura*, the definite and legal rights: for we are very far from meaning that by the act of Dissent, however formally done, the capacity for the functions of membership is totally destroyed. And further, we must remark, all difference of opinion is not Dissent. There are differences of opinion within the Church on points which her laws have not ruled at all: such differences are perfectly regular, and so to speak normal. Again, there are differences upon points which she has ruled, but without proposing to make a particular sense binding upon all her members, though she may impose it upon a portion of them, pre-eminent by station, by education, or by office. Such differences are not normal, but they are endurable, and must, in every form of association upon earth, be endured. There is yet a further question that may be raised as to liberty upon secondary and incidental points, which it is needless to discuss in this place, because even such a liberty does not satisfy the Dissenter, whose objections in all cases go to the root, and commence from the very first elements of the baptismal doctrine. What he claims, moreover, is a right to set aside all the laws of the Church, although he may remain in accordance with parts, and even most important parts of them; just as we have repudiated the authority of the See of Rome to bind us, although in so many vital matters its teaching would be precisely the same with that of the Church of England.

Whether, then, the only just ground of the rights of membership is absolutely destroyed by the act of Dissent, both being understood as we have described them, is a question on which

there cannot be a moment's hesitation in the mind of any man who acknowledges in the Church an historical charter, a divine mission; that is to say, who not merely subscribes to these terms, but also holds by their determinate sense, and does not resolve them into mere windy metaphor. But then what are we to expect from that large portion of Parliament and of the community who have *de facto* no such defined conception of the work and office of the Church? The obvious answer is: We are to expect from all men of sense and men of business, a regard to the civil rights of conscience and a dispassionate recognition of the sense of the law of the Church herself, as indicating generally the terms on which alone she can continue in harmonious alliance with the State: and from all men of true and high religious feeling, a regard not only to the rights of conscience as they are acknowledged by our laws, but likewise to the delicacy of its functions in respect to God, and to the loss of moral dignity and of practical efficiency which follows, wherever the purity of those functions is sullied by injunctions of a character essentially degrading.

The argument against the Proviso of the sixth clause, if we pass by the mere cant and vulgar slang of those persons who can see nothing but intolerance and vindictiveness in anything that gives protection against their own tyrannical wilfulness, is twofold: and is partly constitutional, partly of a religious nature. The constitutional argument as actually employed in the House of Commons—and it is one entitled to a respectful consideration—was in great part this: that seceding clergy ought not to be placed on a footing different from that of other Dissenters. Secondly; another and mixed form of this argument, founding itself in part on a generalising system of theology, would go to show, that the essence of an Established Religion ought to lie not in the precise terms of its laws and formularies, but in certain notions conceived to be common to all Christians; that the *particularities* of its legal system are meant to please those who *κατ' ἐξοχήν* are called its members, but that all Christians are members of it, by virtue of those common notions, if and so far as they will, and may claim and compel the administration of its rites at pleasure. Lastly; the purely religious argument would follow the Dissenting notion of the Church as the mere *congeries* of professing Christians, without the organic bonds of a common word and discipline; and its legitimate effect would be that Dissent neither does nor can separate a man from the essence of the Church which is wholly unseen. This indeed would admit of a just answer as follows: If the essence of the Church be wholly invisible in your view, why should you insist upon retaining a legal title to rites which *you* regard as merely external and

and ceremonial, but which we conceive to be, as it were, the body of the Church, linked inseparably during this dispensation to its soul, and which we therefore conceive to be profaned by an administration of them without regard had to religious belief? In sound reason, we apprehend, this admits of no reply; but practically it is felt that to maintain a legal title to Church ordinances irrespective of belief is an emphatic way of contradicting in act the doctrine of the Church concerning her own nature and claims, and of asserting the opposite theory that these ordinances of the Church, and the Church herself, have no inward vitality or substance, but are merely convenient means of exciting and thus of confirming the faith of the individual Christian. Regarding the sacramental doctrine of the Church as an idol, misled religionists will seek not only to renounce but to dishonour it; like Hezekiah with the serpent that Moses had made, they will break it in pieces, and call it Nehushtan.

The argument, however, which may thus be drawn from a false theology, does not appear to have been urged in Parliament. There the stress was laid in some degree upon the idea that social degradation was involved in any refusal of the rites of the Church, but mainly upon the inexpediency and impropriety of dealing in different modes with different classes of Dissenters; and Lord Arundel, a Roman Catholic as just towards the religion of others as he is zealous in his own, was so far impressed by this argument, that while he declared his approval of the principle of the Proviso he declined to vote in its favour, and therefore took no part in the division. And we believe that Mr. Bouverie, the well-meaning but vacillating mover of the Bill, declared that in his opinion the Proviso could not be resisted if it applied to all Dissenters alike.

The strength of that argument, whatever it may be, lies, we think, upon its surface only. *Primâ facie*, it is desirable to place all Dissenters from the Church in the same relation to the Church so long as they continue Dissenters. Yet this is a position which requires qualification in sound reason, and which actually is qualified by our existing law. In order to estimate aright the relation of different persons terming themselves Dissenters to the Church, many considerations, to which public attention has as yet but scantily been called, must be taken into the account.

In the first place Dissent, such as is constituted by the Bill of Mr. Bouverie, is at present unknown to our law; and if this be so, there is no reason, even *primâ facie*, why Dissent of a new legal character should not meet with a new legal treatment. We may divide the present provisions of the law with regard to Dissent

into three branches. First, it authorises the holding of assemblies for public worship in certain buildings not consecrated nor licensed by the bishop, on conditions specified. Secondly, it permits persons to officiate within these buildings—provided they have taken, or are ready to take when required, in the manner pointed out by law, a certain declaration touching their religious belief. Thirdly, it provides in various modes for the civil rights and religious exigencies both of these pastors and of their flocks—dissenting ministers and congregations of dissenters respectively. But although important acts have been passed for the advantage of the latter, we apprehend that the greater part of the express statutory provisions now existing refer to dissenting ministers only, so that the only *individual character* with which the law deals is not derived from the mere fact of Dissent, but from officiating publicly in one of the licensed buildings to which we have referred. And even this character is altogether mutable, transitory, and uncertain. So far as the law is concerned, any man may be a Dissenter, or a Dissenting minister, to-day, and no Dissenter at all to-morrow. It protects certain acts of participation in public worship by whomsoever done except by clergymen, but here it takes no cognizance whatever of Dissent as a form of religion. It interferes to ascertain by a form of declaration that Dissent does not go beyond certain bounds; but this is in the case* of ministers and schoolmasters only, and the declaration in itself makes no assertion of Dissent from the Church, and might be taken by the whole body of the clergy with the bishops at their head. The Dissenting character (if indeed such a term may be properly employed at all) is one which may be assumed and laid down at will any number of times; it is wholly optional, wholly undefined on any side by any legal criterion; and being thus undefined and temporary, it is plain that no clear and permanent line can separate it universally from the domain of the Church. Private proceedings as to religion are, with an exception on which we need not here enter, free, as it were, by the general traditions of the constitution; public ones are protected on certain conditions as to the place and the person officiating. Heresy and schism have still with certain qualifications their known meanings, but only by application to particular acts or propositions; a profession of them in the abstract is wholly foreign to our jurisprudence. Of simple Dissent as giving a legal character to an

* We need not advert to the section of the Toleration Act which requires a profession of faith from Dissenters 'who scruple the taking of any oath,' since it is an exceptional provision of limited scope, and only ascertains the profession for the time being with reference to a given single act; and this not as matter of religion at all, but by way of security to the State.

individual, analogous in its nature to the legal churchmembership of a baptized person, originating in a defined act, and terminable only in defined modes or not terminable at all, the law as yet knows absolutely nothing.

And a very imperfect state of the law this is. But those who would amend it wholesale must consider well how many reasons, not of policy only but of duty, should check all impatient desire for a clear demarcation between the Church and the whole mass of persons who may have associated themselves with other religious bodies: first, because the negligence prevalent for some generations has left so many thousands in innocent ignorance upon the subject; secondly, because the forms of such association are, in some important cases, such as to leave it very doubtful how far they involve the personal responsibility of schism. For example: there certainly was a time when there was nothing in the rules and constitution of Methodism to prevent it from becoming an efficient auxiliary part of the organization of the Church. We fear that time has passed; but we believe there are many persons who still profess Methodism in a spirit and sense derived from it, and whom it would on that supposition be most unjust to sever formally from the Church.

The Dissent, then, legally constituted by Mr. Bouverie's Bill is a legal character—distinctive, for by its terms none but Dissenters can adopt it; permanent, for it carries permanent consequences both of exemption and of privation; unrestrained by any declaration of a positive nature, or any adhesion to any known body of doctrine; and formally assumed by the individual before a Court of Record: as such it is essentially new, and, therefore, there is no ground for the assumption that persons so Dissenting ought to be placed in the same position as all others who now pass by the vague and legally unmeaning name of Dissenters.

Neither must it be overlooked that the Dissent of a clergyman is rather broadly distinguished, in other than legal respects, from ordinary lay Dissent. It may be urged with reference to the latter, not only that it is undefined and incomplete, but also that it is owing to tradition and education, that in many cases it is almost unconscious, and that in many more we cannot say, from the condition of the parties, that it is their own fault not to have acquainted themselves with the doctrines and the claims of the Church. But the whole of these considerations, which have great weight in recommending the utmost leniency with respect to others, are at once swept away in the case of a clergyman seceding. What he is, he has become after a special training, in mature age, and with all the advantages for inquiry which belong to the more educated class of society; and his objections

objections to the law and system of the Church are so defined that it is with him, by the suppositions involved in the very terms of the Bill, a matter of conscience to erect a rival altar, and become, not a follower only, but a propagator of division. We must therefore make up our minds to this: if we are to allow the Dissent of clergymen to be thus consummated and thus embodied by a legal and deliberate act, without involving the abrogation of all legal privilege in regard to the rites of the Church, there is no kind and degree of Dissent, however determinate and formal, however extreme in its doctrine, or no-doctrine, that will not justly claim the same immunity: in other words, the provisions of the Clergy Relief Bill involve principles which, if admitted in this case, must lead to a termination of the present undefined state of relations between Dissent and the Church—and must also terminate them by a full and practically effective acknowledgment that neither heresy nor schism in themselves disqualify for Church rites, and that the Church ought not to exercise any discipline whatever in regard to them. It is true, we will add parenthetically, that there are most important doctrinal differences among Dissenters, and that most of them hold in its true meaning much the greater part of the Apostles' Creed. Yet this, though a cause for thankfulness, affords no tenable ground for legislative distinctions. For a century and a quarter from the Revolution, the law professed to distinguish doctrinally between different kinds of Dissent, but after a very few years the distinction became in practice nugatory: it has now been abolished:—and its effective revival would be quite impossible. Let this then be firmly planted in the mind as a practical proposition—that in all legislative proceedings we must be content to deal with Dissent as a whole, if we deal with it at all:

To resumé the thread of our argument; as it is not true that Mr. Bouverie's Dissenters correspond with those now existing in point of legal character, so neither is it the fact that all present Dissenters have the title which it is insisted on that seceding clergymen should retain. For instance, in regard to the Holy Communion, without going into any other legal grounds of objection to its administration, which might require more argument to substantiate them, we assume it to be clear that this cannot lawfully take place in the case of any one who is unconfirmed, unless he be, as the Rubric requires, prepared for Confirmation. This at once cuts off the great mass of Dissenters from any title to it: but every clergyman must of course have been confirmed, and so far has a presumptive title to it.

Again, when it is said that the power to refuse the administration

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tion of the rites of the Church would degrade as a class the parties exposed to the refusal, we answer by referring to the case of the Quakers. No Quaker does, or legally can, receive any rite of the Church whatever; and yet there is no sect of Dissenters which has a higher social position: *as*, on the other hand, there is none which upon the whole has done so much to earn respect by disinterested services to the cause of humanity and of civilization.

Finally, there are at least two important respects, in which Mr. Bouverie's Bill itself placed the seceding clergyman in a position different from that of other Dissenters; one of these is temporary, the other permanent. No civil disqualification now attaches to secession; but the seceding clergyman under Mr. Bouverie's Bill cannot sit in Parliament for a twelvemonth. The second is more important. Every other Dissenter, upon conforming to the Church, becomes qualified for all its functions, and may receive and exercise the office of the priesthood; but the clerical seceder is formally and for ever debarred, according to the apparent intention of the Bill, from the exercise of clerical functions.

The truth is, that this plea in favour of placing all Dissenters on the same footing, is one of that class of pleas which have plausibility enough to persuade minds predisposed to entertain them of their validity, but which the very same persons find to be of little, or rather of no weight, when their prepossessions happen to be adverse. We apprehend that it might have been used with perfect sincerity when the Church Building Acts have been before Parliament, and when the question as to the liability of districts to rates for the new churches was considered. Now let us consider what Parliament in one of those Acts has done. Without altering the general law of Church-rate, it has required that a special endowment shall be provided for the repairs of the new church. What was this but an exceptional provision, as affecting the liability and claim to the rate, intended to take this class of churches out of the scope of the law of Church-rate, and to prevent the extension of the liability of Dissenters, without involving the necessity of premature attempts to adjust the general question? It is needless to remark that this was done to meet the views and wishes of the very class who complain of a similar mode of proceeding in the case of seceding clergy; and it is, we may add, a mode of proceeding less philosophical than would be the complete settlement of all branches of a question at once—but one, at the same time, often recommended by practical considerations as the least among a variety of inconveniences—preferable in itself to the extension of questionable principles, and very far preferable indeed

indeed to giving them not only greater extent but also new, formal, and extreme developments which heretofore they have wanted.

It has indeed been urged, but as we think with a singular absence of reason, that degradation would be inflicted on a person like Mr. Shore, if a clergyman should decline to administer to him the offices of the Church. To us it appears that the only real degradation would be in his asking them: that it is really and deeply degrading to a man who has rebelled against her authority, which he was especially pledged to maintain and to inculcate, and who intends to continue in that rebellion, that he should desire to tamper with holy things by even requesting, except upon a total change of mind, admission to her ordinances. But of all degradations that can be witnessed on earth there is, perhaps, none morally so deep as when man exercises a spirit of relentless tyranny under the pretext of freedom and the garb of humility: and in this degradation would Mr. Shore involve himself, if Mr. Bouverie's Bill, as it last stood, were to pass, and if he were to attempt by legal coercion to extort from one of the obedient priests of the Church the administration of any of her offices to him, who has made the most formal disobedience to her injunctions at once his badge, his principle, and his pride.

Nor does it at all avail to say, that there are in existence many seceding clergymen, none of whom have been pursued to excommunication, and on whose behalf therefore the clergy might be liable to prosecution for refusing all, or some, of the offices of the Church: because in the first place they know, without doubt, that, if they have in any single case such a power, they have it by accident, through one of those unforeseen chances or casual defects of law—

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*quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura ;—*

but this would be quite altered by a Parliamentary title given after discussion; and secondly, the very fact of their own present liability will suffice, if in any case a sentiment of decency or some higher and more tender feeling should not, to prevent their attempting to violate the consciences of their brethren.

It is from no desire to persecute or to stigmatise, that we have deplored the ejection of the scanty security, afforded to the Church by the Proviso, from Mr. Bouverie's Bill. If there be objections to distinguishing between this new Dissent and the Dissent already existing, let us briefly and in conclusion consider to what principles we lend a sanction if we acquiesce in the measure as it stands: principles, we cannot hesitate to avow, which will amount to a virtual profession of infidelity on the part of

of the State, and which must taint the Church with the deepest demoralization.

At the present moment the State, we are to remember, takes no cognizance of the nature and character of simple dissent in any individual citizen, except as to those persons who may be either schoolmasters or teachers in tolerated places of worship. Of teachers it took cognizance under the Toleration Act, only to provide that they should subscribe all those called the doctrinal Articles of Religion: under later Acts both classes, we apprehend, are still liable to be required to make a declaration of their belief in the Holy Scriptures. It may seem extraordinary that at the passing of the Toleration Act no provisions were made with respect to the legal title of all those who might take the benefit of it to Church offices; but we must recollect first, that that Act was framed, as we think, in too great a degree, according to a state of things which had really, though not then perhaps visibly, passed away. While that state of things lasted, the non-conformists were content to endure the sacramental doctrine of the Church, and only made their assault upon certain ceremonial observances: and so long as this was or might be hoped to be the case, it was natural that both Parliament and the Church should cling to, and proceed upon, the supposition that Dissent was a transitory phenomenon, and need not be taken into account in any but provisional legislation. Hence the indulgence, which the Act conceded to individuals, was one that required no formal proceeding on their part, either at its commencement or its close, but was framed so as to pass off and on with such ease that both transitions should be equally imperceptible. Secondly, the only rite of the Church to which a Dissenter has a title (accruing to him, of course, in virtue of his Baptism) is the Burial Service. Now this title, though it has the sanction of the Rubric, yet becomes effective by being armed with a penalty under a law not of Parliament but of the Church, namely the 68th Canon, which provides that every clergyman refusing to bury a person baptized and not excommunicated, shall be suspended for three months. When the Act of Toleration was passed, convocations used to meet for business, and accordingly it would then have been quite open to the Church to alter this law. Again we must remember that at that time the reception of the Holy Sacrament in the Church was a qualification for civil office: and this made it a matter of great difficulty to legislate afresh without clear and permanent data on the subject of the conditions of admission to that ordinance. And lastly, the fear of Popery, in a political sense, which prevailed, indisposed the minds of men to show divisions among those united in opposition
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to it, or to ante-date the necessity for giving a formal and legal constitution to schism, which was languishing at the time, and the extinction of which by inanition may not have appeared at the time improbable. Perhaps, upon the whole, the justice of the case at that period forbade any attempt to draw the line suddenly and sharply between the Church and the bodies of non-conformists, which, though their doctrinal divergence had in reality proceeded to a considerable length, yet did not show, nor even themselves feel, the full extent of the divergence; nor had they then adopted the tone of positive opposition and hostility to the Church which they have since taken, and which has now become perhaps their most marked and positive characteristic.

But it is now proposed that Parliament should enter upon a new form of legislation, and should as it were frame a seal and stamp, which, when set upon a man, shall create him a Dissenter by a permanent legal character—a character so defined and formal that in virtue of it he shall be exempted and cut off for ever from obligations of the most solemn nature assumed in his mature years. Up to the present time, as there has been no legal criterion of Dissent, and as the Clergy, in their capacity of public officers under a mixed system of rights civil and ecclesiastical, must act upon legal criteria, and not upon mere assumption, however reasonable—like a judge with a prisoner acquitted, or not convicted, before him—they stand in a position quite different from that which they would occupy if the rites of the Church were demandable by persons dissenting from it with a defined and ineffaceable character ascertained by a legal record.

But again; while the Dissent historically known to the framers of the Toleration Act was one confined in a great degree to matters of external observance, the Dissent provided for by Mr. Bouverie's Bill is a Dissent wholly unrestrained to any form of Christian belief whatever: it is purely and wholly negative; it may be taken by a professing Atheist without any violation of his consistency. The Toleration Act proceeded upon a supposition, not then disproved, that Parliament could fix the creed of those whom it indulged. Experience has since demonstrated that that supposition is false; and has thus destroyed the force of that Act as an authority for the form of any legislation in subject-matter akin to it.

Therefore the proposal now is, that the law shall henceforward recognise Dissent as giving to the individual a certain character: that the Dissent so recognised shall have no limit of belief, its only condition being that it differs from the belief of the Church of England; and that the persons so dissenting shall not thereby lose their title to exact from the clergy, under civil penalties, the administration

administration of the rites, or of certain of the rites, of the Church; consequently, religious belief is to be no condition of membership in the Church, or of its spiritual privileges. In this legislation is involved the fourfold principle of tyranny towards the clergy, of ecclesiastical anarchy, of absolute religious indifference, which is simply equivalent to unbelief, and of public demoralisation.

It would be plain tyranny towards the clergy to compel them, or such of them as might reluctantly submit, to officiate in such circumstances, as well as to punish those who might not. But this tyranny will involve the demoralisation of that most important class, the teachers of all other classes: for they cannot administer against conscience without stifling the voice of conscience, and so sapping in themselves the whole foundation of truth, honour, and morality. The demoralisation of such a class, and of the institution with which they are connected, corrupts instruction at its fountain head, and radically taints the whole influence of those who are appointed to be the salt of the earth and the chief light of society.

It will be a principle and source of ecclesiastical anarchy, for when the Church has tacitly agreed to a system which shall wholly paralyse her discipline in that remaining arm of it which is still a memorial, a witness, and a standard of recovery, for the rest, the necessity for the exercise of a judicial power in other matters will have been denied by herself *à fortiori*, inasmuch as there is no case in which that necessity can be so strong as in the case of a seceding clergyman.

As to the principle of religious indifference, it cannot be better defined than by its etymology: it is that which for religious purposes places all forms of belief upon a footing of equality. This is not done by the removal of political disabilities, because the purposes there contemplated are civil purposes. It is done, when the State maintains an institution with a body of functionaries ministering at the altar, and living off it, and says to those functionaries—‘You shall be compellable to administer the ordinances of religion to all citizens who may at any moment choose to ask for them, irrespectively of their religious belief. You shall not be allowed to plead that you have no formal evidence of their having repudiated the faith of the Church, for they have recorded it by a formal act at Quarter Sessions. You shall not urge (even if the plea were to be supposed allowable and safe) that they have given evidence of their agreement with the Church in the matters which are of faith—nay, not even in any part of them—for the declaration they make shall be one which may be as conscientiously taken by the Atheist as by the Independent or the Anti-pædobaptist.’

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It will scarcely be denied that the implication of this principle in the legal *status* which Mr. Bouverie's Bill, as it now stands, proposes to give to seceding clergymen is logical and clear. It may, however, be urged that it is on a small scale. It is so; *parva metu primo*. Would those who support it admit of an enactment hostile in principle to their convictions because the scale was small? The ship-money demanded from Hampden was on a small scale: how pitiful to question the payment of some twenty shillings! But that suit shook three diadems to the ground. The smallness of the scale is a reason for acquiescence only where it can be reasonably assumed that the movement will die, that the example will not be imitated, that the small scale will not grow into a large one. But this movement is in conformity with the views of all such Separatists as think that that which degrades a State-clergy must be good; of all such politicians as conceive spiritual power to be no better than an usurpation upon their domain; of all unbelievers to whom, as to Gibbon, the vices of the priesthood are less formidable than their virtues; and even of the inert multitude, who are averse to all change, and who, when it is inevitable, will keep it down to a minimum, and prefer to store up the elements of commotion and confusion for a future day, rather than at a sacrifice of the moment's ease to lay the foundations of such forms of law as present exigencies only suggest, but future ones will imperatively require. This movement will not die; this example will be imitated; nor can we refrain from remarking on the very ominous conjunction, that the mover of the Clergy Relief Bill is also the person who has proposed entirely to sweep away the Ecclesiastical Courts, and has not proposed to substitute in their place any machinery whatever for giving effect to the laws of the Church.

It is therefore for those, who are attached to the union of Church and State, but who believe that the first condition of its permanent maintenance is, that it shall be compatible with the moral dignity and purity of both parties to the alliance, to ask themselves, and to make themselves answer this question—Upon what imaginable argument, with what conceivable chance of success, if they now consent that in certain cases, by far the strongest of all, the title to religious rites shall remain entire and unaffected by a formalised legal Dissent hitherto unknown, and shall be totally disjoined from the consideration of religious belief, will they hope to resist the more comprehensive but really less outrageous application of that principle to other classes, to all classes, of Dissenters hereafter? An instance, although in itself of even Lilliputian minuteness, if its bearing be in harmony with a general movement, will be quoted as a precedent, and will grow into a rule.

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This then is an occasion on which those who act for the Church should utter to those who represent the spirit of the age, not only sentiments of truth and soberness, but words of a description which they will understand. Say to them—' You have before you a choice of alternatives: you may cashier the Church altogether; but for that your prudence is not yet prepared. Remaining in relation with it, you may have an obese and luxurious clergy; but it will be very costly, and will not do your work. You may then have a poor and servile clergy: it will fall into universal contempt. You may have a clergy poor indeed with reference to the ordinary standard of wealth in our opulent community, yet efficient and respected; but in that case it must not be servile. Only a clergy active and devoted can perform the task that the State wants to have performed; and no clergy, except one allowed to have a conscience, and protected in the reasonable use of it, can be devoted, or can be active.'

We are convinced that Mr. Bouverie, however he may have vacillated in the conduct of this measure, means honestly and well, and that he is cordially desirous to see the Church pure, useful, and respected: we are reluctant to charge even those who have no such wish, but whose main object is to dissolve the great Christian marriage of fifteen hundred years' duration between the temporal and the spiritual power, with being prepared to pursue that object by means so questionable as the presentation to churchmen of a choice only between separation and dishonour. But whatever be their view, they are a small though an active fraction of the community, and they will not succeed in giving any such disastrous turn to the ecclesiastical politics of the country, if the public mind can be awakened to the deep and far-reaching importance of these questions, and if it shall apply to them the dispassionate and vigorous good sense that is absolutely necessary for their right adjustment.

Let those who sympathise with the tenor of these remarks be persuaded that the union of Churchmen among themselves is alone needed in order to procure for them all that is essential to the purity and efficacy of their own ecclesiastical polity. The spirit of unbelief is strong—so is the spirit of the world—so is the spirit of sectarianism; and all these will of necessity combine to cry down, under the invidious names of intolerance and priestcraft, and probably also popery, any proposal which involves the recognition of the principle that the Church is a religious society, and cannot subsist without law and order, of which law and order the Faith she is commissioned to teach must be the rule. Against this principle every fallacy will be pleaded, every bugbear will be paraded, every intrigue will be devised, every menace will be launched

launched by these opposing powers ; but the spirit of religion in the country and the love of the Church will be too strong for them all, if only we can resolve to see with our own eyes, to discountenance alarmists, and to vindicate not for the clergy alone, but for the Church, the fair play which is all that she demands. The question between clerical power and lay power is one ; that between Church power and State power is another. The former is a question that in this age and country can be attended with little serious difficulty on the side of clerical domination ; and we perceive with cordial satisfaction that everywhere the clergy express the desire to see more scope and more power given to the laity, the true laity, of the Church. And the real weakness of their case, in regard to such measures as the Clergy Relief Bill, we take to lie not in the argument upon the merits, but in these three causes : first, that we are still too much given to be sticklers for advantages often unreal, and at best external and secondary, and that we thereby break the force of any appeal made to Parliament on grounds of conscience and religion ; secondly, that mutual suspicions hold us back from adopting the generous resolution to act for the Church as a whole, and to trust to her own laws, her own spirit, her own tendencies as a whole for the solution of internal difficulties and the healing and composing of divisions ; thirdly, that the judicial system of the Church is unsatisfactory and wants reform, while its legislative system is in abeyance, and is perhaps also unfit to be drawn out of it for accomplishing what the Church requires. Might we presume upon advising those who wage the public strife on her behalf, we should say—Contend only for what is worth contending for ; estimate what is worth contending for as, a generation hence, it will be wished that it had now been estimated ; seek points of contact with such persons as misapprehension only keeps in the attitude of adversaries ; apply first to brother churchmen the rule often and justly recommended for a wider application, of looking more to points of agreement and less to points of difference ; give mutual encouragement to mutual trust ; and above all, study the means of uniting with the clergy in the bonds of systematic and powerful order the already vast and rapidly growing body of intelligent laymen, now a mere fluctuating multitude, but then to be glorious as an army with banners. When this shall have been done, then, and not till then, will the Church of England fulfil her better destiny, and achieve great acts, not for herself alone, but for the country and for Christendom.

- ART. III.—1. *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.*
Vol. IX., Art. XI., ‘On the Failure of Deep Draining,’ &c.
By Wm. Bullock Webster. London, 1848.
2. *Mechi’s Experience in Drainage, &c.* Third Edition. London, 1848.
3. *Essays on the Philosophy and Art of Land Drainage.* By Josiah Parkes, C.E. London, 1848.

PINDAR bequeathed to us the maxim ‘*Ἀγροῦ μὲν ὕδωρ,*’ to which the Portuguese have added the equally pithy proverb, ‘Water is wealth.’ The present state, the early history, and the ancient remains of eastern and southern countries concur in informing us, that the first and most successful efforts of agriculture were directed to an artificial supply of water to the various objects of cultivation. The special promise made to the Israelites was, ‘The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but the land whither thou goest is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven.’ And so our northern and sea-girt isle drinketh the rain of heaven to repletion; ‘*immensum cœlo ruit agmen aquarum.*’ We do not span our valleys with aqueducts, and rib the sides of our hills with superficial courses, to convey adventitious water to our agriculture. On the contrary, we invoke ingenuity to devise, and science and labour to execute, subterranean conduits to relieve our cultivated lands from the excess of water which they receive from the skies. When the agricultural interest congregates for the purpose of mutual condolence or congratulation, their pattern men never fail to declare that draining is the foundation of agricultural improvement—and that, if there be salvation for them, it is to be found in draining. Every here and there a booby exists who says, ‘How can you expect grass to grow if you take the water away from it? How in a dry summer?’ But he is overwhelmed at once by the rush of the agricultural mind in an opposite direction. Through the length and breadth of the land a crusade has been preached against water. Pipes and collars are the devices of this national movement. This is ‘the piping time of peace.’ We have put our necks into the collar, have taken suit and service, and have sworn allegiance to this cause. We find ourselves associated with a very motley crew, who are brought together indeed by some unity of object, which they not only seek to attain by various and incongruous means, but carry on a fierce internal controversy, in which every disputant accuses the plan of his opponent of failure, and boasts largely of his own success. We will endeavour to impart to our
readers

readers the conclusions on which, after some experience, a close observation of the works of those who claim to be authorities in this matter, and a painful and ill-requited attention to the literary and oratorical war which is raging around us, we have determined to base our own practice.

But before we take a prospective view of our craft, we must glance at its early history, and at the various steps and stages by which it has arrived at its present position. Though the ancients for the most part courted water as an ally to their agriculture, they did not hesitate in many cases to encounter it with great energy and perseverance as its enemy. They were not slow to perceive the extraordinary vegetative capacity of those amphibious lands, which are deposited by large rivers within the debateable margin of two elements, of which their agricultural poet says,

‘Huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes
Felicemque trahunt limum.’

Any person disposed to acquire, at a small expense of time and trouble, a general knowledge of the war which men of old carried on with the marsh and the fen, may consult the first two-and-thirty columns of the great work entitled, ‘The History of Embanking and Drayning of divers Fens and Marshes, both in Foreign Parts and in this Kingdom; extracted from Records, Manuscripts, and other authentic testimonies by William Dugdale, Esq., Norroy King of Arms.’ This indefatigable man, though a very voluminous writer, scorns any superfluous exordium, and commences his book and the history of antediluvian draining by the following sentence:—‘That works of draining are most ancient and of divine institution we have the testimony of Holy Scripture.’ After a passing notice of the draining of the earth on the subsidence of the Deluge, he proceeds to say, ‘That those nations which be of greatest antiquity, and of chief renown for arts and civility, are also famous for their works of this nature, is evident from the practice of the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Græcians, the Romans, and several others of which I shall give instance.’ In pursuance of this purpose our author furnishes us with a detail of various works of draining, embankments, and outfalls commenced in Egypt shortly after the Flood, and carried on to the Christian era. Among the illustrious promoters of the art he names Mysis, Sesostris, Sabacon, Psammeticus, Necos, Psamimis, Bocchoris, Darius, Amasis, Alexander, the Ptolemies, Cleopatra, and Augustus Cæsar. He takes a somewhat discursive view of a navigable channel from the Nile to the Red Sea, which was commenced by Sesostris before the Trojan war, and, after several futile attempts by succeeding princes, was completed by a Ptolemy. The various routes by which the traffic of Europe passed

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to the Indies do not escape his observation; and he settles the track of Solomon's voyage from Eloth to Ophir. For this varied information he cites, among his authorities, the sacred books of Exodus, Kings, and Chronicles, and appeals to the secular testimony of Herodotus, Theocritus, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, Josephus, and Eusebius. Having thus happily dispatched Egypt, our author proceeds to Babylon. We learn, on the authority of Herodotus, Pliny, and Strabo, that the drainages of Belus and Gobaris were effected by improved outfalls, whereas their female successors in the art, Semiramis and Nitocris, worked by embankments. Nor are we left ignorant that it was Sir Walter Raleigh's opinion that the reason why 'there is so little written of Belus, who succeeded Nimrod as the first Assyrian monarch, is that he spent much of his time in disburthening the low lands of Babylon, and drying and making firm grounds of all those great fens and overflown marshes which adjoined to it.' Passing into Greece, our author, who never rashly rejects the miracles of a heathen god or of a popish saint, holds an even hand between Thessalian tradition, which imputes the draining of the lake Bæbeis to Neptune, and the opinion of Herodotus, which inclines to an earthquake; 'but,' says he, 'no man can deny it to be a very remarkable work of draining, or that it is now a place of extraordinary pleasantness.' Unless our schoolboy recollections deceive us, either some 'Musa Etonensis' or old Latin poet says,—

‘ Ut ferus Alcides Acheloia cornua rupit,
Dum petit amplexus, Deianeira, tuos.’

We now learn, with reference we suppose to this story, that Achelois roared as a river, and not as a bull, and that the mythical horn broken off by Hercules was one of the river's devious courses; for 'they which collect truth out of fables say that Hercules, who was generally beneficial, for Æneus his father-in-law's sake, restrained the exorbitant overflowings of the river with banks and trenches, and drained a great part of the adjacent country; and that this was the cornucopia which the poets made to be the emblem of plenty.' We will not drag our readers through the Pompeian Marshes, the Fossa Mariana, or the Fucine Lake. Suffice it to say, that the alternate reclamations and refloodings of these and other Italian swamps are faithfully recorded from the consulate of L. A. Gallus and M. C. Cethegus unto the reign of Theodoricus. For all this we have the usual medley of authorities, commencing with Livy, Pliny, and minor Latin annalists, and ending with the Odyssey, the *Iter ad Brundisium*, and some inscriptions from a temple at Terracina. We are reminded, moreover, that a Roman consul, who had reduced

his provinces to a state of tranquillity, was ordered by the senate, 'ne in otio militem haberent,' to employ his legions in winning lands from the sea on the coast of Latium; 'neither is the employment thought too mean for the legions, though consisting of freemen:' a very natural reflection for Norroy King of Arms, being himself a practical drainer; and which he specially commends to the notice of the authorities at the Horse Guards.

For the drainages in the Belgic region our author claims no higher antiquity than A.D. 863. He assures us on the authority of Kilianus, 'the learned Euredius,' Sermundus, and the edicts of the Pistensian synod, that in 863 Baldwin the First, son-in-law of the Emperor Charles the Bald, commenced the works about Bruges. These works appear to have endured till the year 1169, when—a breach having occurred, 'the which the Flemings could by no means fill up, neither with wood, nor any other matter, for that all sunk as in a gulf without any bottom'—by agreement between Floris, Earl of Holland, and Philip, Earl of Flanders, a thousand men, expert in making of dykes, were sent to stop the breach: 'who being come to the place, they found a great hole near unto this dam, and at the entrance thereof a sea-dog, that, for six days together, did nothing but cry and howl very terribly. They, not knowing what it might signify, resolved to cast this dog into that hole; whereupon a mad-headed Hollander, getting into the bottom of the dyke, took the dog by the tail, and cast him into the midst of the gulf, with earth and turf after him; so as, finding a bottom, they filled it up, by little and little.' Hence the name Hondtsdam, and the dog in the armorial bearings of the town of Dam.

'I now descend to Holland and Zeland,' whence he proceeds to Friesland, Holstein, and Mexico. But we spare our readers even an enumeration of the authors, commencing with 'P. Beatus de Aggeribus,' and ending with 'Pierius Winsemius de rebus Frisicis' and 'the learned Schoneveldeus,' who are cited by this man of singular research in support of scraps of history, quasi-geological deductions, moral reflections, and queer anecdotes. At length we are fairly landed on the sea-board of Kent, and find the history of English embanking and draining given, after our author's peculiar fashion, in 832 folio columns. We have waded through them; and hardly know whether to exhibit this feat to our readers as an example or as a warning. We will endeavour to impart to such of them as have not trod the path before us, a general idea of the ore and of the dross which this mine contains; leaving to their own taste the decision whether they will work it further. But we must premise that even those who are acquainted with the 'Monasticon' cannot read this work without marvelling
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at the extraordinary industry of the man, and at the strange objects to which it was applied. He devours public records and other documents, which represented Blue Books in his day, with all the voracity, and digests them with more than the accuracy of our Joseph Hume. He revels in dates, measurements, and prices. He affects no originality, and indulges in little disquisition. He ransacks all literature, the most standard and the most obscure; for any thing which, by a liberal construction, can be considered analogous to his subject. From an epic poem to a catalogue nothing comes amiss to him. The result is, that the work of which we speak has no more to do with the *philosophy* of em-banking than of billiards, nor more with the *art* of draining than of music. To be sure, in the former case, the words which recur from time to time are marsh-banks, fen-dikes, weirs, and dams, not cushions, cannons, and hazards; and in the latter, sluices, gates, spouts, and clows, not flats, sharps, and semitones. But beyond a familiarity with these terms a student of Dugdale will learn nothing either of the philosophy or of the art. Three thousand five hundred names of persons, and nearly five thousand names of places, are the staple of the work. It may interest some of our readers to know that Thomsons, Dicksons, and Jacksons had not yet appeared on the scene; whereas Sweteblodes, Thunders, and Forshames have perhaps now departed from it. The name of every person who sat on a commission of sewers from the time of the third Henry to that of the second James is recorded, as well as the name of every plaintiff and defendant in a marsh-land suit, and of every place immediately or remotely connected with these litigations. When A. sues B. for having failed to repair a dyke or scour a sluice, the plea, the answer, the replication, the rejoinder, the evidence, the adjournments, the rehearings, and the verdict are given with the utmost minuteness. Probably a diligent student might extract from this work a digest of marsh-land law, and show how, from time to time, it was advanced and settled. Then we have a record of every session of sewers and assembly of jurors through twenty-one reigns, and a full account, or more frequently a copy, of each of their *proprio motu* and presentments. These sometimes produce curious matter, as in the following instance:—

‘ In 6 Edward II. the jury for the hundred of Cornylo exhibited a presentment unto Hervic de Stanton and his fellow-justices itinerants, imparting that the Prior of Christchurch in Canterbury did, about ten years then past, divert the course of a certain water, called Gestling, in which such felons as were condemned to death within the said hundred ought to suffer judgment by drowning; so that by this turning of that stream, those condemned persons could not there be drowned

as formerly; and that this was to the prejudice of the King..... The Sheriff, therefore, had command that he should cause the said gutter to be put into the same condition as it was before; and the said Prior was amerced.*

A fair sample of these documents, which run through hundreds of columns, we take at random from a presentment of the jurors at a session of Sewers in 13 Elizabeth:—

‘ 15. That Mil-lane, from Tholomer’s drove, and reaching from the crest in Mampasse to the pipe in the drove, be made in height 4 feet, and in breadth 8 feet, by the Dean of Ely and Lord Berkley.

‘ 16. That the lands between Sorrell Dyke and Belly-mill Dyke do make Sorrell Dyke and Bely-mill Dike in height 6 feet and breadth 8 feet.’

This presentment, of which we have copied the 15th and 16th articles as being among the shortest, runs on to No. 120. Somewhat more interesting is a detailed account of the early efforts of Francis and William, Earl of Bedford, to improve the great level, for which they and their participants received 95,000 acres of land.*

Being in the neighbourhood of Thorney, we will here allude to a singular statement with reference to that lordship which we find in a tract printed in 1629, and entitled ‘ The Drayner Confirmed, and the Obstinate Fenman Confuted:’—

‘ At Thorney Abbey my Lord of Bedford lets between three and four hundred acres of rising ground upon which the abbey stands, for 300*l.* per annum, whereas the rest of his Lordship of Thorney, containing sixteen or seventeen thousand acres of drownd ground, is esteemed and now lyeth of little or no value. Yet it appeareth by the historie of William of Malmesbury (vouched by Mr. Camden), who lived about twelve hundred years since,† that in his time it represented a very paradise; for that in pleasure and delight it resembleth heaven itself; in the verie marishes bearing trees that for their straight tallnesse, and the same without knotts, strive to touch the starres. A plaine there is as even as the sea, which with greene grass allureth the eye; so smooth and level that, if any walke along the fields, they shall find nothing to stumble at. There is not the least parcel of ground that lyes waste and void there. Here you shall find the earth rising for apple-trees, there you shall have a field set with vines, which either creep upon the ground or mount on high upon poles to support them, for in those days vineyards were very frequent in England.’

* A work, in two thick quarto volumes, published in 1836, by Mr. Wells, registrar of the Bedford Level Corporation, gives a full account, historical, legal, practical, and statistical, of the drainage of the Great Level of the Fens. The account is as minute as Dugdale’s, with less entertaining gossip, but no doubt possesses great local interest.

† That would be about A.D. 420. No doubt the meaning is in the twelfth century. William of Malmesbury is supposed to have been born about 1050.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Fenland Vineyards are as figurative as other portions of this description, but there is no reason to doubt that the latter end of many portions of the Fens was worse than the first. In accordance with the above recital are the facts largely stated by Dugdale, and confirmed by subsequent observations, of submerged forests of the finest trees, whose roots are fixed in solid earth many feet below the present drowned surface of the fen, with other evidences of pristine fertility. On the other hand, 'large rudders done over with pitch, as also anchors, barge nails, and other naval instruments,' found many feet below the now solid ground at Eye in Suffolk, give evidence that that place was, as its name imports, formerly an island. Such metamorphoses are appropriately noticed by Ovid in a passage beginning—

'Vidi ego quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus

Esse fretum, vidi factas ex æquore terras'—

and they are largely spoken of by Amm. Marcellinus and other ancient writers. Dugdale and his predecessors impute these changes to earthquakes, between which opinion and the modern theory of alternate subsidence and elevation, we must leave the Dean of York to decide.

The legal details in Dugdale's work are infinitely tedious. Still they present several points worthy of observation, and give evidence of an equal administration of justice in very early times of our history. We find, almost invariably, a performance of its public duties enforced on property, and local jobbing repressed with a firm hand. Our author, rejecting the Britons as barbarous, and the Saxons as illiterate, fixes on the Romans as the first who recovered lands by banking out the sea in England, fortifying himself by a fanciful interpretation of a passage in 'the famous Tacitus, an author of that time,' On the authority of monastic records he declares a Marshland common law, administered by 24 elective jurats to have been in existence A. D. 796, and to have been then designated in 'unquestionable documents,' as 'antiquas et approbatas consuetudines.' The most important power of the jurats was that of levying a rate, and distraining for non-payment, for which distress in case of imminent common danger there was no replevy, 'quia necessitas defensionis talis inopinata, si venerit, legi communi vel justitiæ subesse non poterit.' But in 35th Hen. III., the sheriff of Kent, on a threatened irruption of the sea into Romney Marsh, replevied the distresses. The king instantly issued his writ and letters patent restraining the sheriff, and, in consequence of 'the controversies risen between the jurats and the marshmen,' he sent down 'Henry de Batho, a famous justice itinerant of that time, to hear and determine them.'

He framed on this occasion ordinances which settled the 'laws and customs of Romney Marsh,' and are frequently referred to in royal commissions and acts of parliament as 'the famous ordinances of Henry de Batho.' 'They have been long ago made the rule and standard whereunto all the other marshes and fens in this nation were to conform.' Romney Marsh, is the subject of the 1st chapter on English affairs. We recommend it as a fair sample of our author's matter and manner. It will be interesting to most readers, though probably the majority will not wish to pursue the subject further.

The monastic orders were large landowners in all the English fens, from which circumstance our author is led to favour us with a considerable amount of legendary lore. We are informed that 'Ethelreda, called vulgarly Audrey,' and subsequently St. Audrey, performed numerous miracles, and founded a religious house of nuns in Ely, of which she became abbess. To us, among the most marvellous of her miracles are, that, having been married to 'Tombert, a prince of the Southern Gyrvi or fenmen, at his death she retired into the Isle of Ely, a pure virgin, notwithstanding she was his wife almost three years:' 'that about five years from the beginning of such her retirement, Egfrid, king of Northumberland, being highly inflamed with her beauty, obtained her for his wife;' and, finally, that 'after she had been wedded about twelve years, she, without any free leave of her said husband, as a queen and a virgin repaired to the monastery in Coldingham in Scotland.' It is perhaps less surprising that, when at the close of one year King Egfrid desired to have her domestic society again, she, by a series of miracles very analogous to those performed by Moses in the wilderness, resisted all his attempts to recover her. In like manner 'St. Guthlach, a devout hermit,' founded the abbey of Crowland, where, before 'that devout servant of Christ, no countryman could endure to dwell by reason of apparitions of devils which were frequently seen there;' and that these apparitions were formidable we are assured by a description of them as they appeared to Guthlach in his cell—'black troops of unclean spirits which crept in under the door, as also at chinks and holes, and coming in both out of the sky and from the earth, filled the air, as it were, with dark clouds. In their looks they were cruel, and of form terrible, having great heads, long necks, lean faces, pale countenances, grisly beards, rough ears, wrinkled foreheads, fierce eyes, foul mouths, teeth like horses, spitting fire out of their throats, crooked jaws, broad lips, loud voices, burnt hair, great cheeks, high breasts, rugged thighs, bunched knees, bended legs, swollen ancles, preposterous feet, open mouths, and hoarse cries'

cries'—a particularity of description which might suffice for a Russian passport, or for 'the Hue and Cry.'

We are next favoured with the authentic anecdote and original rhymes about King Cnut and the sweet singing of the 'Monckes in Ely.' Then, many columns are occupied by the assault of William the Conqueror on the Isle of Ely—his futile attempts to carry the position by means of a witch—the prodigious feats of Hereward the Saxon—and the final conquest, after a seven years siege, in consequence of the treachery of an abbot.³⁵ The narrative of the Fenland insurrection in the time of the Commonwealth, which was headed by the notorious Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburne, 'a person,' says Dugdale, 'of a most turbulent spirit, and who since died a quaker,' though abundantly garrulous, is somewhat more in the tone of sober history. Cornelius Vermuden, a native of the Low Countries, contracted with Charles I. to recover a large extent of drowned fen, over which certain royal rights extended, on conditions by which all existing rights appear to have been fairly compensated. Under this contract Vermuden and his participants recovered 74,000 acres of previously worthless fen so effectually, that the average crops of wheat on it were three and a half quarters per acre, oats eight quarters, 'and for six years together seven quarters of oats on one acre.' Vermuden and Co. received their stipulated remuneration in the shape of 24,500 acres of the reclaimed land. On this they built a town called Sandtoft, erected a church, and introduced as settlers 200 families of Walloon and French refugee Protestants. For eighteen years they held quiet possession. According to Dugdale's representation Lilburne gathered round him three classes of malcontents: 1st, those patriots to whom a royal grant under the great seal was an unjustifiable exercise of prerogative; 2ndly, the jealous John Bull, to whom the vicinity of a foreigner and a Frenchman was an offence; and 3rdly, the unreclaimed man,*

who,

* All writers on marshland affairs afford abundant evidence of the existence and of the turbulence of this class. In James I.'s time they adopted a new mode of warfare, 'by bringing of turbulent suits in law, and making of libellous songs to disparage the work, of which kind I have here thought fit to insert one, called "The Powtes Complaint,"—a dozen stanzas, of which probably a couple will suffice for our readers:—

'They'll sow both beans and oats where never man yet thought it,
Where men did row in boats, ere undertakers bought it:
For they do mean all fens to drain, and waters overmaster,
All will be dry, and we must die, 'cause Essex calves want pasture.

'Wherefore let us entreat our ancient water nurses
To shew their power so great, as t' help to drain their purses;'
And send us good old Captain Flood to lead us out to battle,
Then two-penny Jack, with scales on his back, will drive out all their cattle.'

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who, even in civilized societies, lingers on the margin of the waste and of the fen. These parties, 'taking advantage of the present distractions,' broke down the sea-banks, let the water in on the houses, crops, and cattle, and destroyed works which had cost 200,000*l.* in the erection. They seized by force the property which they did not destroy, and Lilburne appropriated to himself the parsonage house at Sandtoft (using the church as a barn) and several thousand acres of land. When the injured parties attempted to obtain redress by law, Lilburne, by his influence with the parliament, the army, and the magistrates, parried their efforts for eleven years; and though they at length got a decree of the Council of State in their favour, the nature of the case rendered it impossible that they should receive any adequate redress.

Here we must close our notice of this singular work: a laborious structure framed on a model which is assuredly little suited to the habits of modern writers, and as little to the fastidious tastes of modern readers. Yet it was highly esteemed by our ancestors. It has been several times reprinted, and we learn from the preface to an edition which was published in 1772, that ten guineas was the sum 'at which this work, when it can be met with on sale, which rarely happens, is sold.' It still holds a place in our libraries, and the copies which come into the market are freely bought at the price of some guineas. In the edition of 1772 the spelling has been modernized, and the black letter, in which names of persons and places was originally printed, discontinued.

If Dugdale had not detained us so long we would willingly have given our readers an abstract of the Tract entitled 'The Drayner Confirmed.' It was printed in the year 1629, and again in London, 1647. It is anonymous, and from certain similarity of style and expression, we should, but for its practical tendency, be inclined to attribute it to Sir Wm. Dugdale. It contains some curious fenland history, and enumerates eight acts of parliament, between the 9th Hen. III. and 12th Edw. IV., all passed with a view to the improvement of the fens. But the main object of the writer is to incite his own countrymen to a general measure for the drainage of the fens in Lincolnshire and five adjoining counties. He undertakes to show: 1st, that it would be honourable to the King, and profitable to the Commonwealth; 2ndly, that it is feasible; and 3rdly, how a com-

We knew a clergyman of the old school who complained vehemently when a marsh was drained in the vicinity of his parsonage. He said it had been worth several pounds a year to him in pike and wild ducks. Our reverend friend was a most expert snarer of woodcocks. A neighbouring squire gave him a quarter of beef every Christmas on condition that he should not set springes on his estate.

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petent reward^o may be apportioned for them that should undertake so great a work. He adverts to the fact that some 'overthwart neighbours' (the Hollanders, to wit) had proposed to drain our fens on condition of receiving one-third part of the land recovered. Against this project the author argues with stubborn patriotism, and shows the absurdity of our allowing foreigners to 'empty themselves' into our marshes, while we are sending our own countrymen into Ireland, Bermuda, &c. Still he is not wholly destitute of cosmopolitan feelings, as evinced by the declaration, 'neither yet would I be understood to be so envious to strangers, as that I had rather the water than they should possess the land.' The whole treatise is quaint, clever, and entertaining. We have endeavoured in vain to obtain a printed copy. That which we have (by the favour of a friend) is in manuscript.

In addition to the two volumes by Mr. Wells to which we have referred, we possess much valuable literature on the subject of Fenland drainage in voluminous reports to Parliament, in the works of Rennie and Telford, and in the 'Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers.' We cannot at the moment refer to any printed evidence of Mr. Tycho Wing's services to the cause, but we know that no man has laboured more assiduously to diffuse useful knowledge among Fenmen, and to incite them to scientific practice. Many publications, both ancient and modern, have reference to the state of Holland, Zealand, Sleswick, and Holstein, and to the creation of territory in those extraordinary countries. The never-ceasing resistance which is there carried on against a devouring element is of the highest interest, both historical and scientific. This subject, however, we pass by the more willingly, because a very able article expressly devoted to it in the 174th No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, leaves little to be supplied or desired. The student of Fenland literature will observe two instances of the slow manner in which great projects ripen, though, when founded on a correct appreciation of man's ability to add to his power or enjoyment, they seldom fail to recur to his mind in due season. In the very commencement of the seventeenth century Cornelius Vermuden and the author of the '*Drayner Confirmed*,' pointed out the methods of draining Whittlesea Mere and the adjoining country, almost as they are enacted in the statute of 1844, and strongly recommended their execution. In like manner, in 1640, Adrian Leeghwater proposed to drain the Sea of Haerlem by means, which, with the substitution of wind for steam power, are analogous to those which are now in course of employment.

Some

Some years ago a Grand Ducal work was published in Florence, giving a history of the operations carried on by that persevering family in the Tuscan Maremma. The work consists of a thick octavo volume, accompanied by a thin quarto of plates and statistics, the whole got up in superior style. The general engineering appears to be good, and plans are given of the principal bridges, locks, and weirs, as well as drawings of the tip-waggons, pile-drivers, and other engines. The object of the operation appears to have been, in part at least, sanitary. Tables are given of the population at different eras in the Maremma, with notices of the proportion of sick admitted into the Royal hospitals, previous and subsequent to the drainage. The whole work is interesting both as it relates to the recovery of land and the increase of salubrity.

So much for the first phase of the controversy between agriculture and water. It may rather be called the recovery of land than its improvement—absolutely so in the cases where large surfaces of water have been replaced by cultivated land, and partially, to say the least, in the more ambiguous cases of what old Dugdale calls overflown marshes, where the contest has been settled in favour of dryness and solidity. Our readers will observe that we have not entered into the process of recovery—that has not been our object; but we have wished to give them a succinct account of the existing literature on the subject, and to indicate to such as are interested where they may find treatises, historical, legal, scientific, and practical, on an art, which, on the present occasion at least, we do not propose to teach.

Two cases remain in which water appears as an opponent of agriculture. The first is that in which rain, falling on pervious lands, and filtered through them much to their benefit, reappears in the shape of springs on the surface of lower lands not equally pervious, much to their injury. The second is the case of lands which, from closeness of texture, are not able to pass down the rain which falls upon them, and can only get rid of the portion which the plants growing on them do not consume, by superficial discharge or by evaporation. The combat with these two cases marks two distinct eras in the history and progress of draining. The first enemy the Romans encountered manfully as was their wont. Their remedies were open and covered drains from three to four feet deep, the latter being half filled with small stones or very clean gravel previous to the return of the earth. In the absence of stones and gravel, '*sarmentis, vel stramine subjecto cooperiantur, vel quibuscunque virgultis,*' branches, straw, or any kind of twigs. They fortified every important outlet with stone work or other masonry. For non-filtration on
tenacious

tenacious lands they appear to have had no other remedy than clean furrows, water-gripping, and open cuts running across the slope of the hill. Their sensibility to the evil of surface-water is shown by the many and minute directions for getting rid of it, which are given by all their agricultural writers—Cato, Varro, Columella, Virgil, Pliny, and Palladius. This whole matter is ably treated by Mr. Dickson in his fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of ‘Husbandry of the Ancients,’ where the reader will find an ample reference to all the authorities.

Our researches into agricultural literature have brought us acquainted with Walter Blith, ‘a Lover of Ingenuity,’ and Andrew Yarranton. Like other writers on husbandry, both published at a time of great agricultural depression. The former about 1640, in ‘The English Improver,’ ‘discovered to the kingdome that some land, both arable and pasture, may be advanced double or treble,’ other five or ten, some twenty fold, &c. &c. The latter, in 1677, in ‘England’s Improvement by Sea and Land,’ taught his countrymen to ‘outdo the Dutch without fighting, to pay debts without moneys, to set at work all the poor of England with the growth of our own land,’ and many other things. We have but a few words with him, for, though he does not entirely overlook draining, he says nothing on it to our purpose. His grand remedies are—1st. To lower the rate of interest to landowners by means of a registry of deeds. This, according to him, would enable them to take a certificate of registry to the Bank of England, or to Overend and Gurney’s, and to discount it at 3 per cent. So much for landlords. 2nd. For tenants he has public granaries, in which they are to deposit their corn, and to receive for it corn notes; these will pass from hand to hand ‘actually equal to cash,’ which, consequently, can never be scarce. 3rd. Manufactures are to be encouraged by a strict monopoly of the home market. He concludes thus—‘If any gentleman, or other, please to put pen to paper, in opposition to what is here asserted, I shall give him a civil return, bound up with the second part, where these seven heads shall be treated on,—two will suffice:—

‘3rdly. Demonstrate and make it appear how Ireland may be brought to twenty years’ purchase, and made as useful to England, and of as great strength as Norway is to Denmark.’

‘6thly. How to employ six thousand young lawyers and three thousand priests for the good of the public and mankind.’

This second part we have unfortunately been unable to discover. We beg pardon for digression, but we could not wholly pass by remedies so admirably suited to our own wants and times.

Our copy of the first edition of Walter Blith’s book is without date,

date, but it was evidently published before Charles and the House of Lords were set aside, for in the title-page it speaks of the 'Kingdome,' and it is addressed to the two Houses of Parliament. A large type, a wide margin, and a liberal incorporation of Tusser's Rhymes, only extend the work to the modest size of 168 pages. But in 1652 matters are much changed. 'Walter Blith, a Lover of Ingenuity,' has become Captain Walter Blith. The word 'Kingdome' is dropped out of the title-page. The 'third impression, much augmented,' is dedicated to 'The Right Honourable the Lord Generall Cromwell.' The author's ideas, as well as his book, have evidently expanded at the rapid rate then in fashion. He thus describes the state of the farming interest in his days. He says that the smaller farmers live worse than 'those in Bridewell':—

'And for the best of them they live as uncomfortably, moyling and drudging; what they get they spend; plow, sow, and reap, and all to bring the year about; and can they make even at year's end, if servants wages can be payd, rent discharged, and teems maintained, and family alive, all is well. I dare say fewer estates are raised, tho in itself an honest calling, than by any calling or employment whatsoever: Whistle it in and whistle it out, as the proverb is.'

In proposing his remedies, he discourses of leases, of tenant right, of employing more capital, of vermine (game), and of 'slavish custome never affecting ingenuity,' as glibly as Richard Cobden, and as confidently as John Bright. He also proposes means for silencing the great plea of the labourers—'Will you set us on worke? We will worke if you'l provide it.' He speaks very disparagingly of all the agricultural writers of his day except 'Master Gabriel Plats,' but bears the following testimony to the estimation in which Lord Bacon's works were then held. 'But Sir Francis Bacon's Natural Historie let it have high esteeme, 'tis full of rarities and admiration for true philosophic, and shall be acknowledged as a sun in the theore to these poor and low moonelight discoveries.' With all this, however, we cannot now occupy ourselves. It is when our author comes to draining and irrigation, on which he is more diffuse than on any other single topic, that he becomes a man after our own heart. Page after page he insists on the absurdity of putting water of irrigation on the top of your land till you have effectually drawn the existing water out of the bottom:—

'And for thy drayning trench it must be made so deepe that it go to the bottome of the cold spewing moyst water that feeds the flagg and rush'—'a yard or foure feet deep if ever thou wilt drayne to purpose.' And again, 'to the bottome where the spewing spring lyeth thou must go, and one spade's graft beneath, how deep soever it be,
if

if thou wilt drayne thy land to purpose. I am forced to use repetitions of some things, because of the sutablenesse of the things, to which they are applyed, as also because of the slownesse of peoples apprehensions of them, as appears by the non-practise of them, the which wherever you see drayning and trenching you shall rarely finde few or none of them wrought to the bottome.* 'But for these common and many trenches, oftentimes crooked too, that men usually make in their boggy grounds, some one foot, some two, I say away with them as a great piece of folly, lost labor and spoyle, which I desire to preserve the reader from.'*

Equally sagacious are the directions about outfalls 'to take thy water clearely from thy drayne.' On the subject of straitening tortuous and sluggish watercourses, this man of the Commonwealth was in advance not only of his own day but of ours:—

'A strait water-course cut a considerable depth in a thousand parts of this nation would be more advantageous than we are aware of. And though many persons are interested therein, and some will agree, others will oppose; one creek lyeth on one side of the river in one lord's manor and another lyeth on the other side: why may not one neighbour change with another when both are gainers? I dare say thousands of acres of very rich land may thereby be gained, and possibly as many more much amended that are almost destroyed.'

And he proposes a law which shall give facilities for this improvement, and shall protect all interests. Having discoursed to the Lord General on seven prejudices to land, he thus proceeds:—'The eighth prejudice may be the many water-mills which destroy abundance of gallant land; turning it to a bog, or to mire, or else to flagg, rush, or mareblabb; some mills, worth 10*l.* or 12*l.* per annum, destroy lands worth 20*l.*, 30*l.*, or 40*l.* per annum. I knowe it of my own knowledge'—Every word of which is as true in the year 1849 as it was in 1652; and the remedies which he proposes are now even more appropriate and efficient, because we are able to substitute steam power for wind and horses, which he contemplated. To prostrate the weirs on all our sluggish streams would be the greatest recovery of 'gallant' land which now remains feasible in England. The day of their doom is probably at hand. Most of our water corn-mills are of barbarous structure, inconveniently situated as to roads, and expensive in the maintenance of their weirs, floodgates, banks, and goats. Many on the larger streams lose one-third of

* In the materials for forming the conduit in a covered drain, no advance seems to have been made from the time of Cato to that of Walter Blith. Cato says, '*Sulcos lapide con sternito. Si lapis non erit, perticis salignis viridibus quoque versus collatis con sternito. Si pertica non erit, sarmentis colligatis.*' Blith's directions are—'Thou must take good green faggots, willow, alder, elm, or thorne, and lay it in the bottome of thy works; or rather take good pibblestones or flintstones.'

their time in winter from excess of water, and those on the smaller the same amount in summer from deficiency. We remember an instance in which all the mills on the river Soare, in Leicestershire, stood still for six weeks continuously on account of flood. Through all the north and centre of England, as well as through considerable portions of the west, good engine coal is delivered at all railway stations at from 4s. to 7s. per ton, and 3s. 6d. per ton is not an uncommon price at the pits. These prices will be more effective enemies to the beggarly water-mills, and more powerful friends to the gallant lands, than Walter Blith's denunciations. In a report made by Mr. Josiah Parkes to the President of the Board of Health, we find the following remarks, to which we give our hearty assent:—

‘The sluggish rivers of the midland and southern counties of England oppose great impediments to land-drainage, being usually full to the banks, or nearly so, and converted into a series of ponds by milldams erected at a few miles distance below each other; so that frequently no effectual drainage of the richest alluvial soil, composing the meadows, can be made without forming embankments, or by pumping, or by resort to other expensive means. The greater number of corn and other water-mills throughout England ought to be demolished for the advantage of agriculture, and steam power should be provided for the millers. I believe that such an arrangement would in most cases prove to be economical for both parties.

‘A striking example of the economical and beneficial result arising from the destruction of milldams and the substitution of steam for water power has recently been exhibited under the operation of “The Rye and Derwent Drainage Act,” resulting from the wise and friendly co-operation of the Earls of Carlisle and Fitzwilliam (the chief proprietors) with other land-owners, to knock down three milldams and give the millers steam, thereby restoring the river to its natural bed and proper function as the great artery of drainage, and enabling thousands of acres of land to be drained and reclaimed, or brought into more profitable cultivation at a very moderate cost. This excellent work has its termination at New Malton in Yorkshire.

‘If all the rivers of England were surveyed from the sea to their source, the mills upon them valued, the extent of land injured or benefited by such milldams ascertained, and the whole question of advantage over injury done to the landowners appreciated and appraised, I have little doubt but that the injury done would be found so greatly to exceed the rental of these mills, deduction being made for the cost of maintaining them, that it would be a measure of national economy to buy up all the mills and give the millers steam-power.’

We wish our limits would permit us to follow the Captain through his dissertation on over-ploughing, thick and thin sowing, and various sorts of manures, and to extract a very acute passage on the application of chemistry to agriculture. We
strongly

strongly recommend the third edition of 'The English Improver' to such of our readers as are not scared by a discursive style and great neglect of arrangement, and are willing to winnow a great deal of corn out of a very confused heap of chaff. The work is embellished by a frontispiece, at the top of which the royal and parliamentary forces encounter each other in hostile array. In the centre they are beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; and at the bottom they are ploughing with two horses abreast, and performing other agricultural operations. Various plates give drawings of a windmill fitted with a scoop or lading-wheel for draining fens, and a great number of agricultural tools and implements; among others, 'The Harfordshire wheeled-plough,' condemned by Blith for its clumsiness, but still retaining its place in parts of that county; and 'The double Plough ploughing two furrows at one time,' which still lingers in the midland counties. Nor must we forget a picture of the gallant Captain, given in connexion with a water-level devised by himself, and which seems to be identical with one lately re-introduced into this country from Italy, and patronized by Prince Albert and other eminent agriculturists. The Captain's figure is very imposing, but in most unagricultural garb—a wig as fine as the Speaker's, ruffles, trunk-hose, and spurs. He holds in his hand the levelling-staff, which is fitted with a sliding bull's-eye after the modern fashion. We part from this sagacious veteran with much affection. A fine patriotic spirit pervades all his reflections, as well as a strict morality tinged perhaps with a little puritanism.*

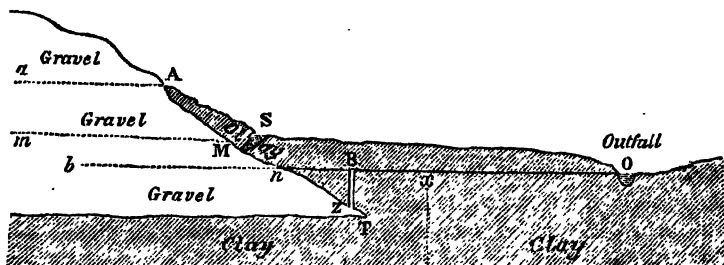
In England the two cases of injury from water which has passed through the earth, and water which has not, are very frequently complicated, and run into one another by an almost insensible gradation. Except in very barbarous and some sub-alpine districts, the era of draining for *mere springs* has passed by, and the work has on the whole been well executed. We possess better materials for forming a conduit, and some better tools, but probably no other advantage over old Elkington.† We know very little beyond what he taught us, and perhaps do not require to know more. Joseph Elkington was a man of consi-

* Since we penned the above, we have observed that Mr. Park introduced Captain Blith to his hearers in a lecture delivered at Newcastle before the Royal Agricultural Society, and published in vol. vii. of their Journal. Mr. Parkes has selected for quotation from Blith several of the same passages as ourselves, and he mentions one remarkable point which had escaped us, that this old drainer 'prescribes, in all cases, excepting for water-meadows, the driving the drains right up and down the fall of the land.'

† An Account of the most Approved Mode of Draining Land, according to the System practised by Mr. Joseph Elkington. By John Johnstone, Land Surveyor. Edinburgh, 1797.

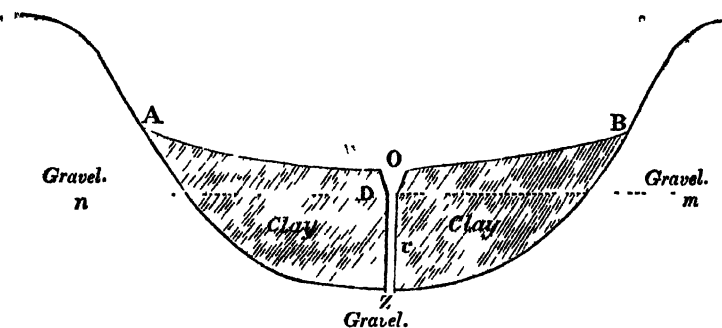
derable genius, but he had the misfortune to be illiterate, and to find a very inefficient exponent of his opinions, and of the principles on which he conducted his works, in John Johnstone. Every one who reads the work, which is popularly called *Elkington on Draining*, should be aware, that it is not Joseph who thinks and speaks therein, but John who tells his readers what, according to his ideas, Joseph would have thought and spoken. In one portion of the book, entitled 'On Hollow and Surface Draining in general,' which is discussed in nineteen sections, Johnstone teaches avowedly in his own person, his first sentence being, 'This is a part of the draining system not coming within the limits of Mr. Elkington's practice.' It is enough to say that these nineteen sections do not contain a single suggestion of any value to a modern drainer. A reader who has some previous acquaintance with the subject will get a general idea of Elkington's discovery and method from the earlier portion of the *book*, though, unless he has seen some of Elkington's *work*, he will not therefrom form an adequate opinion of his sagacity. Johnstone, measured by general capacity, is a very shallow drainer. He delights in exceptional cases, of which he may have met with some, but of which we suspect the great majority to be the products of his own ingenuity, and to be put forward with a view to display the ability with which he could encounter them. We shall pass by such cases altogether. No doubt they are numerous in the aggregate; but they form a very small per centage of the work of draining which has to be done or *redone* in Great Britain. They are moreover for the most part too complicated to be quite understood without actual inspection, too varied for useful classification, and must be left to the skill and sagacity of the operator. A slight modification of Johnstone's best and simplest plan, with a few sentences of explanation, will sufficiently elucidate Elkington's mystery, and will comprehend the case of all simple superficial springs. Perhaps in agricultural Britain no formation is more common than moderate elevations of pervious material, such as chalk, gravel, and imperfect stone or rock of various kinds, resting upon more horizontal beds of clay or other material less pervious than themselves, and at their inferior edge overlapped by it. For this overlap geological reasons are given, into which we cannot now enter. In order to make our explanation simple, we use the words gravel and clay as generic for pervious and impervious material. Our drawing is an attempt to combine plan and section, which will probably be sufficiently illustrative. From A to T is the overlap, which is in fact a dam holding up the water in the gravel. In this dam there is a weak place at S, through which water issues permanently (a superficial spring), and

and runs over the surface from S to O. This issue has a tendency to lower the water in the gravel to the line Mm. But when continued rains overpower this issue,⁵ the water in the gravel rises to the line A a, and meeting with no impediment at the point A, it flows over the surface between A and S. In addi-



tion to these more decided outlets, the water is probably constantly squeezing in a slow way through the whole dam. Elkington undertakes to drain the surface from A to O. He cuts a drain from O to B, and then he puts down a borehole, an Artesian well from B to Z. His hole enters the tail of the gravel; the water contained therein rises up it; and the tendency of this new outlet is to lower the water to the line B*b*. If so lowered, it is manifest that it can no longer overflow at A or at S, and the surface from A to O is drained, so far as the springs are concerned. Though our section can only represent one spring and one summit overflow, it is manifest that however long the horizontal line of junction between the gravel and clay may be, however numerous the weak places (springs) in the overlap or dam, and the summit overflows, they will all be stopped, provided they lie at a higher level than the line B*b*. If Elkington had driven his drain forward from B to *n*, he would at least equally have attained his object; but the borehole was less expensive. He escapes the deepest and most costly portion of his drain. At *x* he might have bored to the centre of the earth without ever releasing the water in this gravel. His whole success, therefore, depended on his sagacity in hitting the point Z.—Another simple and very common case, first successfully treated by Elkington, is illustrated by our second drawing. Between gravel hills lies a dish-shaped bed of clay, the gravel being continuous under the dish. Springs overflow at A and B, and wet the surface from A to O and from B to O. O D is a drain 4 or 5 feet deep, and having an adequate outlet. D Z a borehole. The water in the gravel rises from Z to D, and is lowered to the level D*m* and D*n*. Of course it ceases to flow over at A and B. If Elkington's

heart had failed him when he reached *x*, he would have done no good. All his success depends on his reaching *Z*, however



deep it may lie. Elkington was a discoverer. We do not at all believe that his discoveries hinged on the accident that the shepherd walked across the field with a crow-bar in his hand. When he forced down that crow-bar he had more in his head than was ever dreamed of in Johnstone's philosophy. Such accidents do not happen to ordinary men. Elkington's subsequent use of his discovery, in which no one has yet excelled him, warrants our supposition that the discovery was not accidental. He was not one of those prophets who are without honour in their own country; he created an immense sensation, and received a parliamentary grant of one thousand pounds. One writer compares his auger to Moses's rod, and Arthur Young speculates, whether, though worthy to be rewarded by millers on one side of the hill for increasing their stream, he was not liable to an action by those on the other for diminishing theirs. He appears to have generally used stones as a conduit, but occasionally a sort of drain-brick, the pattern of which came from France. The duty was not then taken off such materials, and formed a sore impediment to their use and improvement.

After Elkington, we find no notability in draining till we come to Smith of Deanston, and his name at once introduces us to modern practice and modern controversy. We have now to deal with the ~~causes~~ lands which get rid of the rain which falls upon them so slowly, that it becomes either a hindrance to fertility, or an inconvenience to agriculture, or both. This evil is often, perhaps oftener than not, complicated with an almost imperceptible oozing of bottom-water squeezed through the earth by the pressure of superincumbent subterranean reservoirs, existing in higher grounds, situated sometimes at a considerable distance. But the surface-water is the main point, and the bottom-water, if we may

so call it, is amenable to the same treatment, and, except in one occasional case,* will be removed by the same means. But we can get on no farther without definitions; and here we are in a difficulty. In England everybody farms, Prince Albert farms; the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General farm; the Duke farms; Admiral Sir Charles Napier farms; Sir Benjamin Brodie farms; the Speaker farms; the ex-Premier farms; we cannot speak so positively of Lord John Russell, though it is not unlikely that he may have tried his hand when suing the Huntingdonshire constituency in former days. Nor must we omit that Dean Buckland and Lord Brougham are shining lights at agricultural gatherings. We hope we have the honour to be addressing all or some of these, and to them and to other practical agriculturists we fear we shall appear to be tediously elementary. But we must crave their indulgence, because we hope that we are addressing also a host of agriculturists in anticipation; men who, when they deposit their first golden nest-egg, the produce of their first brief, or fee, or quarterly bill, or venture, or even perhaps an acknowledgment which has reached them in consideration of a leading article, or a contribution to a review, destine the produce of the nest, when it has reached its complement, to the purchase of an estate; and are quite determined that the first solace of their '*otium cum dignitate*' shall be to drain it: '*Monstrari digito prætereuntium*,' as an improving landed proprietor. To these aspirations we desire to administer, and we hope to make the objects and practice of modern draining patent to the most inexperienced mind. This must be our apology. The nomenclature of draining is indefinite, because the ideas of those who have practised the art have been confused. Probably no other art ever had so long an infancy. In the word soil, we include, for our present purpose, the whole depth to which land is treated in our operations. All our readers will have heard of soils open and stiff—pervious or permeable, and impervious—porous and retentive. We mean to select for use the last pair of these epithets. By porous soils we mean those which, in their natural state, are capable of filtering through themselves all or the greater part of the rain which falls upon them. By retentive soils we mean those

* When we said that no one had yet excelled Elkington, we were speaking of the treatment of mere springs. In the complicated case to which our text refers, Mr. Parkes has often and most skilfully combined his own more peculiar practice with Elkington's discovery: removing the water from above by parallel thorough-drains, and giving to that which is squeezed up from below an easy access to the same drains by boreholes. This combination would however be useless in the hands of a man who did not inherit somewhat of the old prophet's sagacity. He appears to have dropped his mantle on a man of his own county. Mr. Parkes has introduced a great improvement by securely piping down his boreholes, and by connecting those perpendicular pipes with the pipes in his drain.

which, in their natural state, retain the whole or the greater part of the rain which falls upon them, until it has run off by superficial discharge, or has been exhausted by evaporation. Of the terms cut, trench, and drain we shall use exclusively the latter; and as the word sough or surf has been popularly extended beyond its original meaning, which was simply the artificial aperture left in the refilled drain for the passage of the water, we shall drop that word altogether, and substitute the word conduit. Our predecessors have used almost indifferently the phrases surface-draining, hollow-draining, the frequent-drain-system, furrow-draining, and thorough-draining. Of these we shall select the last, as best descriptive of our object. We call that thorough draining which assimilates retentive soils to porous to this extent, that it enables them to filter through themselves to the depth of the drains all the rain which falls upon their surface; or if that object cannot be entirely attained, the thoroughness of the draining varies inversely as the quantity of water got rid of by other means. By water of drainage we mean all water existing among the particles of soil beyond that which they are able to retain by attraction. The water of drainage in any soil will stand at a level like any other dammed up water. In order to avoid circumlocution, we shall ask leave to call this level the water-table. In using the word attraction, we shall drop capillary, which is a favourite with writers on draining. We drop it because it conveys no definite idea to our mind as connected with particles of soil; because attraction is perfectly intelligible; and because every one may, by the simplest experiments, and the use of his own eyes, convince himself that particles of soil have an attraction for water so strong as to overcome to a certain extent the force of gravity.

Imperfect attempts at thorough-draining were probably first made in the southern counties of England. The conduit was usually formed of thorns or other twigs, the cuttings of the hedges, covered with straw. In Leicestershire nearly a century ago, and perhaps earlier, a conduit was formed in clay at the bottom of the drain by a super-imposed turf (locally called clod-soughing); and the practice is not quite exploded in that and other counties, which are backward in their agriculture. Attempts, moreover, were made in various parts of England to form a conduit by means of a mole-plough. This instrument had a great but very transient reputation. Smith of Deanston was therefore by no means the author of thorough-draining, but he saw much more clearly than any of his predecessors the benefits to be derived from it, and he has the high merit of having brought them prominently before the public. No doubt whatever can exist that Mr. Smith gave the first effectual impulse to the practice, and to that extent his name is justly

justly associated with thorough-draining. One sentence in an article which he furnished to 'The Third Report of Drummond's Agricultural Museum,' makes a considerable approach to a right conception of the advantages of thorough-draining, as they are now revealed to us.

'When soil is immediately incumbent on open rock, especially on whin or green-stone, which is very open from its many fissures, the land is always uniformly fertile. If, therefore, we observe carefully the operations of nature, we shall never be at a loss for principles to guide us in the cultivation of the soil. In the last stated example, the open rock under the soil affords frequent and pretty uniform channels of escape for the water; hence the obvious suggestion of the *frequent drain system*.'

So utterly innocent was poor Johnstone of any such ideas, that in a chapter on 'Hollow-draining in General,' he publishes such stuff as follows:—

'In soils that are so tenacious as to retain water on the surface till evaporation carries it off, such as are found in Sussex, Surrey, and in many other counties, this method of draining has been tried, and found entirely to fail.' . . . 'Open trenches, with the ridges and water-furrows properly formed and directed, is the only method whereby its drainage can be effectually accomplished. It is necessary to lay it up in ridges properly placed, and to cut *small open drains* across the ridges where requisite, communicating with each other, and with the furrows; and thus all the water-furrows operate as drains'—

a singular conception certainly of an art on which he published a book in quarto. Smith's execution was inferior both to his conception and to his zeal. The depth of his frequent drains was not sufficient to attain even the benefits which he foresaw; the materials for his conduit were cumbrous. The quantity of surplus left after refilling, when 15 in. of stone are put into a drain several inches wide at bottom, is very objectionable; and his prices for the execution of the work, when transferred to England, are fabulous. He has the merit of having first stated boldly that all drained lands should be worked flat without ridge or furrow, and he prescribes the line of steepest descent for the general direction of drains, and gives correctly some of the reasons for that practice. If his powers of reasoning had been equal to his zeal, or even to his perception, he would not have allowed himself to be outstripped, as he has been, by others in an art which he had in some degree made his own.

Josiah Parkes, C.E., in a work entitled 'Essays on the Philosophy and Art of Land-drainage,' published last year,* has very

* The former of these Essays had appeared in the Journal of the Agricultural Society in 1844 and the latter in 1846.

materially

materially extended the objects and benefits of thorough-draining, and for every extension has given authentic instances and philosophical reasons. Mr. Parkes's style is clear and unaffected, and we think that very few holes can be picked in his reasoning. His first Essay is entitled 'On the Influence of Water on the Temperature of Soils:' also, 'On the quantity of Rain-water and its Discharge by Drains.' It is the first attempt which we have seen to reduce draining to a science, and, where want of data forbids that object to be attained, it indicates very clearly the avenues to future success. It is somewhat too scientific for general agricultural readers, and on that account not fitted to be transferred in the form of a connected abstract into our pages. But it contains several interesting tables, and is pregnant with important facts and accurate deductions, of which we shall avail ourselves without further acknowledgment in the short treatise on thorough-draining, which we propose to offer to our readers. Mr. Parkes's second Essay, the Newcastle Lecture to which we have already referred, is more popular in its nature, and very practical. Every farmer may read it with advantage. Mr. Mechi has given us 'Experience in Drainage.' He is an experimentalist in agriculture, and we should think a very sanguine one. With respect to many of his speculative conclusions, we should be sorry to give a directly adverse opinion, but we fear, that in order to escape doing so, we must take refuge in the modified Scotch verdict—not proven. We could not speak harshly of a gentleman whose assistance we crave at our toilet every morning, who imparts so freely to the public his failures as well as his successes, and who appears to bear so good-humouredly the banterings of the London Farmer's Club and the Mark Lane Express. Moreover, Mr. Mechi asks very acute questions, and makes shrewd remarks, some of which we may not improbably call to our aid.

Here we take our leave of draining literature and descend to practice. We will assume without proving that water of drainage, stagnating in the soil, is prejudicial to esculent vegetation. If this be not so, all that we and our predecessors have learnt and written has been learnt and written in vain. We will assume also that to raise the temperature of what are familiarly and justly called 'our cold soils,' will be beneficial to vegetation. We neither expect nor desire to carry on with us any reader who disavants from this proposition. Having made these assumptions, we will prove: 1st, that the main cause of the coldness of these soils is the removal of the water of drainage by evaporation; 2ndly, that their temperature is very much raised during the vegetative season of the year by the removal of this water

water by efficient drainage : 3rdly, we will state the reasons for our conviction that, in all soils, the existence of the water-table within less than 4 feet of the surface of the land is prejudicial to vegetation ; 4thly, we will show that the water of drainage will be best removed at a reasonable expense, and the level of the water-table will be best reduced by frequent parallel drains of a depth never less than 4 feet ; 5thly, that the direction of these drains should, as a general rule, be in the line of steepest descent ; 6thly, that pipes and collars form a better and cheaper conduit than any other which has been hitherto adopted ; and 7thly, we will give our opinion on the disputed point whether, in the most retentive soil, drains of 4 feet will effectually remove the water of drainage.

1st. The main cause of the coldness of retentive soils is the removal of water of drainage by evaporation.

The evaporation of water produces cold : it cools wine ; in hot climates it produces ice. These facts are known to every one. To determine the actual degree of cold produced by the evaporation of one pound of water from soil is rather a complicated, and not a very certain, operation ; but scientific reasons are given for an approximation to this result—that the evaporation of one pound of water lowers the temperature of 100 lbs. of soil 10° . That is to say, that if to 100 lbs. of soil holding all the water which it can by attraction, but containing no water of drainage, is added one pound of water which it has no means of discharging except by evaporation, it will, by the time that it has so discharged it, be 10° colder than it would have been if it had the power of discharging this 1 lb. by filtration ; or more practically, that if rain enters into a retentive soil, which is saturated with water of attraction, in the proportion of 1 lb. to 100 lbs., and is discharged by evaporation, it lowers the temperature of that soil 10° . If the soil has the means of discharging that 1 lb. of water by filtration, no effect is produced beyond what is due to the relative temperatures of the rain and of the soil. Mr. Dickenson, the eminent paper-maker, who has several mills and a considerable landed estate in Hertfordshire, has deduced from a series of observations, which are we believe entitled to great confidence, that of an annual fall of 26 in. of rain, about $\frac{1}{4}$ are filtered through a porous soil. The whole of this 11 inches (and probably more) must be got rid of by a retentive soil either by evaporation or by superficial discharge. The proportions in which each of these means will operate will vary in every case, but this will be an universal feature, that these 11 inches will maintain in undrained retentive soils, at all except some accidental periods of excessive drought, a permanent supply of water

water of drainage, which will be in constant course of evaporation, and will constantly produce the cold consequent thereon. Retentive soils never can be so warm as porous, for a simple reason. Every one knows, or may know, that if into two flower-pots, with holes in the bottom, are put respectively equal portion of gravel and clay, equally heated to any point short of torrefaction, and if equal quantities of water are administered to the surface of each, water (water of drainage) will run from the gravel long before it begins to run from the clay. Gravel can hold by attraction much less water than clay can. At the time when each is saturated by water of attraction, and neither holds any water of drainage, evaporation will begin to act upon the water in each, and will act most strongly in the vegetative period of the year. The cold produced will be in proportion to the quantities of water evaporated respectively, and will of course be greatest in the retentive soil. We will reserve a further cause of coolness in retentive soils, which is also connected with evaporation, till we have spoken of the depths of drains.

2nd. The temperature of retentive soils is very much raised during that period of the year in which vegetation is active by the removal of water by drainage.

Many experiments have shown that, in retentive soils, the temperature at 2 or 3 feet below the surface of the water-table is, at no period of the year, higher than from 46° to 48° , i. e., in agricultural Britain. This temperature is little affected by summer heats for the following short reasons. Water, in a quiescent state, is one of the worst conductors of heat with which we are acquainted. Water warmed at the surface transmits little or no heat downwards. The small portion warmed expands, becomes lighter than that below, consequently retains its position on the surface and carries no heat downwards.* To ascertain the mean heat of the air at the surface of the earth over any extended space, and for a period of eight or nine months, is no simple operation. More elements enter into such a calculation than we have space or ability to enumerate; but we know certainly that, for seven months in the year, air, at the surface of the ground, is seldom lower than 48° , never much lower, and only for short periods:

* When water is heated from below, the portion first subjected to the heat rises to the surface, and every portion is successively subjected to the heat and rises, and each, having lost some of its heat at the surface, is in turn displaced. Constant motion is kept up, and a constant approximation to an equal temperature in the whole body. The application of superficial heat has no tendency to disturb the quiescence of water. 'Construct the common pump' has become rather stale in little-go examinations at the Universities. We recommend that the ingenuity of students should be exercised by the substitution of the following proposition:—'To water in an open vessel apply heat in such a manner that the water shall be raised to a temperature of 212° , but shall not feel atmospheric pressure = a column of mercury of 29; &c. in.'

whereas

whereas at 4 feet from the surface, in the shade, from 70° to 80° is not an unusual temperature, and in a southern exposure in hot sunshine double that temperature is not unfrequently obtained on the surface. Now let us consider the effect of drains placed from 2 to 3 feet below the water-table, and acting during the seven months of which we have spoken. They draw out water of the temperature of 48° . Every particle of water which they withdraw at this temperature is replaced by an equal bulk of air at a higher, and frequently at a much higher, temperature. The warmth of the air is carried down into the earth. The temperature of the soil, to the depth to which the water is removed, is in a course of constant assimilation to the temperature of the air at the surface. From this it follows necessarily, that during that period of the year when the temperature of air at the surface of the earth is generally below 48° , retentive soils which have been drained are colder than those which have not. Perhaps this is no disadvantage. In still more artificial cultivation than the usual run of agriculture, gardeners are not insensible to the advantage of a total suspension of vegetation for a short period. In Britain we suffer, not from an excess of cold in winter, but from a deficiency of warmth in summer. Grapes and maize, to which our sombre skies deny maturity, come to full perfection in many regions whose winters are longer and more severe than ours. However, we state the facts, without asking to put a large amount therefrom to the credit of our drainage. * A friend of ours, who lived on the north side of a hill in a subalpine district, did not see the sun for three months in the year. He maintained that this was an advantage: that during those three months the sun was worth nothing to any one: whereas in summer he enjoyed the early beams of that luminary for some hours before he appeared to his neighbours on the south side of the hill, as well as his declining rays after they had lost him. Perhaps our readers may think that what we and our friend take by our respective notions is much on a par. To a beautiful provision of nature, by which, during seasons of excessive heat, summer rains are made subservient to the double purpose of cooling the arid surface and conveying warmth to the deeper recesses of the soil, we can advert only cursorily on account of insufficient data. We have no satisfactory British experiments with reference to the surface heat of the earth. Professor Leslie's only commence at 1 foot below the surface. Schubler's experiments, made near Geneva in the year 1796, are strictly superficial. His thermometers were sunk in the soil only to the depth of $\frac{1}{8}$ th of an inch. In that sunny clime he found the mean heat of soil, at that depth, to be at noon, for six successive months, 131° . If that were his mean heat for six months, we cannot

cannot doubt that it is frequently obtained as an extreme heat in the hottest portion of our year in England. Mr. Parkes gives temperatures on a Lancashire flat moss, but they only commence at 7 inches below the surface, and do not extend to midsummer. At that period of the year the temperature at 7 inches never exceeded 66° , and was generally from 10° to 15° below the temperature of air in the shade, at 4 feet above the earth. At the depth of 13 inches the soil was generally from 5° to 8° cooler than at 7 inches. Mr. Parkes's experiments were made simultaneously on a drained and on an undrained portion of the moss, and the result was, that, on a mean of thirty-five observations, the drained soil at 7 inches in depth was 10° warmer than the undrained at the same depth. The undrained soil never exceeded 47° , whereas after a thunder-storm the drained reached 66° at 7 inches, and 48° at 31 inches. Such were the effects at an early period of the year on a black bog. They suggest some idea of what they are, when in July or August thunder-rain at 60° or 70° falls on a surface heated to 130° , and carries down with it into the greedy fissures of the earth its augmented temperature. These advantages porous soils possess by nature, and retentive soils only acquire them by drainage.*

3rd. In all soils the existence of the water-table nearer than 4 feet from the surface of the land is prejudicial to vegetation. Here open upon us the yelpings of the whole shallow pack. Four feet! The same depth for all soils! Here's quackery! We think Mr. Parkes must have stood in very unnecessary awe of this pack, when he penned the following half apologetic sentence, which is quite at variance with the wise decision with which in other passages of his works he insists on depths of 4 feet and upwards in all soils:—‘In respect of the depth at which drains may, with a certainty of action, be placed in a soil, I pretend to assign no rule; for there cannot, in my opinion, be a more crude or mistaken idea than that one rule of depth is applicable with equal efficiency to soils of all kinds.’† Those words

* The only temperature of thunder-rain given in Mr. Parkes's Tables is 78° . This, we imagine, must be an extreme heat. We have heard, with much satisfaction, that Mr. Parkes is, by means of his numerous staff stationed at the works which he is carrying on in many parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and (we believe) France, conducting a series of experiments on the temperatures of water of drainage, which tend to show an increase in some proportion to the length of time for which the drainage has been executed. We know no experiments connected with agriculture to the result of which we look with more hopeful expectation. Any agriculturist may, by means of a delicate thermometer, conduct and record such observations on his own farm. Probably the water of drainage from firm land may be expected to be higher in temperature than that from the quoted bog in summer, and lower in winter.

† Smith of Deanston may perhaps be open to some observation, for we believe that he did unadvisedly recommend, in thorough draining, an equal depth and equal distance for parallel drains in all soils.

—equal efficiency—are a sort of saving clause; for we do not believe that when Mr. Parkes wrote them, he entertained ‘the crude or mistaken idea’ of ever putting in an agricultural drain less than 4 feet deep, if he could help it. We will supply the deficiency in Mr. Parkes’s explanation, and will show that the idea of a *minimum* depth of 4 feet is neither crude nor mistaken. And as to ‘quackery’—which occurs *passim* in the writings and speeches of the shallow drainers—there is no quackery in assigning a minimum. Every drainer does it, and must do it. The shallowest man must put his drains out of the way of the plough and of the feet of cattle. That is his minimum. The man who means to subsoil must be out of the way of his agricultural implement. These two minima are fixed on mechanical grounds. We will fix a minimum founded on ascertained facts and the principles of vegetation. We believe that we shall convince every reader who is worth convincing.

Every gentleman who at his matutinal or ante-prandial toilet, will take his well-dried sponge, and dip the tip of it into water, will find that the sponge will become wet above the point of contact between the sponge and the water, and this wetness will ascend up the sponge, in a diminishing ratio, to the point where the forces of attraction and of gravity are equal. This illustration is for gentlemen of the Clubs, of London drawing-rooms, of the Inns of Court, and for others of similar habits. For gentlemen who are floriculturists we have an illustration much more apposite to the point which we are discussing. Take a flower-pot a foot deep, filled with dry soil. Place it in a saucer containing 3 inches of water. The first effect will be that the water will rise through the hole in the bottom of the pot till the water which fills the interstices between the soil is on a level with the water in the saucer. This effect is by gravity. The upper surface of this water is our water-table. From it water will ascend by attraction through the whole body of soil till moisture is apparent at the surface. Put in your soil at 60°, a reasonable summer heat for 9 inches in depth, your water at 47°, the 7 inches temperature of Mr. Parkes’s undrained bog; the attracted water will ascend at 47°, and will diligently occupy itself in attempting to reduce the 60° soil to its own temperature. Moreover, no sooner will the soil hold water of attraction, than evaporation will begin to carry it off, and will produce the cold consequent thereon. This evaporated water will be replaced by water of attraction at 47°, and this double cooling process will go on till all the water in the water-table is exhausted. Supply water to the saucer as fast as it disappears, and then the process will be perpetual. The system of saucer-watering

watering is reprobated by every intelligent gardener: it is found by experience to chill vegetation; besides which scarcely any cultivated plant can dip its roots into stagnant water with impunity. Exactly the process which we have described in the flower-pot is constantly in operation on an undrained retentive soil: the water-table may not be within 9 inches of the surface, but in very many instances it is within a foot or 18 inches, at which level the cold surplus oozes into some ditch or other superficial outlet. At 18 inches attraction will, on the average of soils, act with considerable power. Here, then, you have two obnoxious principles at work, both producing cold, and the one administering to the other. The obvious remedy is to destroy their *united* action; to break through their line of communication. Remove your water of attraction to such a depth that evaporation cannot act upon it, or but feebly. What is that depth? In ascertaining this point we are not altogether without data. No doubt depth diminishes the power of evaporation rapidly. Still, as water taken from a 30-inch drain is almost invariably two or three degrees colder than water taken from 4 feet, and as this latter is generally one or two degrees colder than water from a contiguous well several feet below, we can hardly avoid drawing the conclusion that the cold of evaporation has considerable influence at 30 inches, a much diminished influence at 4 feet, and little or none below that depth. If the water-table is removed to the depth of 4 feet; when we have allowed 18 inches of attraction, we shall still have 30 inches of defence against evaporation; and we are inclined to believe that any prejudicial combined action of attraction and evaporation is thereby well guarded against. The facts stated seem to prove that less will not suffice.

So much on the score of temperature, but this is not all. Do the roots of esculents wish to penetrate into the earth—at least, to the depth of some feet? We believe that they do. We are sure of the brassica tribe, grass, and clover. All our experience and observation deny the doctrine that roots only ramble when they are stinted of food; that six inches well manured is quite enough, better than more. Ask the Jerseyman; he will show you a parsnip as thick as your thigh, and as long as your leg, and will tell you of the advantages of 14 feet of dry soil. You will hear of parsnips whose roots descend to unsearchable depths. We will not appeal to the Kentucky carrot, which was drawn out by its roots at the antipodes; but Mr. Mechi's, if we remember right, was a dozen feet or more. Three years ago, in a midland county, a field of good land in good cultivation, and richly manured, produced a heavy crop of
cabbages.

cabbages. In November of that year we saw that field broken into in several places, and at the depth of 4 feet the soil (a tenacious marl, fully stiff enough for brick-earth) was occupied by the roots of cabbage, not sparingly—not mere capillæ—but fibres of the size of small packthread. A farmer manures a field of four or five inches of free soil reposing on a retentive clay, and sows it with wheat. It comes up, and between the kernel and the manure it looks well for a time, but anon it sickens. An Irish child looks well for five or six years, but after that time potato-feeding, and filth, and hardship begin to tell. You ask what is amiss with the wheat, and you are told that when its roots reach the clay they are poisoned. This field is then thorough-drained, deep, at least 4 feet. It receives again from the cultivator the previous treatment; the wheat comes up well, maintains throughout a healthy aspect, and gives a good return. What has become of the poison? We have been told that the rain-water filtered through the soil has taken it into solution or suspension, and has carried it off through the drains, and men, who assume to be of authority, put forward this as one of the advantages of draining. If we believed it we could not advocate draining. We really should not have the face to tell our readers that water, passing through soils containing elements prejudicial to vegetation, would carry them off, but would leave those which are beneficial behind.* We cannot make our water so discriminating; the general merit of water of deep drainage is that it contains very little. Its perfection would be that it should contain nothing. We understand that experiments are in progress which have ascertained that water, charged with matters which are known to stimulate vegetation, when filtered through 4 feet of retentive soil comes out pure. But to return to our wheat. In the first case, it shrinks before the cold of evaporation and the cold of water of attraction, and it sickens because its feet are never dry; it suffers the usual maladies of cold and wet. In the second case, the excess of cold by evaporation is withdrawn; the cold water of attraction is removed out of its way; the warm air from the surface, rushing in to supply the place of the water which the drains remove, and the warm summer rains, bearing down with them the temperature which they have acquired from the upper soil, carry a genial heat to its lowest roots. Health, vigorous growth, and early maturity are the natural consequences.

We think we have established that all soils will be benefited by the removal of the water-table to 4 feet, which must suffice

* We do not deny that some subsoils contain matter prejudicial to vegetation, but generally they are not worse than a *caput mortuum*; seldom quite so bad.

under this head; and we think every candid reader will be convinced that, by this single operation of lowering the water-table, many soils, hitherto sterile, and consequently much under-rated, may be made into useful agricultural land. We will take together the fourth and fifth heads: they will occupy only a few sentences. They relate to the depth and direction of the drains by which the water-table is to be lowered.

Water can only get into drains by gravity, which only acts by descent—technically, by fall; the fall must be proportioned to the friction which the water encounters on its passage. Suppose drains 4 feet deep to be placed 12 yards apart on level land, it is plain that water at that depth, lying at the intermediate point between the two drains, will not get into either of them. A fall of some inches will be required to enable it to overcome the friction of 6 yards of retentive soil. In order, therefore, to lower the water-table to 4 feet at all points, the drains must be some inches deeper than 4 feet. If the land lies on a slope (say 4 inches to the yard), drains of 4 feet, if driven on the line of steepest descent, will effect the object; because, though water at 4 feet, lying at the intermediate point between two drains, in a line at right angles to them, cannot for want of fall get into either of them by travelling 6 yards; it will find a fall of 4 inches at less than 7, and of 8 inches at less than 8 yards. If we must speak quite correctly, this intermediate water will never get into the drain till there is a fresh supply; it will descend perpendicularly, pushing out that which lies below it, and will be itself displaced by a fresh arrival from the heavens. In order that the whole soil, if homogeneous, or nearly so, may be drained evenly, it is manifest that the drains must be parallel. Extra friction in the soil must be met either by making the drains deeper, or by placing them nearer. On this point, which is one of practice rather than of principle, each case must be left to the sagacity of the operator. We doubt whether in any natural soil the friction is so great as to resist a fall of one inch in a yard. If we are right in this point, we should always attain the object of lowering the water-table to 4 feet by 4-foot 6-inch drains, parallel, and 12 yards apart. We have already stated one advantage which results on a slope from driving the parallel drains in the line of steepest descent; to wit, that when they are so driven, all water which lies at the same depth from the surface as the bottom of the drains, can find a fall into one or the other by travelling a little more than half the distance between them; whereas, if the drains are driven in the line of the slope, half the water so situated as to depth can only find a fall into the lower drain, and in order to reach it must travel distances varying from one-half to the full interval

interval between the two. Smith, of Deanaton, stated one reason for the steep course, namely, that on slopes alternate horizontal beds of porous and retentive soil frequently cropped out; that the water issuing from the lower edge of the porous runs over the surface of the retentive; that a drain driven across the slope in the retentive leaves this issue untouched: whereas, a drain driven in the line of the slope cuts every one of these horizontal beds, draws the water to the depth of the drain out of the porous, and stops the overflow. Some one comes forward, and says,—‘I have seen a case where the alternate beds are parallel, not overlying, perpendicular, not horizontal, and lie in the line of the slope. There your rule will not apply.’ Quite true! but Smith’s case frequently occurs, and is worthy of a general observation. Yours is very rare, and is not. You must deal with it according to your ingenuity. But perhaps the greatest recommendation of the steep drain is that the water gets so freely out of it: it is no sooner in the drain than you are rid of it; whereas, in the horizontal drain it lingers, lying against the lower side, oozing through the land and inviting attraction. In very steep lands, the general direction of the natural cracks is across the line of slope, for the same reasons of gravity as in landslips, breaks in embankments, and other similar cases. Many valleys seem to have obtained their present form by a succession of little landslips, which are still in progress where a stream is washing away the foot. In such cases the steep drain cuts through all the cracks, and relieves them of their water.

We now come to the conduit.

If sticks, straw, clods, and the mole-plough have not entirely fled before modern improvements, we should unworthily detain our readers by occupying a single line in giving them a parting kick. Stones must not be dismissed quite so summarily: they form an imperfect conduit, but we cannot say that in no situation is it advisable to use them. Many wet common lands on their enclosure, and many of the slopes of moorland hills when first brought into arable cultivation, are exceedingly encumbered with stones. It is almost as cheap to bury them in 4 or 5-foot drains as to cart them into heaps. We have seen instances where as many stones come out of the drain as will form the conduit. Such soils are generally very firm. A narrow slab or inch board, fitting the bottom of the drain, will be a secure foundation for stone, a foot in depth, laid in the form which its nature may suggest. We will answer for the board. In taking up considerable lengths of drains 5 and 6 feet deep, and so laid more than sixty years ago, we have seen no instance in which either oak, alder, birch, or willow has been materially decayed;

decayed; twigs and sticks, from similar depths, have been equally sound and tough. In the comparatively rare cases to which we have referred, we permit, without approval, the use of a stone conduit. We know no instance in which it is worth while (as Smith recommends) to quarry and break stones to form a conduit.

We shall shock some and surprise many of our readers when we state confidently that in average soils, and still more in those which are inclined to be tender, horse-shoe tiles form the weakest and most failing conduit which has ever been used for a deep drain. It is so, however, and a little thought, even if we had no experience, will tell us that it must be so. A doggerel song, quite destitute of humour, informs us that tiles of this sort were used in 1760 at Grandesburg Hall, in Suffolk, by Mr. Charles Lawrence, the owner of the estate. The earliest of which we had experience were of large area and of weak form. Constant failures resulted from their use, and the cause was investigated; many of the tiles were found to be choked up with clay, and many to be broken longitudinally through the crown. For the first evil two remedies were adopted; a sole of slate, of wood, or of its own material, was sometimes placed under the tile, but the more usual practice was to form them with club-feet. To meet the case of longitudinal fracture, the tiles were reduced in size, and very much thickened in proportion to their area. The first of these remedies was founded on an entirely mistaken, and the second on no conception at all, of the cause of the evil to which they were respectively applied. The idea was, that this tile, standing on narrow feet, and pressed by the weight of the refilled soil, sank into the floor of the drain; whereas, in fact, the floor of the drain rose into the tile. Any one at all conversant with collieries is aware that when a *strait* work is driven in coal, which is a small subterranean tunnel 6 feet high and 4 feet wide, the rising of the floor is a more usual and far more inconvenient occurrence than the falling of the roof: the weight of the two sides squeezes up the floor. We have seen it formed into a very decided arch without fracture. Exactly a similar operation takes place in the drain. No one had till recently dreamed of forming a tile drain, the bottom of which a man was not to approach personally within 20 inches or 2 feet. To no one had it then occurred that width at the bottom of a drain was a great evil. For the convenience of the operator the drain was formed with nearly perpendicular sides, of a width in which he could stand and work conveniently, shovel the bottom level with his ordinary spade, and lay the tiles by his hand; the result was a drain with nearly perpendicular sides and a wide bottom.

bottom. No sort of clay, particularly when softened by water standing on it or running over it, could fail to rise under such circumstances; and the deeper the drain the greater the pressure, the more certain the rising. A horseshoe tile, which may be a tolerably secure conduit in a drain of 2 feet, in one of 4 feet becomes an almost certain failure. As to the longitudinal fracture—not only is the tile subject to be broken by one of those slips which are so troublesome in deep draining, and to which the lightly filled material, even when the drain is completed, offers an imperfect resistance, but the constant pressure together of the sides, even when it does not produce a fracture of the soil, catches hold of the feet of the tile and breaks it through the crown. Consider the case of a drain formed in clay when dry, the conduit a horseshoe tile. When the clay expands with moisture, it necessarily presses on the tile and breaks it through the crown, its weakest part.* When the Regent's Park was first drained large conduits were in fashion, and they were made circular by placing one horseshoe tile upon another. It would be difficult to invent a weaker conduit. On re-drainage innumerable instances were found in which the upper tile was broken through the crown, and had dropped into the lower. Next came the D form, tile and sole in one, and much reduced in size—a great advance; and when some skilful operator had laid this tile bottom upwards we were evidently on the eve of pipes.

Almost forty years ago small pipes for land-drainage were used concurrently by the following parties, who still had no knowledge of each other's operations:—Sir T. Wichcote, of Asgarby, Lincolnshire (these we believe were socket-pipes).—Mr. R. Harvey at Epping—Mr. Boulton at Great Tew in Oxfordshire (these were porcelain one-inch pipes made by Wedgwood, at Etruria)—and Mr. John Read at Horsemonden in Kent. Most of these pipes were made with eyelet-holes to admit the water. Pipes for thorough-draining were incidentally mentioned in the Journal of the Agricultural Society, for May, 1843, but they excited no general attention till they were exhibited by John Read (the inventor of the stomach-pump) at the Agricultural Show at Derby in that year. A medal was awarded to the exhibitor. Mr. Parkes was one of the Judges, and brought the pipes to the special notice of the Council, and was instructed by them to investigate their use and merits. From this moment

* The tile has been said by great authorities to be broken by the contraction, under some idea that the clay envelopes the tile and presses it when it contracts. That is nonsense. The contraction would liberate the tile. Drive a stake into wet clay, and when the clay is dry observe whether it clips the stake tighter or has released it, and you will no longer have any doubt whether expansion or contraction breaks the tile. Shrink is a better word than contract.

inventions and improvements huddle in upon us faster than we can describe them. Collars to connect the pipes, a new form of drain, tools of new forms,—particularly one by which the pipe and collar are laid with wonderful rapidity and precision, by an operator who stands on the top of the drain—and pipe-and-collar-making machines (stimulated by repeated prizes offered by the Royal Agricultural Society) which furnish those articles on a scale of unexampled cheapness. For all these inventions and adaptations we are mainly indebted to Mr. Parkes. The economical result is a drain 4 feet 6 inches deep, excavated and re-filled at from $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $2d.$ per yard—the workman earning 12s. and upwards per week; and $333\frac{1}{3}$ yards of collared $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pipes for 18s.—being 12s. per thousand for the pipes, and 6s. per thousand for the collars; larger sizes at a proportionate advance. We shall best exemplify the improvements to our readers by describing the drain. It is wrought in the shape of a wedge, brought in the bottom to the narrowest limit which will admit the collar by tools admirably adapted to that purpose. The foot of the operator is never within 20 inches of the floor of the drain; his tools are made of iron plated on steel, and never lose their sharpness even when worn to the stumps; because, as the softer material, the iron, wears away, the sharp steel edge is always prominent. The sloping sides of the drain are self-sustaining, and the pressure on its floor is reduced to a minimum; the circular form of the pipe and collar enables them to sustain any pressure to which they can be subjected; the adaptation of the bed in which they lie to their size prevents their roggling. They form a continuous conduit (a circumstance quite as valuable to a drainer as a continuous audit to a shareholder), and whose continuity cannot be broken except by great violence. However steep the drain, the water running in the pipe can never wash up its floor. They offer almost insuperable impediments to the entrance of vermin, roots, or anything except water, and (for the enumeration of even material virtues must come to an end) they are more portable both to the field and in the field than any other conduit previously discovered: cheap, light, handy, secure, efficacious.

Perhaps some of our readers will boggle at this word efficacious. Doubts will begin to trouble inexperienced minds:—Will water get freely into these narrow-bottomed drains? Will pipes of this small capacity convey it away? The scepticism is natural; but on each point we are able to offer them abundant consolation and conviction—consolation from experience, conviction on argument. We have seen hundreds of drains wrought in the manner we have described and laid with pipes, and in no instance where the land contained water-of-drainage have they failed to run freely.

freely. We never heard any one say that they did not. Even Mr. Bullock Webster says that they run *at first*, and by so saying delivers himself into the hands of his opponents; This ought to satisfy every one who is not of his own knowledge aware of an instance to the contrary: 'Quod semper, quod ubique, quod inter omnes' is, if we remember right, a sufficient ground of faith. But on argument the water must get into the drain, and must get into the pipes. This is a matter on which we have seen even sensible men so muddle-headed that we fear we must be elementary. We will assume the drain to be 4 feet deep, and the water-table to be at 1 foot below the surface of the earth. Every particle of water which lies at 3 feet below the water-table has on it the pressure of a column of water 3 feet high; this pressure will drive the particle in any direction in which it finds no resistance, with a rapidity varying inversely to the friction of the medium through which the column acts. The bottom of our drain will offer no resistance, and into it particles of water will be pushed, in conformity with the rule which we have stated; rapidly, if the medium opposes little friction; slowly, if it opposes much. The water so pushed in runs off by the drain, the column of pressure being diminished in proportion to the water which runs off. Into the spot which offers no resistance, be it large or be it small, the water above that level must be pushed till the column is so reduced that its weight will not overcome friction. As friction will be greatest at the intermediate point between two parallel drains, the water will stand a little highest at that point, and will decline in a regular gradation to the level of the bottom of each drain. Take a familiar illustration—for, like Walter Blith, we are obliged to use repetitions, though we will not follow his example in saying why. In a soil which is saturated with water—(and by saturated we mean that in addition to its water of attraction it has the interstices between its particles filled with water of drainage)—sink a deep hole, no matter how narrow; it will stand full of water. Draw the water out rapidly—it will fill again from the bottom. Into the space where there is no resistance the water must come. This is a parallel case to the bottom of the drain from which the water runs off—the point of non-resistance remains, and to it all the water in the soil must come up to the limit which we have above assigned. Will the small pipes carry off the water? This is a mere question of capacity, and can be decided by accurate calculation; the calculation is given at length in pp. 43-45 of Mr. Parkes's *Essays*. We will only state the result. If an acre of land be intersected with parallel drains 12 yards apart, and if on that acre should fall the

very unusual quantity of one inch of rain in 12 hours, in order that every drop of this rain may be discharged by the drains in forty-eight hours from the commencement of the rain—(and in a less period that quantity neither will, nor is it desirable that it should, filter through an agricultural soil)—the interval between two pipes will be called upon to pass two-thirds of a table-spoonful of water per minute, and no more. Inch pipes, lying at a small inclination and running only half-full, will discharge more than double this quantity of water in forty-eight hours. The mains or receiving drains are of course laid with larger pipes. Experience has established this average, that a 3-inch pipe will discharge the water of 9 acres, 4 of 16, and so on; the quantity of acres—the product of the diameter of the pipe in inches multiplied into itself.

We were astounded to find at the conclusion of Mr. Parkes's Newcastle Lecture this sentence:—'It may be advisable for me to say, that in clays, and other clean-cutting and firm-bottomed soils, I do not find collars to be indispensably necessary; although I always prefer their use.' This is barefaced treachery to pipes; an abandonment of the strongest point in their case—the assured continuity of the conduit. Every one may see how very small a disturbance at their point of junction would dissociate two pipes of one inch diameter. One finds a soft place in the bottom of the drain, and dips his nose into it one inch deep, and cocks up his other end. By this simple operation the continuity of the conduit is twice broken. An inch of lateral motion produces the same effect. We trust that Mr. Parkes has sincerely repented. Pipes of a larger diameter than 2 inches are generally laid without collars; this is a practice on which we do not look with much complacency; it is the compromise between cost and security, to which the affairs of men are so often compelled. No doubt a conduit from 3 to 6 inches in diameter is much less subject to a breach in its continuity than one which is smaller. But when no collars are used the pipes should be laid with extreme care, and the bed which is prepared for them at the bottom of the drain should be worked to their size and shape with great accuracy.

And now for the controversy between the deep and the shallow. On the ground that no one is bound to argue with a man who is entirely ignorant or hopelessly absurd, we must dismiss several persons who figure as authorities in the *Agricultural Journal*—1st, all those, and Mr. Bullock Webster is among them, who limit the advantages of a drain to the water which is passed into it from its own surface, and therefore enjoin that it should be filled with porous material, and that it should be shallow. 2nd. Those

Those who will not drain 4 or 5 feet deep, and Mr. B. Webster is among them also, because it makes the ground too dry for the roots of plants. This idea must have come from some garret, having been conceived by an ingenious hermit brooding over his ignorance, and reasoning as follows:—What makes vegetation burn up? The absence of water from its roots. What takes away the water? Deep drains. Ergo, deep drains are the cause of burning. We will supply a formula:—Why does vegetation burn? Because its roots are very superficial. Why superficial? Because they won't face the cold of stagnant water. What removes the cold and the water? Deep drains. And the facts exactly coincide with our logic. Deep-drained lands never do burn. Nothing burns sooner than a few inches of soil on a very retentive clay. No land is less subject to burn than the same soil when by 4 or 5 feet draining a range of 3 or 4 feet has been given to the previously superficial roots.

Having dismissed these two small matters, we must treat more respectfully a lingering scepticism as to the efficacy of deep drains in very retentive soils; and instead of wondering at this scepticism, we wonder rather that deep thorough-draining has so rapidly made converts. Representations are made of soils which consist of some inches of a moderately porous material reposing on a subsoil which is said to be impervious; and we are told that it is of no use to make the drain deeper into the impervious matter than will suffice for laying the conduit. If the subsoil is impervious, as glass or even as cast-iron or caoutchouc are impervious, we at once admit the soundness of the argument. We only want to ask one question—Is your subsoil moister after the rains of midwinter than it is after the drought of midsummer? If it is, it will drain. Mr. Mechi asks, shrewdly enough, 'If your soil is impervious, how did it get wet?' This imperviousness is always predicated of strong clays—plastic clays they are sometimes called. We really thought that no one was so ignorant as not to be aware that clay lands always shrink and crack with drought, and the stiffer the clay the greater the shrinking, as brickmakers well know. In the great drought 36 years ago, we saw, in a very retentive soil in the Vale of Belvoir, cracks which it was not very pleasant to ride among. This very summer, on land which, with reference to this very subject, the owner stated to be impervious, we put a walking-stick 3 feet into a sun-crack without finding a bottom, and the whole surface was what Mr. Parkes not inappropriately calls a net-work of cracks. When heavy rain comes upon the soil in this state, of course the cracks fill, the clay imbibes the water, expands, and the cracks are abolished. But if there are four or five feet parallel drains

drains in the land, the water passes at once into them, and is carried off. In fact, when heavy rain falls upon clay lands in this cracked state it passes off too quickly and without adequate filtration. Into the fissures of the undrained soil the roots only penetrate to be perished by the cold and wet of the succeeding winter. But in the drained soil the roots follow the threads of vegetable mould which have been washed into the cracks, and get an abiding tenure. Earth-worms follow either the roots or the mould. Permanent schisms are established in the clay, and its whole character is changed. Mr. B. Webster, not being able to deny that deep drains in such soils carry off water at first, hazards the childish assertion that after a few years it ceases to find its way to them. An old farmer in a midland county began with 20-inch drains across the hill, and, without ever reading a word or we believe conversing with any one on the subject, poked his way step by step to 4 or 5 feet drains in the line of steepest descent. Showing us his drains this spring he said—'They do better year by year; the water gets a habit of coming to them.' A very correct statement of the fact, though not a very philosophical explanation. Year by year the average dryness of the soil increases, the cracks are farther extended, and seldomer obliterated. A man may drain retentive soils deep and well, but he will be disappointed if he expects what is unreasonable. No intelligent and honest operator will say more, than that money judiciously expended in draining them will pay good and generally very good interest. If you eat off turnips with sheep, if you plough the land, or cart on it, or in any way puddle it when it is wet, of course the water will lie on the surface, and will not go to your drains. Mr. Webster says that a 4-feet drain may go very near a pit or a watercourse without attracting water from either, and this he attributes to the depth of the drain. We thought that every one knew that watercourses almost invariably puddle their beds, and that the same effect is produced in pits by the treading of cattle and even by the motion of the water produced by wind. A very thin film of puddle always wet on one side is impervious because it cannot crack. No system of draining can relieve soils of water-of-attraction. That can only be exhausted by evaporation. Retentive soils hold it in excess; its reduction by evaporation produces cold; and therefore retentive soils never can be so warm as porous. Expect reasonable things only of your drained retentive soils, and you will not be disappointed. Shallow drainers start with the idea of a drop of water falling on the top of the soil, and working its solitary way through narrow and tortuous passages to a drain; and they say that it would be lost in the labyrinth; which we think

think very likely. They have no idea that the water operated upon by the drain is that which lies at the level of its own bottom, which runs off, and is replaced by that which was immediately above it. And on account of this operation, which we have before explained, it is necessary in retentive soils, in which friction is greater than in porous, to have the drains deeper, in order to lower the water-table to the same extent. A column of six inches may suffice to push water from the intermediate point between two drains in a porous soil, and it may require a 12-inch column in a retentive. In that case the drain in the retentive soil must be six inches deeper than in the porous. Ignorance says, Drain shallower because your soil is retentive. Experience and reason say, Drain deeper. We may here notice that in clay lands the portion within one or two feet of the surface is almost always more retentive than that which lies below; simply, we apprehend, because its particles have been comminuted and packed close by the alternate influences of wet and dry, heat and cold. When dried below by drains, and above by evaporation, it is certain to crack and become permeable.

We would much rather wield the pen of the essayist than that of the critic—but we believe in the truth and also in the importance of the cause which we have undertaken to advocate—and we should be false to it if we did not expose ignorance, absurdity, and especially *mis-quotation*, when they propagate error, and encourage practices which can lead only to loss and disappointment. Farmers have become a reading class. We believe that the Quarterly Review is frequently found in a farmer's study, and we do not despair of seeing it there habitually. But we neither expect nor desire to supplant the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society. To that Journal, and especially to the opinions of its editor, farmers look for instruction and guidance. We find in the No. for Aug. 1848, an essay, entitled 'On the Failure of Deep Draining on certain Strong Clay Subsoils.' The Essay is signed Wm. Bullock Webster, and to it is appended the following Note:—'Mr. Webster's statements agree with my own observations, and seem fully to bear out a caution which I suggested two years since as to the risk of draining at a depth exceeding 30 or 36 inches in some of our strong English clays.'—Now we beg to assure Mr. Webster and our readers that we attach no importance whatever to his authority, and that neither his name nor his essay would have figured in our pages but for this certificate—signed '*Ph. Pusey*.' As far as common sense, or knowledge, or reasoning are concerned, the essay is miserably unworthy of notice. Mr. Webster appears to have tried deep and shallow draining against each other on
his

his own farm. 'To this experiment, indeed, I can attach no great importance, as it has been made only lately.' Just so. Most people make experiments in order that they may have a decided opinion; but as Mr. Webster had already a decided opinion—or, at least, was ready to express one—we really do not see why he made the experiment. We hope that in the few sentences which we have written on this controversy we have furnished a sufficient antidote for anything in the essay which could dwell on a sensible man's mind. But Mr. Webster proposes to overwhelm his opponents with authority. Any one who reads the essay would suppose that the draining of stiff clays by parallel drains 4 or 5 feet deep, and 30 or 40 feet apart, had been a general practice for many years all through agricultural England and Scotland. Now, a 4 or 5 feet drain is an awful gash, and a field ribbed with such drains in course of execution is not only an unsightly but a very obtrusive object. It can't escape your observation. We appeal to our agricultural readers: have they been in the habit of seeing such objects? With the exception of Kent and Essex, we have practised vagrancy in all the agricultural counties of England and Scotland for forty years, and till about seven years ago we never saw an instance of parallel drains of that depth in any soils, either porous or retentive. We do not say that the practice is quite new; for, if we remember right, Arthur Young states that the best draining which he saw in his agricultural tour was in Yorkshire, on an estate of Lord Rockingham's, by parallel drains 4 feet deep, running in the line of steepest descent. But every one knows that the practice—not general now—has only become at all extensive quite recently. We verily believe that Mr. Webster cites more instances of abandonment on account of failure, than he could authenticate cases of practice. His authorities are a number of 'Dear Sirs,' signed by names unknown to us, and with which we should uselessly encumber our pages. Internal evidence deprives the letters of any authority, because every one of them evinces a most imperfect conception of the purposes of thorough-draining. The whole lot may be safely classed with the benevolent certificates which are furnished to the proprietors of Cackle's pills and Daffy's elixir. One case we must not pass so summarily, because, though we cannot tell who Mr. Webster's correspondent is, we can tell who he is not. The letter is introduced (p. 248) with a flourish of trumpets:—

"I will only further quote from old Mr. Tebbet, who made the Duke of Portland's water-meadows (no one will question his sagacity and experience); and is the result of his experience to show that the deeper the drains the more efficient their action? No!—

" Mansfield,

"Mansfield, Nottingham, Jan. 28th, 1847.

"Dear Sir,—The under-draining I have directed upon strong clay land, I have done in various ways; but the best way I have adopted is to put the drains 14 feet apart and 2 feet deep..... Yours, &c.,
T. TEBBET."

Now 'old Mr. Tebbet, who made the Duke of Portland's water-meadows,' died in 1837. The Duke of Portland, writing, in 1839, a letter which was published in the first volume of the *Agricultural Journal*, in 1840, says 'the meadows had been formed with the greatest skill by the late Mr. Tebbet.' Is the 'Dear Sir' correspondent a 'familiar spirit'?

Another case (p. 247) requires notice:—

'Elkington testifies to the fact of deep drains having been tried as a means of removing surface-water from strong clay soils in or before his time. No one could be more an advocate for going deep for springs; but with reference to trying the same plan for draining clay, he says (see his work, by Johnson, p. 137)—"In soils that are so tenacious as to retain water on the surface, this method of draining (deep) has been tried, and found entirely to fail."'

This passage is, in every point, indefensible. Elkington published no work and gave no testimony. Johnstone (not Johnson), at the instigation of the Board of Agriculture, inspected many of Elkington's drainages, and made to them a report of Elkington's principles and practice. Elkington, who had been a drainer for thirty-four years, died before the report was published. Johnstone added to the report an appendix, being an essay of his own on hollow and surface-draining in general. In his preface he carefully and honestly discriminates between what he had derived from Elkington and what is purely his own. He commences his appendix with the words, 'This being a part of the draining-system not coming within the limits of Mr. Elkington's practice,' and introduces the fourth section by the words which Mr. Webster quotes, with this exception, that *one* word (deep) does *not* exist in Johnstone, but is interpolated by Mr. Webster. And not only did not Elkington (whom we have reduced to Johnstone) compare deep and shallow drains in stiff clay, and prefer the latter, but he declares absolutely, in the very page from which Mr. Webster quotes, against all covered drains; and says expressly that open trenches, and clean furrows, and small open drains are 'the only method whereby its drainage can be effectually accomplished.' And in section 17 he recurs to this subject, and says, 'On some soils, where the surface is very retentive, no number of covered drains can operate effectually in drying the ground;' and he prescribes high ridge and furrow as the only cure.—We think we may hint to the distinguished editor of the *Agricultural Journal*

Journal that it is better not to indorse a citation of authority before ascertaining its correctness.

We have something more to say on the score of alleged authority. Sir Robert Peel has been a great drainer. He began shallow, was disappointed at the results, and has adopted deep draining. He began with miscellaneous conduits—but has settled into pipes and collars. Within the last six or seven years Sir R. Peel has drained 2900 acres in the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Lancaster—a portion (perhaps considerable) on the requisition of tenants. Reports have been industriously circulated by speech and writing that Sir Robert was dissatisfied with the results of his deep draining, in consequence of which a letter was addressed to him, to which he gave a prompt reply. He laid his correspondent under no restrictions as to the use of that reply, and it has been kindly communicated to us. We extract the following sentences:—

‘It is utterly untrue that I am dissatisfied with the experiment of deep-draining. I have had many prejudices to contend against; the purely stupid ones against any novelty—any innovation on the old system of agriculture; those too prompted by self-interested jealousy of the new machinery which innovation renders necessary. . . . I have permitted some drains to be laid at less than 4 feet, partly to humour tenants on strong clays, who wished to avoid the expense of very close draining at the additional depth. . . . If I had a field in my own occupation of stiff clay, I should place close drains 21 or perhaps 18 feet apart; but I should prefer 4 feet, notwithstanding the additional expense, to 3.’

After a caution against dogmatizing and presuming ‘that a rule good in their own case must necessarily be good in every other,’ he thus proceeds:—

‘I can conceive a case in which, if you had a limited sum to expend—say 4*l.* an acre—the nature of the ground might be such that the increased closeness might compensate for diminished depth—I mean, for instance, that drains 18 feet apart and 3 feet deep might be more effectual than drains 25 feet apart and 4 feet deep.’

Sir Robert then touches on the importance of ‘breaking up that indurated mass which the trampling of many successive years has formed,’ to which, as he says, sufficient attention is seldom paid. Probably the words ‘in my own occupation,’ quoted above, have reference to the consciousness of the writer that stiff clays are frequently so occupied after drainage as to render the operation of little or no value. The whole letter, which has only just come to our knowledge, shows so complete an acquaintance with the subject of thorough-draining, that we should be glad to find that the Right Honourable Baronet had permitted its insertion in some agricultural journal.

Space

Space forbids our taking more than this passing notice of the acts of parliament which have been recently passed for advancing public, and facilitating the advance of private, money on the security of lands to be improved by draining. They mark the strong hold which the subject has on the minds of agriculturists. Both the acts and the evidence on which they are founded will be interesting to those landowners who require *as alienum* to assist in carrying out their improvements.

One word with our readers before we part. They may dislike the terms to the use of which we have been driven, and we are by no means unconscious of their imperfections; but we hope that we have so limited them by definition as to remove much of their ambiguity. Our purpose has been to bring in a connected view before them the objects and the advantages of thorough-draining, and to explain in a popular way the principles on which those objects are carried out and those advantages are attained. That to remove water, which is either injurious to vegetation or obstructive to agricultural operations, is one object of draining, is patent to every one. That if it be removed by superficial discharge it will carry off with it elements beneficial to vegetation, because they form the most soluble part of soils, no one will doubt, though he may not have fully realized to himself what very hateful things furrows, and ditches, and water-grips, and other artificial aids to this superficial discharge really are. It requires but little observation to discover that, with few exceptions, porous soils are fertile, and with equally few very retentive soils are sterile. But the persons are less numerous who are aware that the greatest object and the most important advantage of thorough-draining is, that it warms and ventilates retentive soils. Of warmth we have spoken largely. Ventilation is more obscure. But close observation of agriculture and of horticulture will not allow us to doubt that alternation of fresh air and of fresh water are conducive to fertility. It is not unreasonable to suppose that as stagnant air ceases to sustain the lives of men and animals, and stagnant water the lives of fishes, so stagnant air and water may cease to administer to the purposes of vegetation. In cultivable land in our climate, porousness, either natural or artificial, is the only known avenue to warmth and ventilation.

Some points of practice have found their way into our dissertation, but we have not sought to give a manual—indeed, we have studiously endeavoured to avoid it. If we should give a stimulus to amateur draining, we shall do a great deal of harm. We wish we could publish a list of the moneys which have been squandered in the last forty years in amateur draining, either ineffectually or with
very

very imperfect efficiency. Our own name would be inscribed in the ~~list~~ for a very respectable sum. Every thoughtless squire supposes that by the aid of his ignorant bailiff he can effect a perfect drainage of his estate. But there is a worse man behind the squire and the bailiff—the draining conjurer. We knew a jockey at Newmarket, a solemn and mysterious man. His first master told us that he was an idiot—that he could never in his life get a reason from him. ‘But,’ said he, ‘he is an inspired idiot on horseback.’ So the village conjurer, by dint of mystery and one lucky hit among a score of failures, is supposed to receive inspiration as soon as he takes the draining spade in his hand. These fellows never go direct about their work. If they attack a spring, they try to circumvent it by some circuitous route. They never can learn that nature shows you the weakest point, and that you should assist her—that *Hit him straight in the eye* is as good a maxim in draining as in pugilism. An evangelical clergyman complained to the Rev. Charles Simeon that when he wished to preach extempore, utterance was denied to him; he supposed because he lacked faith. ‘*Olli subridens*,’ the venerable man replied; ‘No, my dear brother, justification is by faith, but extempore preaching is by works.’ Neither the squire nor the bailiff nor the conjurer lack faith, but they are sadly deficient in good works—in education, in knowledge, in science, in accurate thought, in experience—in short, in everything which in complicated operations conduces to success. If you wish to drain, we recommend you to take advice. We have disposed of the quack, but there is a faculty, not numerous but extending, and whose extension appears to us to be indispensable to the satisfactory progress of improvements by draining—a faculty of draining engineers. If we wanted a profession for a lad who showed any congenial talent, we would bring him up to be a draining engineer.

What we preach we practise. After thirty-six years of experience, we became tired of struggling with unskilful workmen, bad tools, and worse supervision. A perusal of one of Mr. Parkes’s essays induced us to look carefully into his works, and we then asked his assistance. Of course we do not mention Mr. Parkes’s name to the exclusion of, or even in preference to, that of any other engineer, who may have equal abilities and attainments; and if we did, we should only lead the great majority of those who wish to drain into error, for we believe that, except in cases of considerable extent, it is hardly possible to secure his services. We cannot disparage our own skill, and in truth we called in Mr. Parkes as a measure of economy. A short detail of our proceedings (similar, no doubt, to those of other landowners with other engineers)

engineers) will best explain how we have secured that advantage. We proceeded together to the ground, where we made trial holes, and concerted outfalls, and directions, and depths, and frequency. We have no doubt that Mr. Parkes would have been quite as well satisfied to settle all these points without any concert on our part. Then we began to differ. We were impatient, and wanted to begin, but Mr. Parkes would not turn a sod till he saw pipes and tools and fifteen tolerable spademen, with their ordinary spades and picks, on the ground. He furnished us with a list of tools, which we procured from Mr. A. Lyndon of Birmingham. They appear to be of a very enduring sort, and are extremely liked by the workmen: a set for from fifteen to twenty men cost five guineas. Mr. Parkes calculated the number and sizes of the pipes which would be required, and then made the contract for them—certainly ten per cent. lower than we should have procured them, simply because the makers knew that Mr. Parkes was well aware at what price they could be afforded, and was prepared, in case of necessity, to establish a tiliary, as he had previously done on estates in several counties. Pipes, tools, and spademen being at length provided, Mr. Parkes brought a foreman, with whom he set out drains, and left the work under his superintendence. To this man we paid 20s. per week. He understood pretty accurately the prices of work, and dealt fairly between the employer and the labourers. He instructed them in the use of the new tools. He measured up the work, kept the accounts, paid the men, and *laid every pipe and collar with his own hands*. It would be scarcely more absurd to set a common blacksmith to eye needles, than to employ a common labourer to lay pipes and collars. For these services we pay to Mr. Parkes 5s. per acre drained, and some travelling expenses. In each of the two years preceding that on which we had Mr. Parkes's assistance, we drained similar and adjoining land. We do not believe that Mr. Parkes would have varied either the direction or the depth of any of our drains. He would have made them less frequent—intervals of 12 yards instead of 10, and 10 instead of 8. Allowing for this, we find that the saving on Mr. Parkes's draining, after it is debited with every charge, is more than 10s. per acre. We verily believe that, in the case of a totally inexperienced landowner or bailiff, the saving would be reckoned by pounds, not by shillings. Our readers will expect that we should say something about cost. We do not think that we ever saw so favourable a combination of circumstances, that efficient thorough-draining of retentive land could be executed, at from 4 to 5 feet deep, under 4l. per acre. We have

have seen few or no cases in which it might not be executed for 5s. The minimum price for excavating and refilling a 4 feet 6 inch drain is, according to our experience, 1½d. per yard. This low price is generally in those clays which require the most frequent drains. The maximum, 2½d., except in cases where there is actual rock. The frequency with which the pickaxe is used is nearly an accurate measure of the necessary advance of price.

Our parting word shall assure our readers that every reported case of failure in draining which we have investigated has resolved itself into ignorance, blundering, bad materials, or bad execution.

ART. IV.—1. *Personal Recollections of the Life and Times, with Extracts from the Correspondence, of Valentine Lord Cloncurry.* Dublin. 1849.

2. *Recollections and Experiences during a Parliamentary Career, from 1833 to 1848.* By John O'Connell, Esq., M.P. 2 vols. London. 1849.

THESE books are of a somewhat novel aspect, and give rise to alarming forebodings. That two of the least significant persons in either House of Parliament (we wish to use as mild a term as possible) should have thought fit to print, each during his own lifetime, his own autobiography, is certainly a remarkable feature in the literary retrospect of 1849. But that they should also, under the pretext of recording their own poor doings and sayings, sit in judgment upon their most distinguished contemporaries, and pronounce authoritative decisions upon the merits of persons so immeasurably removed above themselves in all that constitutes character—all that gives a claim to respect in public men—is yet a more startling outrage against the common proprieties of life. Apologists may suggest, no doubt, that we should ascribe these violations of modesty and decorum merely to the long and case-hardening indulgence of two petty passions, namely, vanity and malice. But what shall be said of publishing some scores of letters written by others in the confidence of friendship or familiar acquaintance—(and this applies to the Cloncurry delinquent rather than the O'Connell)—such letters reflecting on third parties in the most unmeasured terms—such letters containing the private opinions and recording the private feelings of some who have died but yesterday, and some who survive to-day? The use to which such publications are subservient is manifest. The greedy appetite of the reading public for letters—the thirst they have of whatever comes

comes out garnished with any known names, renders the sale of such works absolutely certain. Therefore Lord Cloncurry has taken a course which ensured the gaining of money, and his proceeding in this respect is, in fact, the only evidence of sagacity that his volume affords: while his fellow-reminiscent, if he at all calculated in the like sordid fashion, must at least be acquitted of having achieved his shabby object—he is merely guilty of the attempt. It is barely possible that his Lordship may have applied to all the survivors among his correspondents for their leave to print their private letters. He does not say so, however. If he made such application, did he send the letters for their perusal—because he surely cannot imagine that those who write to him keep copies of all they write? But has he got the leave of the heirs or the representatives of those who are dead? We can undertake to answer *that* question with a direct negative—for we have been distinctly informed by some of them, that no such leave was asked, and never would have been given if asked. This is an offence which cannot be too severely reprobated. It opens the door to every kind of abuse. Mr. John O'Connell may print his father's private letters, and welcome. Lord Cloncurry has no right whatever, either moral or legal, to fill his 8vo. with Lord Holland's, Sir F. Burdett's; and Lord Melbourne's.—He seems to intimate that he did ask Lord Anglesey's leave, and that he received a somewhat contemptuous answer, to the effect that the noble Marquis never wrote anything he cared if all the world saw—an answer suitable no doubt to the native frankness of a soldier, but, we must venture to say, wholly unjustifiable in point of duty from one in a high public station—indeed very inconsistent with ordinary prudence in a private man; yet still, if the facts be so, we grant that a deduction must be made in so far with respect to the case of that gallant and unreflecting veteran.

But where is this practice of autobiography to end? If men of no greater mark than this Lord and that Commoner—men wholly unable to obtain an attention for five minutes in the Houses of Parliament to which they belong—must conceive, the one his 'Life and Times,' the other his 'Parliamentary Career,' important enough to be laid before the world, as if he were a Voltaire, a Gibbon, or a Hume—it may be safely affirmed that eleven or twelve hundred such books as these ought to appear, in order that the conduct of others may be in keeping with theirs. It is certain that in the whole number of members of both Houses, probably in the whole range of society, two mortals of less importance in any one way to any but their two selves are not to be found than Lord Cloncurry and Mr. John O'Connell. The former

former is an Irish landowner and a Peer;* and in his early days he obtained a fleeting modicum of notoriety from haunting the company of certain bolder men who gained the full fame of rebels and traitors: the most kindly of mortals could not suggest any further claim that the noble offender has to any shadow or figment of distinction. All that can be said in *his favour* has been said. The other, and in no sense noble, culprit, is son of a man notorious enough in his day. A man of energetic faculties and of no qualms—the reckless praiser and calumniator by turns of all whom he ever had occasion to name—the lawyer of considerable attainment and extensive practice, of which he exaggerated the amount, and which he abandoned for the more lucrative profession of a factious mendicant—the politician who was ever ready to abandon his pretended principles, if any sting of passion, or spurt of caprice, or suggestion of Mammon required the sacrifice—the ceaseless agitator of his country, now as the tool of the priests, now as their employer—but withal a man of more personal influence, partly through those priests, partly through his own cunning worship of the mere mob, than any individual of his generation who had no official weight and no sterling merits of his own. But of all his talents, without one solitary exception—of all his professional knowledge—of all his political success—of every portion of his influence—in short, of whatever made the father in any way remarkable, the son is utterly and absolutely devoid: he has neither ability, nor information, nor consequence of any kind or sort, except what he derives from the desperate attempt of some priests to snatch at his name as the rallying point for a new revival of a to them gainful agitation. This man, so obscure, so insignificant, whom the House he attempts to address will on no account hear—this cipher in public life must needs rush

* Like most other radical lords (Byron was no exception), he is never able to conceal the overweening importance he attaches to his rank. The book is full of that—the display is often insolent. The chapter in which he mentions his father and the creation of the peerage is amusing for its insinuations of high ancestral gentility, and its mystification as to the sources of that wealth which, being largely invested in the boroughmongering line, conducted him at last to a barony in the year 1789. He says the old gentleman was successful in ‘the *banking* and woollen business’—read *blanketing*. Soon after he became my lord, he happened to witness some pantomime of Don Quixote in the Dublin Theatre, and attracted notice by the stentorian peals of his laughter when Sancho was tossed in the blanket. Next morning the newspapers produced these rhymes:—

‘Cloncurry! Cloncurry!
Why in such a hurry
To laugh at this comical squire?
Though he is toss’d high,
You cannot deny
That blankets have toss’d yourself higher.’

before

before the community with recollections of his 'Parliamentary Career.' Why, it would be just the same thing were one of the doorkeepers to give an account of *his* career! None of them all could describe with less exactness, or with more unbroken dullness, whatever he had chanced to see or had tried to pick up. None of them could indite in a more sickening style of imbecillity. The Cloncurry article is of scarcely higher merit as a composition; but it contains a number of letters by a variety of hands: therefore it will be read, and, what is more to the purpose, bought. Mr. John O'Connell's contains in that line only private letters of the old Agitator, which have no interest, as the vulgar qualities they display were quite familiar to everybody long ago—so these will go a short way to succour a main text far below contempt. We defy anybody but a reviewer to read through his book. We defy the Irish Trade to sell fifty copies of it, unless the confessors should patronize it in a body, by enjoining the purchase as a penance in place of grinding round St. Patrick's Purgatory on bare knees.

Among the most graceless features of these two pitiful productions, we have noticed the judgments passed on individuals. What does the reader say, for instance, of our Peer's describing the Duke of Wellington as a specimen of dogged obstinacy, the self-complacent victim of gross flattery, distinguished by 'paltry spite,' 'shabby malice,' and 'perfidy'—of a heart inaccessible to pity (316, 333, &c.)—of an understanding wholly deficient and obtuse—so thinks that great intellect, the Lord Cloncurry—nay, positively in one place, if we read him aright, the illustrious Duke is treated as a 'maniac.*' If any one has a curiosity to know the motive and
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* We do not refer to these phrases—miracles of insolent absurdity as they are—with any intention of insinuating that the like were never used by any patriotic authorities of more consequence than Lord Cloncurry. On the contrary, we are a great deal too old to have forgotten by what 'best public instructors' the Duke used to be described as 'a stunted Corporal,' 'a worn-out blunderbuss,' &c. &c. &c. But, melancholy as was the condition of the Liberal mind attested by the use and tolerance of such language—indicating such a measureless profound of ignorance and stupidity, to say nothing of envy, spite, and every other meanness—it is fair to acknowledge that from the appearance of Colonel Gurwood's publication a great change was manifested. From that date, a sense of shame made itself visible: in all higher places of Liberalism a totally different tone was adopted, and has since been adhered to—nay, the reaction has not seldom taken the shape of a fulsome prostration that must have excited pity in the only quarter where a combination of merriment and disgust did not suffice. But the truth is, and we are bound to tell it, it was the liberal press in France that in this matter gave law to our patriots—both to their society and to their press. When French people could not resist the evidence of all great gifts and noble qualities with which that record was filled—when they owned that it would not do to persist in their old vein of disparagement now the world had before it that series of writings in which it was impossible to say whether one should admire most the range of knowledge, reflection, sense, and wisdom, or the unaffected display of every manly, modest, and humane feeling under an almost infinite variety of circumstances, and all conveyed in language of such inimitable simplicity, so thoroughly the style becoming a Captain and a Statesman of the most
illustrious

the meaning of all this measureless malignity, he may be assured that they arose from the Duke most properly giving a reprimand, though a gentle one, to Lord Anglesey, when Viceroy of Ireland, for his great indiscretion in going to the house of a person so committed to the desperate courses of O'Connell as Lord Cloncurry then was—who in one day received the Lord Lieutenant at his country-house, and the next attended a Repeal meeting and addressed it, avowing his wishes for the success of the cause. Indeed, in reading this book—the most ill-arranged, rambling, foolish book of memoirs that we believe ever was written (except Mr. John O'Connell's)—there is nothing strikes the mind so forcibly as the evidence *passim* of an entirely unsound judgment, an understanding miserably uncultivated, a mind full of nothing except self-conceit and factious violence; and then to observe that this is the individual whom a Viceroy called to his councils, in whom he reposed unbounded confidence, to whom he unbosomed himself on every occasion—to whom he confided his projects for subverting the established relations between the Irish branch of our Church and the State, with all the other plans which in the intoxication of his early popularity he had formed—truly it is one of the most melancholy spectacles of human weakness ever displayed in so high a sphere. If Lord Anglesey really consented to the publication of the Letters with which this stupid volume teems—and that with any tolerable recollection of their character—he committed an act of yet more marvellous imprudence than even the intercourse itself, into which his good nature and the clumsy cajoleries of Lord Cloncurry betrayed him.

For do not let it be supposed that this Irish lord is a Cato, above all tendencies to bow and smirk when near the great. He took his share in what he now calls the 'strange madness which seized people of all ranks' on the King's visit in 1821—but a few months after they had made a public disturbance to obstruct a loyal address on his accession—and, being dispersed by the soldiery, voted an attack upon his Majesty for his treatment of his unhappy consort. Lord Cloncurry so far partook of the prevailing epidemic as to invite the King to visit HIM!—a step

illustrious class;—when this was the result, in France, the home faction saw it was time to consider the matter, and they undoubtedly showed, and have continued to show, proper signs of repentance. The exceptions are very few. Here in England we know of none at all in what can be called society—of none in the periodical press, beyond its very lowest disgraces. Among authors of books of any sort of note, verse or prose, we recollect of none, unless Mr. W. Savage Landor—who however clings with equal pertinacity to his ancient abuse of Buonaparte as a blockhead and a coward—of Byron as a rhymist wholly devoid of genius or wit—of Pitt as a villain—of Fox as a scoundrel—of Canning as a scamp—and so on. Lord Cloncurry's case, then, is noticeable chiefly on account of the date of his publication—down to 1835 or 1836 he might have pleaded the customary tenor of Whig as well as Radical discourse.

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which, considering the antecedents and whole position of the person, the courtiers were well justified in pronouncing the *ne plus ultra* of vulgar impudence. His Lordship, however, with all his disposition to give instances of O'Connell's gross meanness and want of ordinary principle, omits the exhibition of his fawning instincts, alternating with his malignity, which the King's visit called forth. In 1820, as soon as Mr. Daniel heard of the arrival and expected *Cause Célèbre* of Queen Caroline, he applied for the appointment of Attorney-General in Ireland to Her Majesty—and he obtained it—and of course took the most prominent part in all the Irish demonstrations on behalf of the Queen—that is, in a long series of proceedings, intended to evince and to spread the worst feelings respecting the King's personal character and honour. After his Coronation, less than a year later, the King wrote a letter with some civil expressions towards Ireland. Forthwith the agitator founded a society called the '*King's Letter Society*,' and proclaimed a subscription for building his Majesty a palace in Ireland. When George IV. arrived in Dublin, the ex-Attorney-General to the late Queen (just dead) was the most vociferous of those who shouted at the chariot-wheels of the King—so recently the cruel 'tyrant and oppressor' of his royal client and patroness. The King returned to England. We need hardly remark that the society, the subscriptions, and the palace were never more heard of; and that dissent and disaffection soon resumed their former course, producing their wonted fruits of turbulence and tumult, breaches of the peace, and destruction of property and of life. Those who innocently expected the late royal visit to produce any kind of good had entirely forgotten the scenes of 1821.

We have mentioned Lord Cloncurry's disposition not much to spare his great leader in repeal, in agitation, and in practices leading directly to sedition, and originating in the turbulent habits of a bad subject; and such being his Lordship's inclination, no one could have an easier task than to exposé the deceased '*Liberator*,' nor a more fruitful topic than that individual's habitual disregard of truth. Thus Lord Cloncurry cites a letter of the *Liberator*, in which, beseeching the Duke of Leinster's influence towards his Attorney-Generalship aforesaid, he styles his grace 'the finest fellow that ever bore the noble name of Fitzgerald;' and in the same letter he calls Ireland 'the loveliest land on the face of the earth.' He may not have so soon heaped his calumnies on the latter object of his servile adoration; on the former he very speedily poured forth his sordid bile. The Duke is now 'a recreant absentee, and traitor to his country.' And why? Simply because he had built a house in London; and yet

at that very time, says Lord Cloncurry, this 'recreant absentee' never missed a single Monday to attend the petty sessions near his seat of Carton, while his accuser was beating up for recruits and for places, and for money, here in London, during full as many months of the year as he reserved for agitating Ireland.

The book of his son John gives little new insight into his character; but with one trait we could not avoid being struck. This demagogue showed clearly all his life the most recumbent subserviency to the mere multitude. He constantly proved by his words and his acts in what perpetual and base fear he stood of popular outcry, as is ever the case with all who use such a clamour as their own instrument for oppressing the worthier classes of the community. Instances of this are abundant in his history. To take one, and it is a sufficiently striking example, of the thralldom in which he lived and moved and had his being. The honours of the Queen's Attorneyship were short-lived, but he sighed ever after for the silk gown in which he had for a moment strutted. At last, the Whig Ministers, late in 1831, gave him the professional rank he had so long been anxious to have; and they gave it him quite properly, for his practice at the bar, though not so great as he represented, and yielding considerably less lucre than he gained afterwards by following the mendicant trade, was yet extensive, his abilities as an advocate were unquestionable, and the Emancipation had now removed every pretence for refusing to promote him in the ordinary manner. Nothing could be more fit than this mark rather of his own success at the bar than of the Government's readiness to make the Emancipation a real and honest measure to the Roman Catholics; yet the silk gown *was* a favour in these circumstances, and it was the very boon to him the most precious, and which he had been the most eager to obtain.

It was boasted at the time in the Whig clubs and circles, and never once contradicted, that O'Connell, delighted with the object of such old and ardent ambition being bestowed upon him, left London with the most amicable professions towards the Ministers, and with every appearance of being their fast and zealous friend. Never had he, for a long time, betokened the least disposition to blame or even to criticise any of their acts—not he. His eye had beamed on the Treasury bench with tender affection—his smile had been most oily—even indicating a sort of rapture in the contemplation of such tried and genuine excellence. Away, then, he fares to Dublin, and from thence to his house in the country, where he happens to find that some foolish zealot of his old faction had spoken with suspicion of him, representing him as having sold himself to the Whigs and abandoned Repeal for a silk gown,
a gold

a gold waistcoat, and a long wig. Could anything have been more safe than for O'Connell, in his then position, to despise this silly stuff—the invention of some one who knew nothing of the legal profession, its practice, or its observances? Could anything be more uncalled for than even an answer, a denial, an explanation of such a course as the Government had pursued? Could anything be more obvious than the propriety and prudence (to say nothing about dignity) of treating this dirty falsehood with silent contempt? No such course, however, of sense and discretion did this man follow. Nay, he did not even rest satisfied with a superfluous and indignant denial. He proceeded to refute the calumny by his acts—and how? He forthwith, to show that his Whig benefactors had not bought him, set himself to an unmeasured abuse of them; to show that he had not been gagged by a bribe, he launched forth into vituperation—in him at that time absolutely false, for he had really been pleased, and felt not one single particle of the anger he expressed. Seldom have ingratitude and hypocrisy been displayed together in a more loathsome compound. He renewed his fierce agitation on the Repeal, which but for the attack on him he never would have dreamt of even mentioning until some possibly distant occasion made it his interest again to broach the subject; and he at once committed himself more deeply than ever on a question which every consideration of prudence, as well as every consideration of honour, should have made him for a season at least postpone.—And yet do not let us be too sure as to this point of prudence. It may be possible that he had even then formed the scheme of becoming a beggar, and living by the contributions of his partizans; and no doubt, if that was the idea at the bottom of his great mind, anything which risked the diminution of their number was of all dangers the most to be shunned.

These filial volumes bear abundant testimony to the never-failing crouching before the mere mob—the panic fear of a mere outcry, which formed the very essence of the man. We need give no proofs, but one illustration is sufficiently entertaining. Mr. John, the son, prints many of his father's letters, all about agitation, and occasionally with mention of his own movements. We find in these notices the most unceasing anxiety about newspapers. Thus we have one letter (vol. i. p. 318) on his way to Derrynane—September, 1840. He proceeds to give his son, left in Dublin, his special instructions. These are in formal divisions, numbered accordingly, and every one of them refers to sending him some newspaper. Thus—

'1st. Go to the office of the Dublin Evening Post, and get my paper of
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of to-morrow, Saturday, directed to Limerick. Leave a *written* order to have it forwarded from to-morrow to Darrynane Abbey.

2nd. Do exactly the like at the Monitor office.

3rd. Give *similar* orders at Johnson's respecting the Sun.

4th. Send the Morning Chronicle that arrives to-morrow, Saturday, to Limerick; thenceforward to Darrynane Abbey. By your reading the Chronicle at my house, I will miss the Chronicle which will arrive in Dublin each Sunday, as you cannot forward it on *that* day, though Johnson could.

5th. Send the Freeman and Register to-morrow to Limerick; afterwards to Darrynane Abbey.

6th. Give directions to Johnson to forward the Examiner to Darrynane Abbey.

7th. Send me one Tablet to Darrynane every arrival.'

Whence all this anxiety about the newspapers? He ever affected to despise them. They were the subject of his constant abuse. He never mounted the hustings, or entered any room where a meeting was held, without vowing his hearty contempt for the press, and seldom without inveighing against its real or supposed conductors, by name, and in the rudest strain of personal rancour. He denied its veracity on all points—its respectability in any sense. He defied it; he scorned it; he proclaimed that it was bought and paid to blacken him, and to misrepresent all he did and said: yet here we find him caring for literally nothing when he retires to the country, except the newspapers. Whence all this care and all this anxiety? Not, we sincerely believe, from the mere desire of seeing what was said of him, because the gratification of such a propensity must have been attended with no small pain to so irritable a person. Far less to see how public affairs were going on. Least of all to gather public opinion on these affairs. Nothing of all this influenced him; but he knew that a demagogue by profession cannot afford to practise that contempt of the press which he affects and feels not. He was well aware that whoever deals wholesale in agitation must keep his eyes wide open to every movement of the others who traffic in the same base article. He was intimately persuaded, in the one simple view of pounds, shillings, and pence, that he could not afford to despise any one attack made upon him and addressed to the multitude: All this was to him not a matter of vanity or of spleen, of self-love or of malice, but of cool and deliberate calculation—a mere speculation; it was absolutely necessary for him to ward off every blow levelled at his influence with the mob, at whose breath he trembled, whom he at once hated, worshipped, despised, and used. This is a tale by no means without its moral—a lesson far from superfluous for all who court, whether in a coarser and clumsier or in a more cunning and delicate fashion,

fashion, whether as Radicals or as Whigs, the multitude, fondly called the People. No man can serve that inexorable master on other terms—no man can avail himself of that power as a tool, without also bending to it as a grim and insatiable dictator.

There are few things more remarkable in both these works than the uniform contempt displayed by the authors, apparently the echo of the general feeling among the Repeal mob of all degrees, for the Whig party; that party which made such desperate biddings to gain the favour of the Irish populace and its leaders, not indeed from love of mere popularity, but from love of gain, for the sake of votes in parliament; that party which sacrificed its honour at the Lichfield House meeting in order to catch the Irish support; that party which during a series of shameful years so carefully and habitually suppressed its bitter feelings of dislike—the dislike borne by all slaves to their tyrannical masters—is treated with a sheer scorn which must lie sour on the Whig stomach. Time-serving, temporising, shuffling, jobbing, treacherous, false, are the gentlest terms applied to it—nay, the Repealers even take extreme pains to deny the Lichfield House Compact out and out—as if disgrace only could accrue to their cause from any confidential contact with Whiggery. But nothing can be more vain than this most impudent attempt. By its fruits shall ye know the convention of 1835. No sooner did Lord Melbourne consent to take the government, in circumstances which gave him and his greedy adherents place without power—the distribution of loaves and fishes without any of the higher and more legitimate influence that a government ought to have—than all Irish agitation ceased. Oh, says the younger O'Connell, but 'Reason and Religion alike' (vol. ii. p. 247) directed my father—He was a pious Christian man, full of faith, hope, and charity, and therefore made up his mind to give one more trial to the incurable and ineluctable Whigs—those he had so lately called '*base, brutal, and bloody.*' He deemed it his duty to wait till he saw if they could be brought to do any one thing in the way of redeeming their pledges to Ireland. True, he might pretend that this was his motive. But what became of his oaths and vows, never while the life was in him to cease agitating for Répeal, when year after year passed, and no one thing of all that he had ever declaimed about as an Irish patriot was attempted by the Whig government? Did he then say he had tried them and found them wanting? Did he then renew his agitation? Nothing of the kind. He continued to roar you like a sucking dove—continued to vote in parliament like a Treasury hack—continued to make all his tail wag to the same measure—only agitating out of doors enough to maintain

maintain the sole source of his income—the Rent out of which he, and his family, and, we must in candour add, many of his followers, ate their daily bread—but not even out of doors ever made he one assault on the recreant Whigs, for whom his letters and his son's volumes prove him to have felt all along as much hatred as could stand with sovereign contempt. Nay, he actually attended meetings in England at which he ostentatiously said he came among them for the purpose of asking them to support the Whig Government.

This was his habitual speech, for example, at many meetings in the recesses of two successive years, when he campaigned in England and Scotland too for the Ministry. He avowed and proclaimed that his object was to agitate for the Ministry. To be sure he also avowed that he came to agitate against the House of Lords, whom he described to all the mobs (drawn by curiosity, without any respect, to hear him) as 'hereditary pig-drivers;'—and this strain could not have been so welcome to the Whig chiefs. It was no doubt in accordance with some of his parliamentary interludes, for in the session of 1836 he had again and again given notice of a motion for 'Peerage Reform,' stating uniformly that, though obliged by accidental circumstances to put it off for another ten days, if he was alive on the eleventh, that motion he should make. The parliamentary part, however, was all moonshine, and went for nothing; whereas, it was not quite the same as to his campaigning harangues among the uninitiated. No. He narrowly escaped involving his *protégés*, the Whig Ministers, in a sudden shipwreck by these marvellous specimens how utterly ignorant of English feelings and English habits he was—narrowly avoided being hooted again and again out of these assemblies into which he intruded his false and levelling declamation; while the higher Whigs remained in painful though mute astonishment at the perilous vagaries of their patron. Yet there is no reason to think that they complained of him as having, even in this rash course of his, designed otherwise than to forward their interests: they never alleged but that he was in his own coarse way trying to fulfil his part of the bargain; and that such was really his intention is proved by a pregnant circumstance—to which we shall presently advert after pausing to state what all men clearly perceived was another of his objects in going to these English meetings. Ireland had yielded him large sums—Mr. John O'Connell states 14,000*l.* to have been received in one month. This is probably as great an exaggeration as the million of persons attending a monster meeting. But large sums he and his family unquestionably drew from that impoverished country, and from the poorest classes of its inhabitants. He was now endeavouring to extend

extend his mendicity to our richer provinces. He attempted in various ways to entrap our Raphaels and other moneyed men. His boundless vanity and sanguine temper made him fancy he could trepan the public on this side of the water also into rent. Whoever will weigh his words at those meetings will plainly perceive that this had a good share in his new-fangled love of English assemblages. He found it would not do, however, and he took his revenge by abusing the Saxons. That line of vituperation, it is to be carefully noted, never was taken by him and his till after his two campaigns in this island among the wealthy but too cautious Saxons. It began at the end of the summer 1836. It continued ever after.

And is there nothing more to prove that an understanding was come to with this 'fine fellow'—ay, and adhered to? Why, the whole Irish Government became, and *continued* to be, O'Connell's slave—saw with his eyes and worked with his hands, as Lord Cloncurry fairly enough says in his bitter contempt of Lord Normanby's administration. But this was far from being all—and farther still from being all that O'Connell desired. To him and his accomplices were given the good things of the state. 'The policy of the Government,' says my Lord Cloncurry, 'became a mere affair of place-giving.' (p. 468.) Patronage was showered down upon him and his. Not (we still hope) that the offer of being Chief Baron was ever made him—for *that* the Ministers would have deserved impeachment!—but the place next to that of Chancellor, the Mastership of the Rolls, was assuredly offered him—and refused. Why? Because he knew he could have *that* at any time for the asking from the Whig Ministers; but it would not do to take it then—no, by no means: he wanted, by a great and last effort, to realise a large sum of rent, or tribute, and, that once extracted from the starving multitude by the sub-agitators, lay and clerical, he would retire to the comfortable snuggerly of the Rolls. Of course he would have gladly jumped into that office at once, and continued to agitate, and to extort, and to beg, only that an unlucky act of parliament stood in his way—the Irish Master of the Rolls being incapable by statute of sitting in the House of Commons! Therefore he must wait a little. It may safely be affirmed that, had the Whig reign proved continuous, and his careful preparations for the great swoop of his final collection succeeded during their incumbency, a month or six weeks after its payment would have seen him installed at the Rolls, out of parliament, of which he had become heartily sick, and then, as he would at once have become an object of general attack among his former followers, and of universal suspicion among all the Irish multitude,

tude, who would perceive how he had been bought and they sold, we should have certainly seen him unmeasured in his foul abuse of the Irish Celts as savages, alike ungrateful, fickle, and false. *Dis aliter visum!*

Was this conduct of O'Connell the result of a base and profligate nature, or of accidental circumstances? If there were any great use in such an inquiry, we should possibly end by believing that partly the one and partly the other was its origin. Certainly he had long been sick of his position. Those who observed him nearly in the House of Commons perceived him for hours sitting in a thoughtful attitude and with his countenance betraying a mind ill at ease. He had a large and expensive and unprofitable family; he had many of his parliamentary lackeys to support, who were mere paupers, and chosen by him because of the subjection in which their destitution kept them; he saw plain indications of the rent and tribute falling off; he had no success in parliament to make up for all the wretchedness of his private condition; and he, if he had a particle of sagacity, which we by no means question, must have learnt to value at its just price the 'boisterous acclamations of the Irish, who one day roared against the King like rebels, and the next waded into the sea to carry him ashore in triumph. He even saw not a few indications of a split among the under-leaders of the Repeal multitude, the men who for years had been his tools. A Young Ireland party was forming, under men who grudged the O'Connells their places, and, because they had no share in the patronage lavished by the Whigs upon that needy and greedy clan, took the line of complaining that its affectionate patriarch was a mere place-hunter and political jobber; that principle and Repeal had no part in his motives; that all was a trick to serve his personal interests. This party has since effectually put an end to the long delusion under which Ireland had suffered from his tricks, and has, combining with the excess of fickleness which marks the Irish character, sunk the name of the Liberator in even a premature oblivion, making it hopeless among the priests (also divided among themselves) to attempt getting up a new Repeal and Rent movement. O'Connell, well versed in popular proceedings, intimately acquainted with his beloved Celts, wary and watchful at all times of whatever bore upon his own interests, and of a nature as prone to suspicion as to deception, could have little doubt of the fate that impended over him and his. Therefore he was preparing for a safe and a lucrative retreat from a position likely soon, certain sooner or later, to become untenable.

But what shall we say of the Whigs, who, to gain his and his tail's votes in one House of Parliament, where they had no real majority,

majority, and thereby to make head against the other, where they were in a decided minority, could take counsel with him whom they feared and hated as much as he despised them? What shall we say of men like Lord Melbourne and Lord Normanby stooping to be supported by a person so utterly devoid of common truth and honesty as to proclaim daily that he was their advocate on the sole ground of his belief that they were wholly incapable of passing the Algerine Act (as he called the Whig Coercion Bill of 1833), and that, in proportion as he had opposed Lord Grey for that and other conservative measures, he was zealous for the Whig Premier of 1835 because incapable of adopting them? Why, Lord Melbourne was conscious all the while that these very measures were not only the measures of the Cabinet he had belonged to, but were his own measures individually—he having been Lord Grey's Secretary of State for the Home Department when they were brought forward, and only not having debated them because he generally left Lord Grey and his Chancellor to bear all the weight of all the debates in the House of Lords. It is true Lord Melbourne and his colleagues uniformly abstained from echoing O'Connell's absurd and knavish representations on the subject in hand—they were incapable of that—and only said they were entitled to take the benefit of whatever support any one tendered them on any ground, and therefore gladly received the votes and listened in silence to the falsehoods and the slanders on their former colleagues, which votes O'Connell nightly gave and which slander he daily vented. 'We don't go out,' said they, 'on the highway to cut throats and take purses. God forbid! We only let the robber follow his trade; and if he chooses to send half his earnings to our banker's, we merely let the sum thus kindly given be placed to the credit of our account.'—This was precisely their way of defending themselves—but the defence after all did not cover the whole of their conduct in this matter; for they showed themselves grateful rewarders of the robber as well as passive participators in his plunder. They gave him good hire to sustain him in his honest calling; they also ensured to him a safe retreat and shelter when he should see fit to retire from the King's highway. 'Far be it from us to abuse Lord Grey,' said they. 'Nay, far be it from us to approve the abuse. We feel an entire loathing at the vile and calumnious falsehood which represents ourselves as incapable of doing now what we actually did do while we had the honour of being his colleagues. But we want support; we have no other means of keeping our beloved places but through this profligate person's help; therefore we make over to him and his gang the patronage of Ireland, and we tell him confidentially that he shall have

have a snug retreat on the Bench as soon as he chooses to give up his present disreputable way of life.'

It is not a little singular that none of the Whig Ministers ever ventured to vindicate themselves from the gravest charge of all, that of having offered to make this man one of the Chief Criminal Judges in Ireland. He openly accused them (for it was a grievous accusation) of having offered to make him Chief Baron—to make him—the most foul and flagrant of the habitual libellers and seditious demagogues—a presiding judge for trying libel, sedition, rebellion, as well as all other crimes and felonies. We have already adverted to this charge, and have stated our anxiety (even now) to hope that it was false, and that he was only offered the Rolls. But not one of the Whigs ever durst say as much, often as they heard it repeated. Lord Duncannon was the party charged with having made this incredible offer. He must have known whether the story was true or false—at all events he knew whether he himself had or had not been the instrument of such an infamous offer; yet, strange to tell, he never contradicted it—he never whispered a syllable either in vindication of the Government or of himself—and why? Because the habitual policy, the plan steadily pursued by the Whig Government, was to keep on good terms with O'Connell, and they knew that their alliance was at an end the moment they summoned up courage enough not to attack him, but to defend themselves.

It must be confessed that this picture which the Whigs have drawn of themselves is anything rather than flattering—though, being from their own hands, its likeness cannot be disputed. Let us ask, has this always been the Whig nature? Has this famous party always been of the very middling caste and character of the public men whose feats we have been recording? No—by no means. We think, we must confess, that at all times there was among the Whigs a love of place which does not so much mark their great adversaries—the Tories. We are forced to allow that the Whigs, when *out*, have never at any period of our party history been as stout and gallant in their opposition to the court as have been the Tories—those men who, on wholly mistaken grounds we of course maintain, were from 1688 till the accession of George III. foes to the Revolution Settlement first and then to the Hanoverian Succession, encountered the evils of a long and hopeless opposition, deprived of all royal favour, and sacrificing all their interests, their ambition included, to their principles! Then if at any time since their turn came round in 1760, they were out of office, they made war on the court in a higher style than ever did the Whigs. They never marched to the assault with a lurking desire to treat and

and be taken in—while the Whigs in opposition attacked the court with one eye turned towards the people and the other towards the sovereign. These are not features which we admire—but nevertheless the party held up its head on the whole until we approach our own times, and their present degradation is mainly owing to the development—the enormous development recently—of another trait.

The Whigs were always more aristocratical in their tastes and feelings and in all their views than the Tories—they were always jealous of the Crown, and eagerly bent on centering the real power of the state, with all its higher emoluments, in the hands of a close clique of families, mostly bound together by a succession of intermarriages. In their hearts—in all those circumstances of conduct and manner that really reveal the *animus* of men—they always have been a haughty, exclusive set. But when the Whigs are out of court favour, their game has ever been to take high popular ground. They are the friends of the people—the advocates of free and popular measures. In this way they have espoused the cause of the colonists in the American war, of the Reformers ever since, of the Catholics in Ireland, of economy and retrenchment, of public purity at home, and of peace abroad. Their conduct has generally been consistent enough on those popular grounds all the while that their opposition continued. There came a change, and they became masters and dispensers of patronage. Their reign was generally but short. In 1782 they were in office little more than a year. ‘The Talents’ enjoyed about the like period. That was too short a time to try their adherence to their principles,—and there is not much to remember in that respect except that there was nothing said of retrenchment at either period, and that they turned out Lord Lansdowne for having made peace with America in 1783, and did little towards making peace with France in 1806. In short, no great departure from the open and loudly professed doctrines could be made in the course of a few months, and they were restored to their opposition and full swing of popular principles at the end of those brief trials with no very serious taint upon their reputation. They had not been so long in the enjoyment of place as to be debauched by its delights. Their virtue was proof against a short fruition. They never reckoned on a long reign.

But since 1830 it has been far otherwise. The Reform Bill was the fruit of their determination to destroy, cost what it might, the great counterbalancing party known to the Constitution, and thereby, so they fondly hoped, acquire for themselves a fixed and vested interest in the administration of the realm. The measure could never have been carried by them alone—they profited largely,

largely, though reluctantly, by other help; but the thing was mainly their doing, and they did it with the intention and in the hope which we have stated. And their most prominent opponents at the time—some of them at least—appear to have fairly made up their minds, when the Bill was passed, that it would have the consequences which the Whigs had anticipated. Sir Robert Peel told them that this measure placed an impassable gulf between the Tories and power—a gulf which he had not then discovered to be a ditch that he could cross by such temporary bridges as sham-free trade, and other sham-reform expedients. The good Whigs therefore saw before them a long enjoyment of the sweets heretofore only tasted most imperfectly and for a moment. Their whole mind underwent a change. Now they were installed in good earnest—a prolonged existence was theirs, unless they should wantonly cut it short by indulging in any weak, old-fashioned delicacies touching the free use of any possible appliances for self-preservation. In they were—and in they would stay—no matter what might become of their old principles or pretensions.

This has been the key to their proceedings ever since 1831, but especially since the day when, after a premature ousting of them on the part of William IV., the Reform Bill enabled them to return a parliament with which Sir Robert Peel could not carry on the government, and they turned him out in April, 1835. Lord Melbourne came in then with the old set, deprived of Lord Grey and Lord Brougham—came in, says a letter of Lord Holland, published by Lord Cloncurry, after every attempt had been made in vain to make Lord Grey take a place, a subordinate one of course, among the remnant of his own colleagues; a fact quite new to us, and which does not make Lord Grey's well-known aversion to the new Government less intelligible than hitherto. However, a feeble Cabinet in all respects was established, compounded, according to a description of it current at the time, of Whiggified Tories, Torified Whigs, and reclaimed Radicals; for there lay peaceably down side by side Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, and Mr. Poulett Thomson—all well disposed to forget their own past history,—nay, well disposed to forget the very means by which they had just succeeded in grasping hold of the government. But what could they do? They had the Court decidedly against them, as King William's act of ejecting them in November, 1834, clearly showed. They had the Lords, by a commanding majority, against them. They had the Commons almost equally against them, if the O'Connell squadron at any moment chose to sheer off. Hence it became necessary to propitiate him above everything, and before everything; but then it

was

was equally essential not to push the Court and the Lords too hard; and accordingly the world soon saw, with unmingled astonishment and equally pure disgust, the all but incredible spectacle of those very Whigs in office throwing overboard, to lighten their ship, the very measure of Irish Church Appropriation on which they had first quarrelled with their colleagues, Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley, and the Duke of Richmond, and then had actually succeeded in turning out Sir Robert Peel. Yes, it was on that very question he was turned out, and the Whigs let in; yet no sooner were they inside the fastness of Downing Street than they altogether ignored its existence, and would have nothing whatever to do with it. The mention of it was utterly tabooed. Nothing in the annals of this country had even remotely foreshadowed such a phenomenon as this utter oblivion and absolute repudiation of their own most solemn pledges—pledges not of word merely, but of most important act and deed, as individuals and as party leaders—as the heads and chiefs of one great party combating another still not inconsiderable party on a certain broad principle and definite measure—beating thereon and thereby their adversaries, and immediately thereafter renouncing for once and for ever both the principle and the measure. No former Government, no former party, ever acted so scandalously; and how came this to pass? Plainly, it came to pass because the Whigs had now so strong an appetite for place, after four or five years of enjoyment, that they could no longer even affect to keep by their principles:—such had been the result on their moral constitutions of the paralysing influence of the air of Downing Street.

The whole of their public existence was now that of steadily devoted placemongers; for it was not the Government merely, and their subordinate officials, who had been debauched by the cup of Circe. All their hangers-on in London; all their adherents in the country; every frequenter of Brookes's; every member of either House of Parliament belonging to the Whig school; every country politician, whether on the bench at sessions or in the corporate towns;—all had tasted of the intoxicating draught, and none could endure to have it dashed from their lips. Whoever had a promising son or a dunning nephew; whoever had a place in his own eye; whoever was bent upon a ribbon or a baronetcy, or even a knighthood; nay, whoever in the country wished to enjoy the importance of receiving a letter from a Minister; whoever would exalt himself by giving nods of the head, and winks of the eye, and shrugs of the shoulder at table or in the drawing-room, as connected with the men in power—was resolved to move heaven and earth, that the pleasing source of all his happiness should not be rudely dried up.

The

The consequences, however, of carrying on a government without the necessary power and influence, in process of time became manifest. The abandonment of so many fair professions could not be long kept from the criticism of the Radicals—even O'Connell was driven by those behind and below him to complain; and it became difficult to find the means of buying off his threatened hostility. The Irish Treasury was not sufficient to stop his ravenous maw. Lord Melbourne actually made Lord Cottenham give Mr. Lynch a Mastership in the English Court of Chancery, to appease the wolf howling at his gate—just as Lord John Russell has made the same independent magistrate appoint to the same place a known Whig agent, without any name or standing at the bar; while at both periods men of the highest reputation were passed over, because not party men. Nor was this all. An Attorney-General attached to the party claimed a puisne Judgeship. Lord Melbourne admitted the claim, but added, 'And Government must go out—for your parliamentary place will be filled by a Tory, and you know that our majority turns on a couple of votes.' The unfortunate gentleman preferred the success of his party to his own, and allowed that he could not be promoted to the bench! Another and another barrister of eminence behaved to be passed over on precisely the same grounds. Lord Melbourne consulted the whippers-in of the Commons, who assured him that it must not be: the majority was gone if these judicial appointments were made—and so of all other things.

Great and growing was the disgust of the Nation—and by and by the parliamentary difficulties came to a head. The celebrated vote of the Commons on Jamaica was given—and the Ministers resigned. The game then was up. Not so—not quite yet. Sir Robert Peel was sent for; and the Sovereign would not dismiss her bedchamber corps, but, young and inexperienced as she then was, and worked upon underhand by intrigues of a disgraceful nature, was induced to gratify her illegal guides by announcing it as a *sine quâ non* that, while the husbands and brothers were in opposition to the proposed Government, the sisters and nieces should form the royal society. This was decisive with Sir Robert, and he declined office on such terms. Then how came Lord Melbourne to keep it? Oh! said all the Whigs, because we must stand by the Queen! The Lords are against us; the Commons are against us; the country is against us, for we dare not think of dissolving; all principle and all precedent require us as honest men, but above all as Whigs, to relinquish office in such circumstances, and when utterly without the power to carry one single measure—but the Queen is gracious, and we must not think of deserting her. In other words: We cannot look the horrid spectacle

spectacle of lost place and patronage, frustrated jobs and ruined hopes, in the face; we will and we must, at all hazards cling by our places, and clasp them to our bosoms, and give our character and our principles to the winds. This last trick was a desperate one; but it has succeeded for the moment—let us rub on, and hope that when the pinch comes again we may have equal luck.

Whoever knew the personal boldness and frank temper of Lord Melbourne must have been astounded to see him give in to such a line of action as he now followed. In public he was silent; in private he never denied the motive which had induced him to do such things as a few years before he would have shuddered to contemplate. For office he cared somewhat himself; as he once, with an unexampled candour, declared, he loved the excitement of it. But no man could more easily have given up such an enjoyment; to none would the sacrifice personally have cost less. He was fond of easy society, fond of books, naturally indolent, a highly accomplished and most amiable epicurean: he was by that time very wealthy—he had enough to fall back upon. It was far otherwise when he had to face his friends and followers. Let us at once confess the truth for him, which he not rarely did for himself (peradventure *against* himself)—he could not stand the loud and furious roar which would have shook not only Brookers's but Whitehall, the instant that his throwing up the Government should have blasted all their hopes. And let it not be imagined that he did not perfectly understand the pure selfishness of those people—or that he was for a moment deceived as to their real feelings towards himself. He well remembered how they had used to dislike him (but that is a feeble word for the thing); how bitterly they resented his *supposed* junction with Mr. Canning, but real abandonment of the Opposition, at a time when it could ill afford the loss of such a bright ornament; he well remembered their unmeasured attacks on him, both in Parliament and through the press, for his joining Lord Castlereagh on the Manchester riots, and afterwards for his taking office under the Duke as Irish Secretary. He had not forgotten the bitterness of their hatred, the spite of their vengeance, the ostentatious proclamation of their incurable distrust of him. Nor had he been unaware that such cordial feelings continued up to the formation of the Government in 1830—nay, long after that event; for he was, of all the Grey cabinet, the man in least favour with '*the Party*' during the first three years of its existence. All the advantages they derived from him; his clever and dexterous administration of the Home Department at a season of grievous intestine disorder—(a dexterity including no participation in, no knowledge of, certain manœuvres since brought home to some of those acting

under him, and assumed by the poor blind Radicals to have had his personal sanction).—his admirable conduct in debate; his high sense of public and personal honour on almost all occasions; his noble exterior and captivating manners; the tact and the fine sense which shone through every speech he made; the favour he enjoyed of his most estimable colleagues, as well as of the House he adorned;—all were vain as appeals to the Whigs. Their prejudices were deeply rooted; they could never trust one who had left off their colours; they could never bear one whom they could even call a Whig; they could never forgive him their own abuse of him for so many years. But, all at once, another spirit possessed them, and in June, 1834, he becoming Premier when Lord Grey retired, the man of their hatred became the man of their heart; and a more perfectly submissive crew, nay, a more admiring, confiding, esteeming, respecting, adoring set of followers, no chief of a party ever had than Lord Melbourne had in all good Whigs of either House or of neither House, in Church and in State, in town and in country. This devotion to him continued while he was their chief, that is, while he could keep them in office; but he, aware of its groundwork, estimated the obsequiousness at its just value. If he had allowed himself to be at all blinded, various circumstances attending a certain scene in Westminster Hall, when it was felt that his fate hung on the verdict of a jury, must have removed the bandage—on that day it was clearly shown how little the Whigs cared for the distress of the man—how entirely their thoughts and feelings were engrossed by the peril of the party—whose fate, they saw, hung upon him. Most plainly had it been manifested by how slight a tenure he held their allegiance, how suddenly the bond would be snapped which bound them to him—and he had not courage to snap it.

This is, and we believe he never denied it, the true cause of his submitting, in 1839, to remain in office. He durst not face the storm of the Whig indignation which would have burst on his head had he, by acting as he ought, incurred a retirement fatal to them. Having once got into this bad habit of sacrificing strict principle to personal feeling, though of no sordid or even selfish kind, he went on so to the last. Such are uniformly the consequences of departure from the right and the straight path, by whatever self-deceptions it may be glossed over, by whatever amiable feelings it may be extenuated! In 1841 he never ought to have dissolved the Parliament, because he and his whole Government well knew that he must be left in a minority, and therefore that his dissolution could have but the one unconstitutional object of increasing the force of the opposition to the new Ministers, their successors. But he yielded again, in spite of his better judgment and

and sounder principles, to the clamour and the threats of his followers. One had a job in view, which six weeks would enable him to clutch; another had an honour to obtain which that period of office would give him a fair chance of possessing; all had seats to defend which they could far more easily keep if their party were in office at the general election. So the fear of facing Brookes's and the party indignation once more kept him from discharging his duty both to his sovereign and his country. The furious appetite of the Whigs for place seemed to grow with what it fed on. The bitter taste of opposition seemed to terrify them more, the longer their palates had been trained to the sweets of government. All regard for principle of any kind was now lost in the dread of retiring from place. Nay, there are those who affirm, with a confidence that hardly can result from mere conjecture, that some persons of no mean mark and station, exercising no little influence on their proceedings, were mainly actuated by the calculation, somewhat more accurate than noble, of the difference between their salary for seven or eight weeks when in office and their pensionary allowance when displaced. Such, however, was the result, and such were the feelings of Whigs debauched by so many years of enjoyment of place.

Their history since those days is only a repetition of the same scenes. Sir Robert Peel chose to throw away the whole game, and destroy for the present the party of the Conservatives. His fault, in the eyes of the high Tories, was, that he had again taken a leaf out of the Whig book—he had become a Free-trader. The Whigs saw their way to power—they joined their bitter and scornful enemies the high Tories, and joined them in opposing a measure which they themselves approved of and even planned. What of that? The junction would displace Sir Robert Peel. The Tories were against him merely because he had adopted the course most applauded by the Whigs. What of that? His overthrow for adopting Whig measures would bring Whigs into office again,—and that was enough for them.

A distinguished literary ornament of their party, in his famous letter to the Edinburgh Snuffman a few years ago, said, that nothing could do any good as to Ireland unless the Irish Priests were paid—but that nobody but a madman would dream of proposing that measure. We have here the materials for a complete Whig definition of insanity. That conduct is sane, whatever else it may be, that tends to keep Whigs in office. That Whig is merely mad who for a moment thinks of seriously proposing any measure, however, in his eyes, clearly beneficial to the British Empire, which might, could, would, or should cost the Whigs a retreat from Downing Street. No conclusion could have

been more logical—no avowal more candid. Was this popular oracle somewhat too plain for the taste of the inner conclave of Olympus—the *dii majorum gentium*? There were other things in the same utterance that could hardly have been very digestible, but on them we should be ashamed to comment.

Since their return to their paradise they have become absolutely insignificant. They have lost every vestige of popularity; their adherents are heartily ashamed of them; the country is heartily sick of them; they have not strength to carry a single measure without the help of the men they have by their place-hunting intrigues ejected from power; one Secretary is fast ridding us of our Colonies—another has already rid England of her high place and authority as the standing guardian of law and right among Foreign Nations;—and they drag out a despicable and, we believe, a wretched existence, only suffered to linger on in official life because the quarrel of the Conservatives among themselves prevents any one from now taking the Government, as no one will consent to take it, like the Whigs, upon the terms of having office without power.

ART. V.—1. *Speech of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., delivered on Friday, July 6th, 1849, on the State of the Nation.* London, 1849.

2. *Two Letters to the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, M.P., on the Balance of Trade ascertained from the Market Value of all Articles Imported as compared with the Market Value of all Articles Exported during the last Four Years.* By C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P. London, 1849.

3. *Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined.* By a Barrister. London, 1849.

4. *Report of the Proceedings and Speeches at the Public Meeting of the National Association held at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, London, on Tuesday the 26th of June, 1849.* London, 1849.

M. THIERS has atoned for many of his literary and political transgressions by a recent essay, 'De la Propriété,' in the outset of which he pathetically laments that the spread of 'false science' should have rendered it necessary, for the security of the social fabric from the assaults of Communism, that even the most self-evident of moral truths should be vindicated by formal demonstration;—a process which he designates as alike difficult and irksome. We have happily in this country not yet advanced quite

quite so far on the road to ruin. But if in France the ascendancy of a shallow philosophy has rendered it necessary that the *rights* of property should be vindicated against the pretensions of an anarchical democracy, it is scarcely less requisite that in England *property itself* should be vigorously defended against the insidious approaches of that same 'false science' which is gradually sapping the foundations of national prosperity. In this spirited performance M. Thiers relied for the success which we hope and trust he has achieved, on an appeal to the common sense of his countrymen from the theories of Communism. We too would appeal to the sober sense of our own less volatile countrymen, from the delusive theories advanced under the appellation of 'Free Trade.' And we must begin with saying that, though we shall use this phrase in the following pages, we take it simply as a conventional one, which it would be inconvenient to discard, but consider its employment in conjunction with our present system of commerce as in fact a philological petty larceny. It may serve a party purpose to play on popular ignorance by designating Free Imports as 'Free Trade,' but the system has no greater affinity to a comprehensive and liberal commercial policy, than have the doctrines of Ledru Rollin to a just and equitable distribution of national wealth.

It is as a branch of the science of political economy that Free Trade advances its claims; and it is on the conclusions deduced by legislators from the received dogmas of that science, that the important changes made of late years in our commercial system have been entirely founded. In examining, therefore, the policy of those changes, it is obviously necessary that we should first test the soundness of the assumed principles on which legislation has proceeded—in other words, that we should satisfy ourselves that political economy as propounded by modern authorities affords a safe standard for the guidance of the commercial statesman. If we should find those authorities concurrent on all leading points of the science they profess, great deference will be *primâ facie* due to their opinions. If the propositions they advance as axioms be, as all real axioms must be, self-evident, natural, incontrovertible, then will our task be restricted to ascertaining whether specific changes have or have not been made in accordance with these obvious truths. But if it should appear that not only are the most eminent professors of the science at issue on some of its elementary and most important propositions, but that on the same question the same writer may frequently be detected in opposite and irreconcilable conclusions—and if it should further appear that many of the dogmas put forward as axioms are merely arbitrary assumptions—then may we unhesitatingly reject the

the claim for blind submission, and proceed to the investigation of the several measures which so deeply interest us, guided by the light of common sense alone, through the processes of a practical instead of an abstract research.

Although we avow our conviction that a large portion of the authority on which Free-traders have been accustomed to rely with undoubting faith is of this latter description, it must not be supposed that we agree with the able and accomplished author of the 'Sophisms,' who pronounces that Political Economy 'will be a science, but is not one yet.' Political economy in our judgment is already a science—though a very young one; it is a science, too, in which not only have many valuable truths been elicited and established, but much has been done to facilitate the future progress of philosophical inquiry. It is not, therefore, with the science, but with its modern professors, that we quarrel. It is of their arrogant spirit that we complain—of the insufferable presumption with which they advance their dogmas as incontrovertible truths; and, more than all, of the blind and reckless improvidence with which, when invested with the power of statesmen, they carry untried and empirical theories into practical application. It is observed by Mr. M'Culloch, one of the most distinguished of their own number, in reference to certain alleged 'inconsistencies and contradictions' which he assumes to have detected in the 'Wealth of Nations' itself, that 'these errors show in the strongest manner the absolute necessity of advancing with extreme caution, and of subjecting every theory, however plausible and ingenious it may appear when first stated, to a severe and patient examination.' How far this rule has been adhered to by the whole school of political economists and economical statesmen, it is now our task to inquire.

Although Political Economy had been incidentally treated by many writers of eminence, it was not till the appearance of Adam Smith's 'immortal work,' as Garnier terms the 'Wealth of Nations,' that it was presented to the world in a clear and systematic form. From the merit of that book, and the claims of Smith as the father of the science, it is neither our intention nor our wish to derogate. But, as the best mode of reducing within just dimensions the authority of a science for which, though still in its infancy, its professors are accustomed to claim infallibility, it may be well to contrast some of the most important of Smith's propositions with the recorded opinions of many of his most influential successors, themselves his eulogists.

To begin with the elementary question of rent. Smith, affirming that 'Rent enters into the composition of the price of commodities,' treats it as a *cause* of price. M'Culloch, asserting that

that 'Rent cannot affect the price of commodities,' regards it as *an effect*.* On employment of capital in agriculture Smith remarks, 'Of all the ways in which capital can be employed, it is by far the most advantageous to the society.' M'Culloch's comment on this opinion is as follows:—'This is perhaps the most objectionable passage in the *Wealth of Nations*, and it is really astonishing how so acute and sagacious a reasoner as Dr. Smith could have maintained a doctrine so manifestly erroneous.' Again, Smith says the competition of capitals causes a 'sinking of profits.' M'Culloch boldly replies that, although this theory was espoused by Say, Sismondi, Garnier, and, with some trifling modifications, by Malthus, it is easy to see 'that the principle of competition could never be productive of a fall in profits.' Smith's distinctions between the labour of different classes of society he designates as 'fallacies;' his reasonings as proceeding 'on a false hypothesis;' and on Smith's opinions as to the effect on a workman of constant occupation in a manufactory, with little of filial reverence it must be confessed, he declares that 'nothing can be more marvellously incorrect than these representations.' We could multiply to an extent almost indefinite instances of contradiction of Smith's authority not only by M'Culloch, but by Ricardo, Malthus, and other leading economists; but it is unnecessary. We must not, however, omit two of these instances, not only on account of their direct bearing on the subject of our immediate inquiry, but because, if the authority of the Father of Political Economy on these be admitted, sentence will be at once passed on the whole course of policy pursued of late by Parliament.

The great social question which at this moment agitates the public mind,—sets interests, individuals, masses, in antagonistic array, and is beyond all doubt fraught in its decision with consequences the most tremendous,—is the relative advantage to this community of domestic and foreign trade. To the solution of that question, the acute mind of Smith was naturally directed; and his opinion, reached by a chain of lucid reasoning, is clear, unequivocal, decisive. In his Second Book, chap. v., he says—

'The capital which is employed in purchasing in one part of the country in order to sell in another the produce of the industry of that country, generally replaces by every such operation two distinct capitals. The capital which sends Scotch manufactures to London and brings back English corn and manufactures to Edinburgh, necessarily replaces by every such operation two *British* capitals, which had both been employed in the agriculture or manufactures of *Great Britain*. The capital which is employed in purchasing foreign goods for home

* 'Principles of Political Economy.'

consumption, when this purchase is made with the produce of domestic industry, replaces likewise, by every such operation, two distinct capitals; *but one of them only is employed in supporting domestic industry.* The capital which sends British goods to Portugal, and brings back Portuguese goods to Great Britain, replaces by every such operation only one British capital—the other is a Portuguese one. Though, therefore, the returns of the foreign trade should be as quick as those of the home trade, the capital employed in it will give but half the encouragement to the industry or productive labour of the country. But the returns of the foreign trade are very seldom so quick as those of the home trade. A capital employed in the home trade will sometimes make twelve operations, or be sent out and returned twelve times, before a capital employed in the foreign trade has made one. *If the capitals are equal therefore, the one will give four-and-twenty times more encouragement and support to the industry of the country than the other.*

We shall recur by and bye to this remarkable text. At present we cite it only in maintenance of our position, that political economists are at issue on the fundamental doctrines of their science. They have not yet settled its principles. They have no right therefore to insist on its authority. This masterly exposition of the reasons for preferring domestic trade to foreign commerce is fatal to the theories of Free Trade economists. By all these it is therefore repudiated, though by none has it been refuted. Ricardo attempted a reply, but miserably failed. M'Culloch says that the question admits of no satisfactory solution. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in a work entitled 'Commerce,' after reiterating M'Culloch's declaration by saying that 'it is a question that does not *perhaps* admit of any very satisfactory reply,' attempts that reply by a reiteration of Ricardo's abortive reasoning, already condemned by anticipation. In short, by the whole school of theoretic economists and statesmen it is rejected. Sir Robert Peel himself has never grappled with it, for he knew he must fail; and failing, how could he have defended the repeal of the Corn Laws? Smith's doctrine on this question remains unshaken and triumphant; a standing reproach to arrogant and inconsistent theorists, and a lasting vindication of the cause of truth, and the principle of *protection*.

But the other instance to which we have now to refer is, if possible, even more conclusive. In his Fourth Book, chap. ii., after reasoning against all restraints on importation, Smith notes, as an exception to his general rule, that 'when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country, it will be advantageous to lay some burden upon the foreign for the encouragement of domestic industry.' He thus proceeds:—

The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon

upon the number of its sailors and shipping. The Act of Navigation therefore very properly endeavours to give the sailors and shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of their own country, in some cases by absolute prohibitions, and in others by heavy burdens upon the shipping of foreign countries.'

And then, after describing in detail the several provisions of the Act, and admitting that it is not favourable to foreign commerce, he winds up his commentary in these memorable words:—

'As defence, however, is of much more importance than opulence, the Act of Navigation is perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England.'

This celebrated passage is so diametrically opposed to all the contending theories of the more recent school of economists, that, as might be expected, it has been assailed by most of them as a heresy tainting the orthodoxy of Smith's work—but it has never been fairly met by argument proving it to be an error. Entrenched, consequently, behind his authority, and strong in the sympathy and attachment of the British people, the Navigation Laws were the last to withstand the levelling doctrines of the Free-traders. But our Whig rulers, with whom nothing is sacred but place and power, quoting Adam Smith's general doctrine as authority, but disregarding that authority in this his special exception—deaf, though assuming to base their administration on popular principles, to the deeply expressed voice of the people—reckless of danger—regardless of evidence—impervious to reasoning—the Whig Government has not scrupled to sacrifice this last 'rag of protection,' as they insultingly termed 'the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,' to the insatiate Moloch they so blindly worship—and have repealed the Navigation Laws in obedience to the miserable faction that still prolongs for a brief period their ignoble political existence—repealed it, too, by means and by influences so unusual and objectionable that we scarcely dare trust ourselves to advert to them. But we must not dwell on this subject—our citation of the case just referred to being intended to illustrate the inconsistency of the economists rather than to discuss the merits of the particular question.

We cannot more fitly close our references to Adam Smith than by bringing forward a criticism on some of the main theories of his work, by one whose respectability will not, we imagine, be impeached by any free-trader. That critic is Francis Horner, a man pre-eminently qualified to form an opinion on any abstract question to which his attention was directed, and in political sentiments an exalted liberal. He was one of the first contributors to the 'Edinburgh Review,' which had just then appeared,
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and was engaged in the systematic study of political economy when, in August, 1803, he thus wrote to his friend Mr. Thomson:—

‘An indirect application was made to me to furnish a set of notes for a new edition of Smith’s *Wealth of Nations*: this, of course, I declined, because I have other things to attend to. Even if I had been prepared for such an undertaking, which I certainly am not yet, I should be *reluctant to expose Smith’s errors before his work has operated its full effect*. We owe much at present to the superstitious worship of Smith’s name; and we must not impair that feeling till the victory is more complete. Until we can give a correct and precise theory of the nature and origin of wealth, *his popular, and plausible, and loose hypothesis is as good for the vulgar as any other*.’—*Life of Horner*, i. 229.

Alas, what a revelation! The high-minded and conscientious Horner declining to expose error till it has produced its full effect, and encouraging a plausible and loose hypothesis to deceive the vulgar!

Tempting as is the occasion, we can only afford a rapid glance at the contradictions of other scarcely less celebrated masters. Thus Malthus has defined political economy as ‘the science which treats of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth:’ again defining wealth as ‘identical with those material objects which are necessary, useful, and agreeable to man.’ Mr. M’Culloch, however, informs the world that ‘this definition is essentially defective.’ The same author, indeed, admits in express terms the very point we are engaged in proving, for he states that ‘the differences that have subsisted among the most eminent professors of political economy have proved excessively unfavourable to its progress, and have generated a disposition to distrust its best established conclusions.’ Of course they have. But did Mr. M’Culloch never distrust his own? And on what ground is he entitled to expect faith in a science, on the doctrines and even the definitions of which he admits that its most eminent professors are not agreed? Mr. M’Culloch had no occasion to have gone far for proof of the inconsistencies he laments. At page 52 of his ‘*Principles of Political Economy*,’ he distinctly states that Adam Smith ‘placed the *fundamental principles* on which the production of wealth depends beyond the reach of cavil or dispute.’ Yet, at page 55, when examining those very principles, and criticising some of the distinctions drawn by Smith between the comparative advantageousness of different employments, he does not scruple to say, ‘It is clear, however, that all these distinctions are *fundamentally erroneous*.’ The same author differs with Mr. Malthus as to the effects on capital and labour from the change of one employment for another; with
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Mr. Ricardo, as to the effect on labour of the introduction of machinery; with 'some political economists of considerable eminence' as to the effect of supply and demand on exchangeable values; and with 'almost all' on the true definition of Capital. He considers that the political economist 'has to deal with the passions and propensities which actuate the great bulk of the human race;' while Mr. Mill affirms that he is only concerned with such of the phenomena of the social state as 'take place in consequence of the pursuit of wealth, and makes entire abstraction of every other human passion or motive.*' By one doctor political economy is considered a science; by another an art. On its definitions we have seen how widely they differ. On Value, Capital, Rent, Stock, Profit—of what they are severally constituted—how they are affected by varying circumstances—how the modifications of which they are susceptible bear on the conditions respectively assigned to them—in short, on almost every question within the range of their study their opinions are vague and confused, or contradictory and irreconcilable. There is, therefore, no pretence for treating political economy as an exact science. It is as yet little more than a speculative one, and that in an incipient state. An admission of Mr. Mill, one of the most philosophical and candid of the modern school of economists, is not to be overlooked. 'Political economy,' he says, 'reasons from assumed premises—from premises which might be totally without foundation in fact, and which are not pretended to be universally in accordance with it.' Our complaint is, that they *are* pretended to be indisputably accordant with fact. How many pernicious changes should we have been spared if all economic statesmen had been equally ingenuous with Mr. Mill!

We have already made a long preface; yet, before proceeding to the practical investigation which we have proposed, we are irresistibly tempted to say a few words on the unsound and un-Christian social philosophy which, with indefatigable zeal, the professors of this science have for many years been labouring to establish.

Who has not heard of the theory of Malthus as to the effect of absentee expenditure on national interests? Great was the joy of landowners squandering in reckless profusion at Paris or at Rome the rich revenues of their Irish estates, at finding it contended by learned philosophers that, by abstracting from their native land the produce of the gifts which a bountiful Providence and the toil of a wretched people placed at their disposal, they were contributing as much to the wealth and prosperity of their

* 'Principles of Political Economy'

country as if residing on their properties and fulfilling those obligations which, even if attended with personal sacrifice, duty to God and man alike demand at their hands. But the fallacy was so gross that its very absurdity defeated it, and we have little fear that it will ever be practically revived, notwithstanding many ominous indications that the economical school still regard it with a favourable eye.

The legal claim of the destitute poor to relief has, however, constituted a more inviting subject for assault; and it has, accordingly, from the period at which Economical doctrines were first placed in the ascendant in high places, been the constant object of open or covert attack. Of the whole range of questions in which the well-being of the people is involved, we may safely say that none equals this in intrinsic importance. To subvert the principle of the claim recognized by our statutes from the days of Elizabeth would be the crowning triumph of destructive social philosophy—as the establishment of Free Trade is that of destructive commercial philosophy. The attempt was accordingly made with ability and vigour in the Report of the Commission of philosophers, on which the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1835 was founded. But the abstract doctrines enunciated in that production were too much opposed to public feeling to be tolerated, or to be carried with safety into practice. The document itself was consequently modified; the enactment to which it gave rise further humanised those principles in its progress through Parliament—and defective, and in many respects harsh, as were its regulations, a Parliamentary recognition of the right of the destitute poor to relief was again solemnly declared. Succeeding amendments have further softened its provisions, and public opinion has forced on those to whom its execution was intrusted a more humane administration than accords with the stern theories of its devisers. Accordingly, again is their restless energy at work—again is the repulsive doctrine of the *preventive check* advocated under a different form. Again are the principles and the intentions of the friends of the poor libelled by lofty assertions that ‘the Poor Law assumes as its axiomatic foundation that the idle have a right to share the earnings of the industrious, provided only that their idleness shall have brought them to destitution;’ and that, ‘the laws of nature having decreed that idleness and improvidence shall incur destitution, we assume to ourselves a dispensing power, and pronounce that they shall *not* incur destitution.’ To such charges we disdain for ourselves to give other reply than a distinct and unequivocal declaration that they are untrue. But we avow with equal plainness, that in direct opposition to these oracles, we do regard ‘the abstract right of the destitute poor to well-regulated

regulated assistance from the funds of the rich, as an absolute claim.' We broadly deny that their 'naked demand' to be saved from the 'infliction of a most painful death' by a scanty contribution from realized wealth, is 'simple, undisguised communism.' We protest against the doctrine of 'effacing destitution by the natural operation of unchecked economic laws.' We have not forgotten the efforts formerly made to enforce the cold and cruel economic dogma, that all assistance rendered by man to his fellow man, as having a tendency to destroy the principle of independent self-reliance, is a pernicious, however amiable weakness, and ought therefore to be discouraged. We remember the universal feeling of indignant reprobation with which the sentiment was met, and we solemnly warn the sages of Liberalism against the danger of again avowing that feeling, by stigmatizing the desire to mitigate destitution as the product of 'morbid softness and false philosophy.' We tell our Edinburgh Reviewers* that these are not times in which an attempt to refuse to the poor the claims which humanity prescribes and the law allows, can be made without endangering the security of property and the peace of society. We perceive clearly their aim, and we perceive also that, if permitted even to engage in the experiment, they will peril a convulsion more fearful than communism has yet effected or philosophy dreamed of. Their views, gloss them over as they will, are opposed not only to Christian principle and to human sympathy, but also to social interests; and they may be well assured that the British people will never permit them to be carried out in practical legislation. The principle of compulsory provision for the destitute poor under just and prudent regulation, will not, without a fierce and awful struggle, be expunged from our Statute Book. But we must return from this digression and hasten onwards with our subject.

On Free Trade in the abstract we can scarcely flatter ourselves that we can advance much that is new. Trade is defined by Johnson as 'the exchange of goods for other goods, or for money.' It necessarily therefore supposes two parties. And 'Free Trade,' as an abstract idea, can only be conceived as a system of exchanges in which each party is at perfect liberty to seek his own interest in his own way, unfettered by any restriction, disability, or forcible interference whatever. Such accordingly—subject only to such restraints as the laws of morality require for the protection of the honest dealer, or the necessities of the state demand for the public good—may be said to be the practical freedom of trade existing in the interchanges between the several members of every com-

* See Edin. Rev. for October, 1849, Art. on 'Unsound Social Philosophy,' pp. 505-507, &c. &c.

munity, or their home trade; nor can it be denied, that such freedom is indispensable to the success of internal commerce, and the general prosperity of every people. Seizing on this admission, the advocates of Free Trade at once insist that it must have similar results when adopted between the different sections of the great community of nations. The argument is specious—but it is no more. First, the attempted parallel omits all reference to an elementary distinction which is of itself sufficient to vitiate the conclusion. Every individual in each separate nation is on an equal footing; all are exempt alike from burthen or restriction, or all are subject alike to disability or restraint. In the utmost freedom therefore of internal exchanges no individual has any artificial advantage over another. But in the intercourse between different nations this similarity is wholly wanting. In the several communities composing what is termed the family of nations, every conceivable variety of position may be found. The physical condition of the people, their political arrangements, the greater or smaller pressure of taxes, the abundance or deficiency of capital, and a variety of other circumstances open to differences almost indefinite, may give to the one party a preponderance of advantage which, under a system of literally free exchange, would ensure to that party success, to the other inevitable failure. Secondly, it is assumed that in the unrestricted intercourse of internal trade every individual or section of the separate community actually prospers by this freedom. But is the fact accordant with the assumption? Does not the experience of every day teach that in the commercial dealings of individuals of the same community one man prospers while another fails; one town rises in importance while another declines? Thirdly, as to the grand inference drawn from the assumed fact, we do not wish to narrow the ground by what we have just been saying. Let it be admitted, then, that, whatever may be the individual or the sectional losses from the fluctuations of internal trade, they need not affect the general prosperity of the community. But let British merchants, as a class, decline, and those of Holland engross their transactions. Let the silk-trade of Spitalfields, instead of being removed to Macclesfield, be transferred to Lyons—or Rotterdam instead of Liverpool become the seat of the colonial trade of Bristol; and will it be for a moment pretended that France and Holland would not gain, and Britain equivalently lose, by such changes as these? If all the countries of the globe were actually, or were ready to become, constituent portions of one and the same great family, the theory of the Free-traders might seem plausible; although as Englishmen it might even then be natural that we should inquire whether, under such novel arrangements, our

our own country would continue to occupy the important position she has attained under a contrary system. But the plain truth is, that the whole analogy is forged and unnatural. By treating the human race as one great family, we are not following, but departing from, the apparent design of Providence as indicated in the dispensations which everywhere present themselves to our observation. In these we are totally unable to discover any trace of this ideal incorporation. Separated by natural and defined boundaries; differing even in physical organization; inhabiting portions of the earth's surface varying in temperature, from the fervid heat of the torrid zone to the almost unendurable cold of the arctic regions; above all, actually unintelligible to each other by variety of language;—the Deity seems to have stamped on the features of nature and of humanity, in unmistakable characters, that nations shall remain separate and distinct, each pursuing, under the restraint only of moral obligations and just laws, its own separate interests; and thus, in beautiful harmony with the similar arrangements among individuals of the same nation, each, however unconsciously, contributing to that general good which is but the aggregate of the separate good of its parts. We consider ourselves, therefore, entitled to repudiate at once and entirely the whole cosmopolitan theory which, in its nature arbitrary and insusceptible of proof, could only in its further examination lead to speculative discussion; and we shall thus narrow the argument to the simple question, 'What is the System of Trade under which the prosperity of the *British Empire* will be most effectually promoted?' Is it the policy of Free Trade, or that of Protection?

We believe that by following a strictly inductive process of reasoning we could successfully establish the latter conclusion, with all its corollaries; but our limits forbid such an attempt—and, moreover, we must remember that we are *reviewers*. We must content ourselves with a more desultory process; but we have no doubt that in an impartial examination of the several works before us our readers will find sufficient reason for the opinion we have avowed. In commencing this examination the priority is unquestionably due to the speech of Sir Robert Peel. His station and admitted talents claim precedence, and the nature of the positions advanced, and the reasonings urged in support of his views, in the oration to which he has now by authorized publication given his confirmed and deliberate sanction, fortunately enable us to grapple with the leading arguments by which the system to which he has become a convert is usually defended. We shall not be driven, even by the intensity of our disappointment at his defection, to join the ranks of his personal detractors; but neither can we allow any sympathy for his past services

services to restrain us in the discharge of our duty. Now that his opinions may be cited on both sides of almost every great public question, it is not surprising that their authority should be gone for ever. Henceforth he must be content to submit, in common with men of smaller fame, to the rough ordeal of a scrutiny which, however dispassionate, can hardly be other than distrustful.

The speech was delivered on the 6th of July last, in the debate on a motion 'That the House resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House on the State of the Nation.' We agree with Sir Robert Peel, that the question placed substantially in issue was, the wisdom of the system pursued by Her Majesty's Government in relation to what is termed 'Free Trade,' and we concur in the prudence of his determination not to enter into any of those purely political controversies that might have been raised under the terms of the motion. His performance is marked by the skill which so pre-eminently distinguishes him among the debaters of the time: no one could over-praise its dexterity with reference to the place and the occasion. But, like many of the speeches on which his oratorical fame is founded, it abounds in defects which cannot be concealed from the calm student of the closet by all its dialectical ingenuities and the consummate artifices of its rhetoric. He disclaims declamation, but practises it; assumes all the appearance of frankness while pursuing a train of refined casuistry; evades facts with which he is unable to grapple, and heightens and exaggerates those which seem in any way to favour his argument; he avoids close and consecutive reasoning—and pronounces opinions with an oracular confidence calculated to win for them from the unreflecting and superficial the credit of indisputable truths. These characteristics of the speech render its analysis difficult; but we hope to be enabled to fasten on some of the fundamental principles it evolves, and thence to bring to the test of candid criticism the unspeakably important questions dependent on their truth or error. After a brief and feeble exordium, Sir Robert seizes on an apparently weak point in the preceding speech of Mr. Disraeli, and endeavours to turn his weapon against himself. In referring to the distress that had succeeded the tariff of 1846, that speaker—somewhat incautiously, as we think—contrasted it with the prosperous condition of our home and colonial trades in the year 1845, the period immediately preceding the enactment of the tariff. Now at that period Sir Robert Peel retained the official place he won in 1841, and by declaring that the tariff of 1846 was not the adoption of any new principle, but simply the confirmation of the principle he had introduced in his tariff of 1842, he

he at once afforded himself a fair pretext for vaunting the success of *his* measures in the admitted prosperity of 1845, and laid plausible ground for the inference that the difficulty experienced after the final development of his system in 1846 must have resulted from some other cause than that to which it had just been ascribed. We need hardly observe that the Right Honourable Baronet's self-congratulatory statement is open to large deductions. As respects agriculture, it cannot be denied that, not only when he constructed his tariff of 1842, but down to the last speech he delivered in the session of 1844-5, he maintained the same principle of regulated protection, on the strength of which he ejected the Whigs in 1841. The principle of his main legislation in 1846 was therefore for him a new principle. We have no time to dwell on a point already discussed often enough in these pages. We may add, however, that had his opponent taken a much earlier period for the first term of comparison, Sir Robert Peel would have found it hard indeed to make even a plausible retort.

His next position opens at once one of the leading fallacies of the whole school. Sir Robert states (p. 11) that the *official value* of the articles of consumption imported in 1848 was 32,500,000*l.*; and he then exultingly asks, 'Does any man grudge the import of these articles? What has become of them? They have been imported; they have been paid for; they have been eaten.' And to give point to these questions he adds, 'Has any one had too much? Has there been any case of surfeit? Is the cholera attributable to it?' We entreat the attention of our readers while we endeavour to give an answer which may at least place the value of the questions in a less triumphant point of view. It will be observed that Sir Robert Peel says, that the *official value* of the articles he refers to was 32,500,000*l.* Now no man better knew than Sir Robert that this official value, fixed in 1694 and never since altered, affords no correct index of the actual value of articles. It is discreditable to the Legislature that it is allowed to figure in our public returns. Mr. Porter, in his 'Progress of the Nation,' describes it as 'a fallacy;' and says that 'the sums thus stated must not be supposed to give any accurate exhibition of the value of goods exported and imported.' But of the extent of the errors to which this misnomer leads, few persons have any accurate idea. We have at this moment before us the Finance Account for the year ending 5th of January, 1849—that consequently from which, as we presume, the Right Honourable Baronet's statement was made. Now at page 127 it will be found that the 'total *official* value of the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom exported from Great Britain to foreign parts,

is set down at 132,617,681*l.*; but turning to page 129, where, from the practice of recording both official and real value of Exports, we are fortunately enabled to test the precise degree of credit to be given to the former, we find that the 'Total *real* or declared value of the [same] produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom, exported from Great Britain to Foreign parts,' was no more than 52,849,445*l.*! We have unfortunately no means of arriving at the real value of the Imports, except by estimate, in which the calculations of Mr. Newdegate are adapted to afford most valuable assistance; but—if the difference between official and real value were the same on imports as on exports, Sir Robert Peel's 32,500,000*l.* worth of eatables and drinkables would be at once reduced to little more than 13,000,000*l.* This reduction, we believe, would exceed the fact, but it is undeniable that the official value is a fallacy and an exaggeration. But this is not all. By Parliamentary Account No. 68, relating to 'Trade and Navigation,' it will be perceived that of 57,061,431 lbs. of coffee imported in 1848, only 37,106,292 lbs. were taken for home consumption; of 6,994,576 qrs. of corn of all sorts, only 5,893,308 qrs.; of 5,913 cwts. of cured fish, but 2,758 cwts.; of 9,655,963 gallons of spirits, only 4,619,737 gallons; of 6,871,468 cwts. of sugar, 6,162,621 cwts.; of 35,986,471 lbs. of tobacco and snuff, 27,267,407 lbs.; and of 7,536,290 gallons of wine, only 6,368,909 gallons: yet the *aggregate imports* are those quoted and reasoned on! We confess that we could not dissemble our astonishment when these facts were brought under our observation, and we are persuaded the public will participate in our surprise. But what are we to say of Sir Robert Peel and his argument? We cannot suspect him of wilful misrepresentation; but what are we to think of the experienced statesman who could, however unintentionally, allow himself to become the medium for misleading Parliament and the people by such flagrant misstatements? We have now, however, disposed of the question 'What has become of the 32,500,000*l.* worth of eatable and drinkable materials imported?' as well as of the answer, 'They have been imported—they have been paid for—and *they have been eaten.*' Imported they *have* been—paid for they *may have been*—but eaten they *have not* been. We await the rejoinder; merely adding, that as it is apparent that a portion only of these imports has been consumed, and was consequently required by the people, the balance, after deducting the quantity exported, must have remained an incubus on the market, depressing the value of the whole exchangeable produce of the country in a degree far beyond the proportion it bears to the aggregate of that produce.

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We are next carried to 'articles of raw material,' but on these, as no statistics are given, we shall not offer other comment than that of reserving our accordance in the self-landation of Sir Robert Peel at his reduction of duties on them, till the question is settled of the discouragement given to the Colonial production of those articles by the abolition of differential duties in favour of the Colonies. On that question, which Sir Robert Peel would in vain evade, it is impossible for us to enter in this paper. We may, however, be pardoned for expressing our conviction that, if a moderate duty had been retained on foreign-grown cotton, from which that of Colonial growth had been exempted, India would by this time have produced cotton equal in quality to the best sea-island growths of America, and we should not have heard, as we have lately done, of a rise of $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. in the raw material closing mills or compelling them to work short time.

We now reach the third point in Sir Robert Peel's analysis — 'the import of foreign goods partly or wholly manufactured.' He commences by referring to our own vast exports, and asks, 'If this be interference—if it be not a positive addition to the comfort and happiness of those communities with which we deal, where is the delinquent so enormous as Great Britain?' We first answer, that there is no charge of delinquency. For a nation to take from abroad manufactured articles which she can produce even at an additional cost at home, we hope to prove, before we close this Article, is an egregious folly—but it has not yet been alleged to be a crime. Sir Robert Peel may, however, judge how nearly even this innocent Free Trade approaches to delinquency, if he will turn his attention to the 'Correspondence between the Governor-General of India and the East India Company, on the subject of the Dacca weavers.' He will there find it stated, on the authority of the Governor-General, that,—

'some years ago the East India Company annually received of the produce of the looms of India to the amount of 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 pieces of cotton goods. The demand gradually fell, and has now ceased altogether. European skill and machinery have superseded the produce of India. Cotton piece-goods, for ages the staple manufacture of India, seem for ever lost; and the present suffering to numerous classes in India is scarcely to be paralleled in the history of commerce.'

Perhaps this instance may hereafter qualify the opinion that the interference referred to must be 'a positive addition to the comfort and happiness of those communities with which we deal.'

Sir Robert Peel next contrasts the 'official value of exports'—including therein cotton manufactures to the amount of

81,043,599*l.*, the *real* value of which is actually in the very next page explained to be only 16,141,796*l.*, including also coals, alkali, unwrought metals, horns, molasses, oil, salt, sugar, wool, and other natural productions—with the *real value* of foreign manufactured goods imported, which he states at 4,722,000*l.*, but which, by the extracts we have made from the accounts, exceeds 6,000,000*l.*; and of course sneers at the insignificance of the amount of these imports as insufficient to account for the distress. Immediately after, the *official* value of the imports of raw materials to be fabricated by home industry, stated to be 48,400,000*l.*, is as adroitly contrasted with the 4,700,000*l.* *real* value of imported manufactures. Our readers, we imagine, will be little inclined to admit the fairness of Sir Robert Peel's exposition of relative values, when they thus perceive that the article of cotton manufactures, represented as of the enormous value of 81,000,000*l.*, is actually worth only 16,000,000*l.*; and we must consider it as altogether inexcusable that, with access to the financial accounts, in which the *real* value is stated, the monstrous exaggeration of the *official* value should have been quoted, without explanation, in support of his argument. But we must pass rapidly over a variety of tempting opportunities for the exposure of minor errors of fact and fallacies of reasoning—such as that his opponents desired 'the restoration of duties of 40 or 50 per cent.'—and his declaration that, 'owing to the manner in which the accounts of exports and imports are prepared, arguments drawn from that source are exceedingly fallacious!' Such a declaration, following immediately the unhesitating quotation of these very accounts as facts from which he confidently deduced the most positive conclusions, is really astounding: we cannot account for it. We may also remark, in reference to many of his observations on the statements of the Honourable Member for Birmingham respecting manufactures of brass and other metals, that they are open to easy correction, and some of them to direct refutation.

The Right Honourable Baronet, however, now approaches a branch of the subject incomparably the most interesting and important of any within the range of the discussion. Mr. Disraeli had remarked that 'the cotton goods exported in four months of 1849 were 646,000*l.* less in *declared value* than the same quantity of goods exported within the same period in 1848, and therefore the English workman had received 646,000*l.* less for his labour.' To meet this assertion, the reasoner, who at the commencement of his speech had declared that he would 'substitute the plain simple texts of argument for vague declamation,' contents himself with saying, 'I contend that it is erroneous

neous to infer that, *because* there has been a diminution in the *declared value* of exports, the labourers who produce the articles exported suffer any loss.' Now we contend that, however fallacious the *official values* may be (and we have shown them to be utterly untrustworthy), the *declared values* afford a tolerably correct index of the real worth of the articles enumerated; and as the calculation in this case is relative, any trifling discrepancy applying equally to both periods would not affect the conclusion. Unless, therefore, a reduction had taken place in the price of the raw material of the manufacture (which was not the case), or an improvement had been introduced in the process of manufacture (which is not pretended), the diminution in the cost of the article produced must have consisted of a diminished amount paid to the manufacturing labourer. And the assertion of Mr. Disraeli is consequently fully borne out. It is true that, in order to disprove the assertion of diminished payments to the cotton-spinner and weaver, Sir Robert Peel read letters from Chippenham, Nottingham, and Dundee, asserting that the woollen, hosiery, and linen manufacturers in those places were in active employment. But independently of the equivocal value of all such anonymous and irresponsible communications, we have yet to learn how such evidence can be made to bear on an argument strictly confined in its very terms to the *cotton trade*.

Sir Robert next took occasion to introduce, by way of episode we suppose, a stern and magisterial castigation of the Poor Law Commissioners. Those functionaries had presented to Parliament a Report, which tended seriously to impugn a favourite doctrine of the Free-traders—namely, that cheap bread, irrespective of every other consideration, is the greatest blessing that can be conferred on the poor: for this unwelcome Report proved, by reference to the experience of several years, that 'when wheat was low, poor-rates were high; and when wheat was high, poor-rates were low.' To have given publicity to such a fact was, of course, an inexcusable offence; and accordingly Sir Robert Peel does not scruple to depart from his usual placid suavity, and unceremoniously stigmatizes their Report as 'the most foolish document ever presented to the House.' A bold assertion, it must be confessed, to be made to those who are, or should be, accustomed to study the documents laid before Parliament. To prove his charge, he first assails the order of the years to which the return applies, as not being consecutive, alleging that he was startled at finding their seven years of high prices to consist of 1839, 1840, 1841, 1848, 1842, 1847, and 1838, which he terms an 'extraordinary selection.' Any one who patiently considers the document will perceive that the years of high prices were arranged

arranged in the order of their prices *inter se*—the first year stated, 1839, being that of the seven in which the prices were least, the last, 1838, that in which the prices were greatest. We are not of opinion that this was a particularly judicious principle; but it seems singular that it did not occur to Sir Robert that by the simple transposition of the years the appearance of *selection* would have been accounted for, and the succession have been rendered really consecutive—thus, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842; and then, omitting the intervening years, 1847, 1848. All this, however, is very small work. The broad fact, in spite of Sir Robert Peel's rebukes, stands on the face of the Return as follows, the dates only being transposed:—

Seven Years when Price of Wheat was Highest.				Seven Years when Price of Wheat was Lowest.			
Years.	Average Price of Wheat.	Amount levied for Relief of the Poor.	Rate of Maintenance per Head on Population.	Years.	Average Price of Wheat.	Amount levied for Relief of the Poor.	Rate of Maintenance per Head on Population.
	<i>s. d.</i>	£.	<i>s. d.</i>		<i>s. d.</i>	£.	<i>s. d.</i>
1838	55 3	5,186,389	5 5½	1835	44 2	7,373,807	7 7
1839	69 4	5,613,939	5 8½	1836	39 5	6,354,538	6 4½
1840	68 6	6,014,605	5 10½	1837	52 6	5,294,566	5 5
1841	65 3	6,351,828	6 0½	1843	54 4	7,085,575	6 5½
1842	64 0	6,552,890	6 1½	1844	51 5	6,847,205	6 0½
1847	59 0	6,964,825	6 2½	1845	49 2	6,791,006	6 0½
1848	64 6	7,817,430	7 1½	1846	53 3	6,800,623	5 10½
Average	63 8	6,357,435	6 1	..	49 2	6,649,620	6 3

Expended in Relief to the Poor in the 7 years when price of
Wheat was lowest £46,547,310
Ditto in the 7 years when price of Wheat was highest 44,501,906
More expended in 7 years when Wheat was lowest £2,045,434

s. d.
Rate per head of Expenditure on estimated Population when
Wheat was lowest 6 3
Ditto when Wheat was highest. 6 1
More per head when Wheat was lowest 0 2

We regret that we have not space to comment on this remarkable document, for it is pregnant with inference; and we cannot suppress our surprise at finding Sir Robert Peel, after describing it in terms so inconsistent with his usual courtesy, actually talking, in reference to it, of 'the beneficial influence of low prices.' Abandoned to the indiscriminate defence of the doctrines of the school with which he has connected himself, he resolutely determines to maintain 'à l'outrance' that cheapness is the one great blessing,

blessing, in spite of the conviction of his senses that in cycles of years it was coincident with increase of pauperism, greater than was to be found in similar cycles of dearness, which he terms 'the greatest misfortune.' Perhaps when he finds the year 1849 presenting an average price of wheat not exceeding 42s., and an aggregate of poor-rates of above *nine millions*, he may learn, if he will not acknowledge, that for the labouring poor it is more desirable to be enabled, through remunerative prices to the farmer, to be provided with employment, though bread may be somewhat dearer, than to be maintained in the poorhouse on food rendered cheap by the destruction of the sources of their employment.

Passing from this episode, we are at last brought to the main point of the controversy—the discussion of the respective merits of Free Trade and Protection. It is satisfactory to find Sir Robert Peel admitting that 'the question of the principles which are to govern our commercial legislation is the most important that can occupy the attention of Parliament.' It is equally so that he declares his object to be 'the encouragement of domestic industry,' and that, 'unless domestic industry be encouraged, we cannot expect peace, contentment, or prosperity.' The point at issue, then, is not the end, but the means. Glancing at the opinions expressed in both Houses in favour of Protection, he then says:—

'I boldly maintain that the principle of protection to domestic industry, by duties imposed for that purpose, is a vicious principle. I contest the assumption that *you cannot fight hostile tariffs by free imports*. I so totally dissent from that assumption, that I maintain that the best way to contend with hostile tariffs is by free imports. . . . I found my opinion on these grounds. The capital of the country is the fund from which alone the industry of the country can be maintained. The industry of the country will be promoted in proportion as the capital employed in its maintenance shall be increased. *The augmentation of capital must depend on the saving from annual revenue*. If you give, for an article produced at home a greater price than that for which you can obtain a similar article from other countries, there is a proportionate diminution of the saving from annual revenue. By giving for every article more than it is worth, you are exhausting the source from which alone capital can be maintained and augmented.'

Finally, he illustrates this, the very root of the matter, by borrowing and extending the example cited by Adam Smith:—

'Let us suppose the case of two artizans or dealers resident in the same town—a shoemaker and a tailor. The one wants clothes, the other shoes: they think it right to encourage the domestic industry of their own town—to deal with each other, and not with strangers. The shoemaker gives ten shillings to the tailor for a certain quantity of

of clothes, which he could get for seven shillings if he bought them in a neighbouring town. But, by way of compensation, the tailor gives him his custom, and pays ten shillings for shoes which he could buy from a distant shoemaker for seven. Is there not a loss of six shillings to the town in which they live, as the result of this dealing between these tradesmen ?

We have thus given in his own words the whole economical doctrine of Sir Robert Peel, syllogistically arranged and illustrated by an example put in the most intelligible form. We close with his case, his argument, and his illustration. We admit them to embody a fair exposition of the Free Trade theory. We join issue with him on the question as he has stated and argued it. We are not sorry that we can at length demand a verdict on an issue so distinct that from it no subtlety can escape.

We at once concede 'that capital is the fund from which industry can alone be maintained;' to which we add that where, as in this country, population is annually increasing, capital must increase in at least an equal proportion, or the condition of the population will be in a state of progressive deterioration, and in such a state assuredly neither contentment nor security can be found. But a vital omission stamps fallacy on the forefront of the Right Honourable Baronet's doctrine. He assumes that it is only by *saving in expenditure* that capital can be augmented. We utterly deny the justice of the limitation, and maintain that, expenditure remaining the same, capital may be augmented in an infinitely greater degree by *increase of production*. We earnestly invite attention to this distinction. It is the hinge on which all the sophistries of the Free Trade school turn. They keep out of sight the fact that the people are *producers* as well as consumers; and they do not understand, or understanding they conceal, the means by which the productive powers of the people may best be called into action, and through which capital must with certainty keep pace with increasing population, and may advance in a greatly accelerated ratio beyond it.

The fallacy is strikingly exhibited in the illustration borrowed from Adam Smith, but amplified, and we might almost say perverted, by Sir Robert Peel. 'The tailor,' says Smith, 'does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but buys them of the tailor.' This merely exemplifies the advantage of division of employments. Pursuing the illustration, the tailor and the shoemaker are represented by Sir Robert Peel as resident in the same town. 'Anxious to encourage the domestic industry of their town, they resolve 'to deal with each other, and not with strangers.' Each gives to the other, for the quantity of clothes

clothes and shoes each respectively requires, ten shillings, while each could have purchased the same articles in a neighbouring town for seven shillings. 'Now,' triumphantly asks the Right Honourable Baronet, 'is there any encouragement in this to domestic industry?—Is there not a loss of six shillings to the town in which they live, as the result of the dealing between these tradesmen?' We answer unhesitatingly, there *is* in this mutual dealing an encouragement to domestic industry; and there *is not* necessarily any loss to the town in which they live, while there may be a positive gain. Tailoring and shoemaking are in this case pronounced to be much dearer in the town supposed than in the neighbouring locality. The productions of those trades respectively cannot, by the argument, be sold elsewhere. The suspension, therefore, of the demand of his fellow-townsmen for clothes and shoes is fatal to the productive industry of the tailor and the shoemaker, and conversely their resolution 'to deal with each other, and not with strangers'—whether wise or unwise, economically considered, which is not here the question—must, beyond all doubt, afford encouragement to their domestic industry, which would be destroyed without it. Nor is the reply to the second query more difficult. Surely it must be self-evident that, so far as the general interest of the town is concerned, the supposed surplus price paid by the townsmen to each other can in no degree affect that interest. The transaction is simply one of barter—the exchange of a coat for a pair of shoes. How can the effect of this exchange be varied by any variation of price applied alike to both articles? How could the community be either richer or poorer by the charge made for each being ten shillings or five shillings? But take the facts as if occurring in our own country, to which the illustration is intended to apply. Suppose the community of the town A bound to maintain all tailors and shoemakers who, from want of employment, are unable to maintain themselves. Suppose the insatiate thirst for cheapness, blinding these tradesmen to the suicidal folly of destroying their own market, to have prompted them to purchase at the neighbouring town B the articles they had been accustomed to buy from each other. They continue this dealing as long as their independent means last; but each has lost his customer, and, deprived of demand for the produce of his labour, those means daily diminish, and at length fail. Whence is either now to obtain the seven-shilling coat or the seven-shilling shoes? And the community of A—where is now its saving? Has it not lost the whole produce of the industry of both? And has it not, unless other employment can be obtained, incurred the additional burthen of the maintenance of both? And where is other employment

ployment to be sought?—to be hoped for? The argument supposes the town to be dear, in reference to its neighbour, in the proportion of ten to seven, and sale of clothes and shoes elsewhere is consequently impossible. Extend, then, that argument: let it apply to every section, every individual of the community. Dealing together, external prices are immaterial to them—they encourage domestic industry—they flourish. Pursue the phantom cheapness abroad: let them buy from others instead of producing themselves—they languish—they decline—they perish. Before closing our remarks on this oft-quoted illustration, we must not omit to notice the strange, and, we confess, to us unintelligible explanation with which it is concluded. Sir Robert Peel treats the shillings as representing each the labour of an hour; and asserting that it is clear that, by the exchange between the tailor and shoemaker, ten hours will have been devoted to produce that for which seven, as it is proved, would have sufficed, he absolutely asks, ‘Could not each party have procured that for which he gave the labour of ten hours by the labour of seven, and thus have had three hours at his disposal?’ What can the Right Honourable Baronet mean? How could remaining idle ten hours himself, and giving seven hours’ labour to a tradesman in B, have left three hours at the disposal of the tailor or the shoemaker of A?

We have dwelt long on this illustration, but as it really involves the whole principle of the question between Free Trade and Protection, we are tempted still to extend it. The dogma on which the free-traders mainly rely, and by insisting on which they have most successfully promulgated their doctrines, is, that the freest import of foreign productions must, if cheaper than similar domestic productions, be a national benefit, because, as it is certain that no nation will make us a present of its goods, they must be paid for in some other production of the industry of this country. But in this proposition the all-important fact is omitted, that every article produced in a country for the purpose of exchange, necessarily involves another equal value of production for which it is to be exchanged, and on which the support of labour depends. Whether this other value be foreign or domestic is the point on which national benefit or injury turns. The opinion of Adam Smith, quoted at page 151 *ante*, and the unanswerable reasoning on which it is founded, ought to be conclusive of this argument. We entreat our readers again to refer to it. But the paramount importance of a clear understanding on this vital question, as connected with that increase of national capital which it is indispensable should keep pace with increasing population, induces us once more to present it in the form of a new illustration.

Let

Let us suppose that manufactured goods of the value of 1,000,000*l.* are annually produced in Lancashire, to be exchanged for corn of the value of 1,000,000*l.* grown in Lincolnshire: 2,000,000*l.* will of course be employed in this double production; and if the average rate of profit be 10 per cent., 200,000*l.* of aggregate profit will be realised from the production and exchange, which, added to the national stock, will form the additional labour-fund required by the argument. Let us now suppose that, tempted by an apparent saving of 10 per cent. in price, the Lancashire manufacturer imports his corn from France. If the quantity of goods given in exchange for the corn be in the same proportion, the case, so far as the nation is concerned, will then stand thus: 900,000*l.* worth of Lancashire goods will be paid for the French, instead of 1,000,000*l.* worth for the Lincolnshire corn, which latter will no longer be required; 900,000*l.* of English capital will therefore have been profitably employed instead of 2,000,000*l.*—and 90,000*l.*, instead of 200,000*l.*, of profit will have been realised for the requisite addition to the national capital. If equally profitable employment could be found for the 1,100,000*l.* of capital disengaged by this transfer, and the transfer itself could be made without loss, the change from home to foreign trade, though even then useless, would be unattended by any sacrifice of national capital. But is such a result conceivable? Hear Mr. Malthus:—‘In withdrawing capital,’ he says, ‘from one employment, and placing it in another, there is almost always considerable loss.’ This is the theoretic or economic supposition. But we entreat our readers calmly to reflect on the application of such facts to the existing state of this country, bearing in mind that a saving of 100,000*l.* in the purchase of corn has been the inducement to this mighty derangement. First, what might reasonably be calculated as the actual loss attendant on the withdrawal of 1,000,000*l.* invested in agriculture in Lincolnshire, occurring, as it necessarily must, at a period of agricultural depression? Surely it would be moderately estimated at 25 per cent., or 250,000*l.* This would be irrecoverably gone. But take the present moment, and what possible ground can there be for believing that profitable employment could in any channel be found for the remaining 750,000*l.*, and the 100,000*l.* disengaged in Lancashire? Three per cent. Consols are at 97; the regular rate of Bank discount is 2½ per cent.; the coffers of that establishment groan under the weight of 17 millions of gold, in the face of enormous imports; and the first bill-brokers in the world hesitate to allow 1 per cent. for the use of money. There can be no doubt whatever that the whole 1,100,000*l.* displaced, instead of yielding its former profit of 10 per

per cent., would be partly sacrificed and partly remain nearly unproductive; and whence then, we ask, is the fund to be derived for keeping capital in a state of progressive increase sufficient to provide employment for an increasing population? But a result of more immediate and pressing urgency than any effect on capital forces itself on attention. How are the agricultural labourers of Lincolnshire, displaced from employment by the cessation of demand for corn in Lancashire, to be maintained?

We have cited the opinion of a celebrated economist as to the loss consequent on the transfer of capital from one employment to another. Is political economy silent as to the effect of a similar transfer on labour? No. Mr. M'Culloch says that 'if a labourer be forced to change his business, the hardship is not a very material one.' We scarcely dare venture to comment on this summary disposal of one of the most serious questions within the whole range of social philosophy. But picturing to ourselves the dismissal of a large body of agricultural labourers, driven from their accustomed pursuits to seek some unknown exercise for their industry—leaving house and home, family and kindred—desolate, friendless, penniless wanderers—we cannot help asking ourselves how can they be expected to concur in the serene *ex cathedrâ* decision of Mr. M'Culloch?—how can these poor helpless human beings be expected to feel such a hardship 'not a very material one!' And what is their prospect of obtaining the hard boon they seek—permission to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow? Is labour less redundant than capital? Examine the Emigration Returns. See the numbers of our teeming population driven into exile by want of employment, steadily advancing from 57,212 in 1843 to 248,089 in 1848 (*Par. Pap.* of 1849, No. 388). Or take the Poor Law statements. There, in the very document which raised the ire of Sir Robert Peel, because, unlike Hope, it told no 'flattering tale,' trace the onward march of Poor Rates from 5,186,389*l.* at the former, to 7,817,430*l.* at the latter period. Read that no less than 666,338 able-bodied labourers received parochial relief in 1848. In all these facts we at least perceive no chance of finding any new domestic employment in exchange for that which is destroyed by the importation of the produce of foreign labour; and, with the certainty that in 1849 emigration will have advanced to 300,000, and poor-rates to 9,000,000*l.*, exile or the union-workhouse seems the unhappy but inevitable doom of every discharged labourer. What, then, is the conclusion? That to provide employment for now useless capital, and labour for industrious but pining poverty, is the truest policy as it is the most sacred duty. Foreign corn cannot be cheap at any price, while we have (as Mr. Sidney Herbert

Herbert expresses it) 'more capital than we can employ with profit and more people than we can maintain in comfort.' Vivify and render available your dormant capital, by investing it in the improvement of your now half-cultivated soil and the employment of your now idle and pauperised surplus-population, and the produce, cost what it may, is *gain*. Leave capital stagnant, and labour unemployed, and emigration increasing, and poor-rates augmenting, and continue to import the produce of foreign soils, and purchase that produce at what price you may, it is *loss*.

A defence of the 'cheapest market' principle is now introduced by Sir Robert Peel, for the purpose, it appears, of reminding us that it is 'sanctioned by the honoured name of Alexander Baring' as affixed to a petition of the merchants of London in 1820. But is it fair in a speaker avowing respect for that name to cite its authority, now that the grave has closed over Lord Ashburton, in support of a theory against which both the speeches and the writings of his later years had been uniformly and strenuously directed? Was that a style of quotation peculiarly prudent for Sir R. Peel?—Be these things, however, as they may, we do not, after the experience of a quarter of a century, require the authority of any speculative opinion to test the value of a doctrine, the practical application of which has well nigh cost us our Colonial Empire, and is now undermining the prosperity and threatening the stability of every domestic interest.

Sir Robert Peel then proceeds to a laboured defence of his former policy in the reduction of duties, boldly declaring with respect to some of them that there has been in consequence 'no reduction of revenue, an increase of importation, a reduction of price to the consumer, every advantage, and no disadvantage.' It may be scarcely worth while to interfere with this self-gratulation, but we may just remind him that when he proposed to reduce and finally abolish the duty on spermaceti oil, on the alleged necessity for providing the manufacturer with that essential article at a reduced price, he was warned that it was possible he might injure or destroy the British Southern Whale Fishery, without obtaining cheap oil for the consumer. The number of ships engaged in the trade in 1840 was 72; the price of oil for more than forty years preceding, including the period of war, had averaged 84*l.* per imperial tun; the duty on foreign oil was then 29*l.* 15*s.* per tun. The duty is now abrogated; the number of ships is reduced to 16, and the price of oil is 82*l.* per tun. So also the price of fir timber in Dantzic when the duty was 55*s.* per load was 20*s.* per load; the duty is now 15*s.*, and the shipping price in Dantzic for the same timber is 40*s.* We could multiply instances in

in which a great portion or the whole amount of import duties surrendered for the intended benefit of the consumer has been absorbed by foreigners at the cost of the British revenue; but we have not space to pursue the melancholy subject.

The last topic referred to in the speech is the agricultural condition of the country. The depression of that 'great interest' is acknowledged and deplored. But it is contended that, as in 1833, 1834, and 1835, under a system of protection, similar difficulty had existed, which had passed away and been succeeded by agricultural prosperity, the existing distress ought not to be charged on Free-Trade, and will in a similar manner prove but temporary. But the important explanation is omitted that the low price of corn in the years quoted was the result of an unusually abundant supply of home-grown grain, the quantity of which to a great extent compensated the farmer for diminished prices, and that it was protection from the competition of foreign corn which, in succeeding years, afforded him indemnity for whatever losses he had sustained from cheapness in years of plenty. In 1836 it is true that the average price of wheat was 39s. 5d. per quarter; but in 1837 it rose to 52s. 6d., in 1838 to 55s. 3d., and in 1839 to 69s. 4d. But under a system of open ports without protection, markets can never rise considerably *except* under great and general deficiency of quantity. When prices are low and the farmer most requires assistance, he will be pressed down by the weight of foreign importations, which will still further lower them. When deficient supply might afford him compensation in price, the same competition will step in and forbid the rise which would have indemnified him for previous losses.

Sir Robert concludes by ascribing to the repeal of the Corn Laws the defeat of the Chartist demonstration of the preceding April, with precisely as much reason as in a former portion of his argument he had attempted to show that nations ought to adopt the principles of Free Trade by reference to the immutable law of gravitation. His peroration compliments the majority of the assembly he was addressing on the 'sagacious policy' which, at his instigation, they had adopted, and implores them not to barter away the 'glorious heritage' of Free Trade for the 'worthless consideration' of a return to Protection. To that majority the appeal was safely made.

We have been led by the extravagant eulogies of the Free Trade Journals on the speech we have been analysing to extend to such length our examination of its arguments, that we are unable to render the justice we desire to the important letters addressed by Mr. Newdegate to the President of the Board of Trade, and the accompanying body of calculations. We have
already

already had occasion to remark on the inaccurate character of the public Trade>Returns, arising from adherence to the system of what is termed 'official valuation' in the accounts of imports. Of the extent to which persistence in this antiquated absurdity tends to mystify the public, it would be difficult to convey any adequate idea. The values are sometimes enormously above, at others ridiculously below, the market-rate; while, for the purpose of exhibiting quantities—the sole object assigned for the retention of the system—the tables are utterly useless: the solution of these cabalistic characters being only attainable by reference to some key of which the public is entirely ignorant. But Mr. Newdegate's charge against trade returns is by no means confined to official values. He sums up their defects under the following heads:—

1. The omission of the denominations and quantities of many imported articles of considerable value.
2. The absence of information respecting the real or market value of all exported articles.
3. The absence of any means for checking the declared value of exports,
4. The absurdity of adhering to the antiquated official scales for ascertaining the value of imports and exports of foreign and colonial goods.
5. The total absence of returns relative to the importation and exportation of the precious metals.
6. The unnecessary delay in producing the monthly and annual accounts, which frequently renders them useless for immediate purposes.

The arguments adduced by Mr. Newdegate in proof of the indispensable necessity for a prompt and effectual correction of these discreditable defects are unanswerable. Mr. Labouchere may see fit to answer an application for returns to ascertain the balance of trade, by coolly saying that 'it was not worth the expense;' but his unasked reformation of the system ought to have superseded the necessity for such an application being made. Mr. Newdegate justly observes that since the adoption by the Government of the slipshod policy of '*laissez faire*,' and the express repudiation by Lord John Russell, in accordance with that policy, of the supervision and care of industry and commerce, it is due to the people that they should at least be placed in possession of all possible authentic information on commercial facts, that they may have timely notice for the guidance and regulation of their own proceedings.

The balance of trade is one of those '*vexatæ quæstiones*' into which we should scarcely, if even space would allow, be prepared
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at present to enter. The reasonings of Mr. Newdegate are, however, so clear, and the facts by which they are illustrated so striking, that it is impossible they can be treated with neglect. We cannot follow him into all his interesting explanations of the causes of those commercial changes and disasters which the last few years have exhibited. On one most important point, however, we fully agree with him. Whatever the influence of Free Trade has been in producing the difficulties and losses with which the productive interests of the nation have had to contend, there can be no doubt in our judgment that those difficulties have been enormously aggravated by the operation of a system of restricted currency acting concurrently with a system of unrestricted imports. We have abstained, in discussing the latter, from allusion to the question of our monetary laws, not from any doubt either as to its intrinsic importance or its intimate connexion with every subject of trade; but we felt that, by mixing it with our arguments, it might render them more complicated and less intelligible—and we felt also that, if able to establish our conclusions without reference to it, we retained in reserve a powerful argument *à fortiori* in their favour. Mr. Newdegate has rendered good service to the cause of Protection, and we cannot speak too highly both of the composition of his Letters and the tone and spirit in which they are conceived. The calculations appended form a monument of very extraordinary diligence and, we are satisfied, on the whole, of commensurate accuracy. We are indeed enabled to state that before publication they underwent, section by section, the severest scrutiny of some of the most eminent houses in every great department of our commerce.

We have now to offer a few observations on a work which has very recently appeared, but has already attracted no slight share of attention. It is entitled 'Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy Examined.' Rumour has assigned its authorship to an eminent member of the Bar, whose well-earned reputation will not at all events suffer by the report. The preface is in an earnest, truth-seeking spirit, removed alike from dogmatism and servile acquiescence. He treats modern political economy, it is true, without much ceremony, regarding it, as we have before observed, not as at present a science, though destined hereafter to become one. In examining Adam Smith's opinion of the relative values of home and foreign trade, he attaches vital importance to the expression that the home exchange 'replaces capital,' arguing that it means—and that the meaning is just—that—

'The entire price or value of every home-made article constitutes net revenue, net income to British subjects. Not a portion of the value

value, but *the whole value* is resolvable into net income and revenue, maintaining British families and creating or sustaining British markets. Purchase British articles with British articles, and you create two such aggregate values; whereas, on the contrary, the entire value of every foreign article imported is net income to the foreigner, and creates and sustains foreign markets.'—p. 13.

This argument is employed in refutation of the dogma of our Free Traders, that foreign commodities are always paid for by British commodities, and that *therefore* the purchase of foreign commodities encourages British industry as much as the purchase of British commodities. The inference from the author's reasonings is, that in importing foreign produce for cheapness the gain is restricted to the difference of price alone, while the loss extends to the whole value of the domestic article displaced from consumption. Smith's expressions will undoubtedly admit of this construction. Say confirms it to the letter. Our own opinions on it have been already expressed and illustrated. If correct, it overturns the whole system of Free Trade. He next assails the doctrine, 'buy in the cheapest market,' arguing that, so far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, it may be perfectly sound, *provided* every one is fully employed in producing the means of purchase. But, he says,—

'Suppose the foreign market for exports to be limited (as it always is), so that the preparation of exports will not employ the whole community, the case is at once changed. To buy in a cheaper market will still be the *immediate* interest of individuals, but it ceases to be the interest of the community as a whole.'—p. 22.

He then examines the right and duty of governments to interfere in the regulation of matters of trade, showing, among other arguments, that humanity requires that they should, as in the Factory Act; and that this justifiable and indeed necessary interference forbids the application of perfect freedom of trade:—

'Those who by law are bound to treat men *as men*, must not be exposed to unfair competition with those who treat them as slaves and machines.'—p. 51.

But we must not multiply our extracts from this instructive little volume. It is time for us to close our article with a few general observations.

It is the common practice of Free-traders, when the progressive growth of all the great interests of the British community under our old policy is cited, to insist that that success was not *in consequence* but *in spite* of Protection. Yet, with singular inconsistency, when any interest has continued to advance after the application of their experimental doctrines, they at once embrace the 'post hoc propter hoc' argument, and claim, as the

indisputable result of their system, a condition of prosperity which may but afford proof that Protection has laid a foundation so solid and enduring as even to resist the force of their destructive assaults. Some cases however there are in which the connexion of their dogmas with the disaster and ruin that have succeeded their application is so obvious, that the relation between them of cause and effect cannot be escaped. Such are those of our West India and North American Colonies.

Among the recorded instances of excitement pervading an entire nation, few perhaps have exhibited an intensity more remarkable than that of Great Britain in 1833 on the subject of Slavery; nor in the long catalogue of national inconsistencies and follies does any stand more prominent than the subsequent conduct of the same nation on the same subject. At the time of the passing of the Reform Bill the public enthusiasm for the extinction of Slavery was almost without a parallel. Every Non-conformist pulpit resounded with anathemas on the iniquity of 'man making a property of his fellow-man'—every platform re-echoed the sentiment—every hustings presented candidates, the embodiment of philanthropy, whose virtuous indignation against Slavery was their best passport to the suffrages of the enthusiastic constituency. Parliament met; and—amidst the acclamations of the British people, whose honesty of purpose revolted at the proposition to expiate a national sin at private cost—twenty millions were voted as compensation to the planter for the conditional emancipation of the slave; a splendid and unequalled sacrifice on the altar of humanity. We pass over the immediately succeeding scenes of the memorable but melancholy drama; the violation of the conditions by the abolition of the stipulated apprenticeship; the difficulties thrown in the way of supply of labour to the sugar-producing colonies; and the thousand and one impediments by which official impracticability contrived to thwart the expectations of the people, and render nugatory the intentions of the Legislature. But time rolled on—Mammon reared his head—the 'lust of lucre' was thrown into the scale—Free Trade demanded cheap sugar—and justice and humanity kicked the beam. The year 1833 witnessed the British nation, regardless of pecuniary considerations, expending twenty millions for the extinction of Slavery—1849 sees that same nation, for the sake of a miserable saving in the price of a luxury, regardless of the injustice, the impolicy, and the iniquity of admitting slave-grown sugar to consumption, violate her compact, destroy her colonies, and actually stimulate the slave-trade and aggravate its horrors. In 1833 it is computed on trustworthy authority that 76,500 slaves were deported from Africa; in 1847, 84,356. In 1831 the British West India

India colonies produced 4,103,800 cwts. of sugar, while 583,216 cwts. of foreign sugar were imported for re-exportation only. In 1848 the produce of our West Indies was reduced to 2,797,376 cwts.—and 2,051,233 cwts. of foreign slave-grown sugar were imported, all admissible to home consumption. Thus have 100,000,000*l.* of property been utterly sacrificed, miseries to an incalculable extent inflicted, the advancement of the negro in the scale of civilization retarded, and the allegiance of these once flourishing colonies to the British crown more than jeopardized.

Turn we now to North America, and especially to Canada. This 'bright jewel in the British crown' was so lately as 1838 exposed to all the horrors of rebellion from causes not necessary to be here dwelt upon. But the unswerving loyalty of the Anglo-Saxon subjects of Her Majesty, repelling the advances of Republican sympathizers, defeated the attempts of an alien race, and gallantly preserved the integrity of the British Empire. Peace was restored; the promise was given that Canada should be treated as an integral part of the empire; and invigorated enterprise and revived industry gave hope of a prosperous futurity. Again the sordid deity appeared under the aspect of Free Trade—the produce of our Canadian fellow-subjects was in obedience to its mandates placed on the same footing in the markets of Great Britain as the produce of the American farmer or the Polish serf. Difficulty and distress followed closely in the wake of these changes, and again is Canada the scene of discontent and disaffection. But not, as before, from subjects of foreign origin. The British race, exposed to a ruinous competition they are unable to sustain—irritated by practical wrongs, and insulted also by the systematic bearing both of the Colonial Office here and of its provincial deputies—are now ready to break out in open revolt, and to relinquish the sway of Queen Victoria for annexation with the mighty Republic which yearns to absorb them. Twelve months more of the same infatuated policy, and Canada will cease to be a portion of the British Empire, while Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland will speedily follow in her train.

Such are the effects of Free Trade to Britain abroad. Are they, in truth, more promising at home? During the whole period that elapsed between the passing of the Free Trade tariff in 1846 and the close of 1848, official returns and authentic public records bore continued and progressive testimony to increasing imports and diminished exports—to commercial difficulties and to public and private embarrassments, threatening consequences the most alarming to national prosperity and to public tranquillity. But while this disheartening position of

affairs prompted distrust in the policy of the Government, and induced urgent remonstrance and strong but unavailing opposition, an infatuated ministry, backed by a subservient parliament, and upheld by inconsistent and disingenuous support, continually replied by pleading that their great experiment had been interrupted by famine at home and convulsions abroad, and that Free Trade had not yet had a fair trial. We have shown that in the colonies, where neither internal difficulties nor external distraction have impeded its operation, the fair trial has really been given, and has utterly, disastrously, destructively failed. We protest against waiting with our arms folded till similar irretrievable mischief shall have afforded the equally complete proof of its ruinous effects on domestic interests. If that period of trial is only to cease when all Europe shall be restored to permanent tranquillity, when, we ask, are those halcyon days to arrive? Is the political condition of France, of Germany, of Prussia, of Austria, of Italy settled? Is Europe secured from the possibility of a general war? And what a system is this for Great Britain as an independent nation to adopt! a system which is to render her commercial policy dependent on the general tranquillity of an excited world! Vainly does she disclaim intervention in foreign disputes, if thus foreign disputes are to exercise the most sovereign intervention in her own domestic arrangements. Can this be a policy for a reasonable, for a sane people to follow or permit?

But the shallow plea must not avail. The system has already, even in this country, had a fair trial. In 1845, the year preceding Sir Robert Peel's tariff, the exports of British produce and manufactures amounted, in declared value, to 55,308,631*l*. In 1848 they had declined to 48,147,260*l*. We are aware that the recent Monthly Returns of the Board of Trade exhibit a considerable augmentation, and we know that the exultation of the Free-traders at this supposed indication of reviving prosperity is unbounded. We believe that an impartial review of the circumstances of the times and an analysis of the latest Returns may well check their triumph. The exports of 1848 had fallen off from those of the preceding year by no less than 8,269,994*l*. Such a defalcation could not continue without leading to a speedy annihilation of our foreign trade. The diminished supply of the Continental markets, coupled with the interruption of Continental production arising from the convulsed state of Europe, had reduced stocks to the lowest amount, and a temporary revival of demand on the restoration of even comparative tranquillity was consequently inevitable. That demand has, *for the moment*, swelled the amount of our exports. But that it is not destined to be permanent seems already apparent. The value of our exports
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in July and August, 1849, had increased over that of the corresponding months of 1848 by no less than 8,824,495*l*. In the succeeding two months of September and October, the last for which the returns are made up, the increase over that of the corresponding months of 1848 is but 1,786,796*l*. Again, of the total increase of exports during the ten months of 1849, no less than 1,644,143*l*. consists of increase in cotton, linen, silk, and woollen *yarn*, an ominous indication that the Continental looms are reviving to activity. Nor are the Returns of imports, if carefully analysed, less pregnant with warning. On corn the increase of importation in the first ten months of 1849 over the corresponding period of 1848 is enormous, being equal to no less than 9,093,963 qrs., while our own crops have been abundant. But of sugar, though the importation has advanced 196,341 cwt., the quantity entered for home consumption has actually declined 310,032 cwt.; and in similar manner, while the coffee imported has increased 6,053,595 lbs., the quantity taken for home consumption has decreased by 1,896,584 lbs. Thus, domestic plenty being restored, we have an influx of food to the displacement of the produce of our own fields; and, as a consequence of the diminished power of purchase on the part of the home producer, we have an excess of importation of articles of comfort above the quantity required for consumption. We could from these vaunted Returns deduce many other conclusions well calculated to tone down the exultation of the Free-traders. But we must confine ourselves to one other. The fatal Act, repealing the British Navigation Laws, does not come into operation till the 1st of January, 1850; but already, as appears indisputably by these Returns, are foreigners actively preparing to supersede British ships in our carrying trade. Numbers are daily quitting our ports to return when admissible by law with the cargoes which heretofore have given prosperity to our maritime commerce. In the first ten months of 1848 the outward clearances of British ships from our ports amounted to 3,068,851 tons; during the same period of 1849 they are 3,264,887 tons; showing an increase of 196,036 tons, or 6½ per cent. In the same period of 1848 the foreign clearances were 1,226,837 tons, and in 1849 we find them to be 1,464,902 tons, showing an increase of 238,065 tons, or 19½ per cent. From all these considerations, and many more we could adduce, we at least can see little cause for either triumph or hope in these boasted Returns, which at best we can regard but as a passing gleam illuminating the horizon, black with the approaching tempest.

But in the melancholy picture it has been our duty to trace, does no bright speck present itself, calculated to cheer the desponding observer of the deeds and the signs of the times, and
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to encourage the patriot in his efforts to check the torrent that seems ready to overwhelm the country with a flood of calamities, engulfing its prosperity, comfort, and national independence? Yes! as in the physical, so in the moral world, the great Disposer of all has decreed that action and reaction shall be equal and contrary. The fever produced by 'false science' is over—reaction is progressing—and sound philosophy will soon lead to a renovation of health and vigour. There is no teaching like that of experience; and when every class and every interest of the nation can be asked the simple question, What have you gained by Free Trade? with the certainty that the universal answer will be, Nothing!—it is beyond all question that the 'Unsound Social Philosophy' we have been combating closely approaches its term. That this is the reviving conviction of the thoughtful we know; that it is the already widely extended, and still rapidly extending determination of the people, we rejoice to perceive. Maddened by the stimulants administered to them by the apostles of a selfish, sordid, and degrading creed, the masses of the British nation have allowed themselves to be rendered the blind instruments for effecting objects which, if faithfully represented to them in their sober moments, they would have discerned to be suicidal. Cheapness was declared to them to be the only blessing, and, typified to them in a cheap loaf, no wonder they surrendered themselves to the delusion. But they have lived to find that it means also cheap labour, and that the cheapest labour will always be that in which the labourer will be content with the smallest portion of the necessaries, conveniences, and comforts of life. Free Trade knows this too, and Free Trade knows also that this cheap labour is not to be found in Britain, and therefore imports it in the shape of produce from abroad, consigning the domestic labourer to displacement from employment, distress, destitution, the Union-poorhouse, or expatriation. To a perception of these truths the masses are everywhere awaking; and by the process of a high moral retribution, as through their agency, under mischievous guidance, the evil was perpetrated, so by their agency, under upright and fearless leading, will the wrong be redressed. This is as it should be; for better is it that the extirpation of the heresy should follow public opinion springing from the intelligence of the people, than that it should be the result of legislation forced forward by the refined and educated classes alone. Yet on these latter, at this momentous crisis of our social history, are devolved duties of no common order. The people must have leaders—and if men of station and influence shrink from identifying themselves frankly and cordially with their more humble fellow-citizens, they must not be surprised if the

the masses should again fall into the hands of selfish and designing demagogues. Free Trade has failed, and will soon be detested. Cheap Bread has failed, and is distrusted. Cheap Labour is felt to be ruinous. But a cry for Cheap Government may be raised as a new delusion; and when an ex-Minister publicly proclaims that 'contracts, although they may be settled by Act of Parliament, are not binding, if they are not rightly settled,' it is time even for easy fundholders to look about them. With these views we have regarded with deep interest the establishment of the 'National Association for the Protection of British Industry and Capital.' We have watched its progress with solicitude, and we regard with confident hope the extraordinary success that has attended its efforts. It bids fair to supply all that is needful to the friends of Protection throughout the country—a focus for the concentration of their exertions—directions for ensuring promptitude and unity of action—leaders to conduct them in the right path—power, vigour, discipline, resolution. The course they have hitherto adopted has been worthy of all praise; and we have seen with pleasure that a momentary cloud threatening division has been dispelled by discreet forbearance, without compromise of consistency, and has led to an important accession of influence and power, and to increased unity of purpose and action.

And now we must conclude. We have in great degree confined ourselves to proving how unsound is the social philosophy embodied in the Free Trade policy. It would be even an easier task to prove its pernicious moral tendencies. It is in its very essence a mercenary, unsocial, demoralizing system, opposed to all generous actions, all kindly feelings. Based on selfishness—the most pervading as well as the most powerful of our vicious propensities—it directs that impulse into the lowest of all channels, the mere sordid pursuit of wealth. It teaches competition and isolation instead of co-operation and brotherhood; it substitutes a vague and impracticable cosmopolitanism for a lofty and ennobling patriotism; it disregards the claims of humanity towards the poor, if opposed to the pecuniary interests of the rich; it takes no account of all that should exalt man in the scale of being, but elevates to exclusive importance his most degrading tendencies. Wealth is its end and aim, and Mammon its divinity. We cannot altogether regret with Burke that 'the age of chivalry is past;' and though we do with him regret that 'an age of sophists, of economists, and of calculators has succeeded,' we still trust that 'the glory of England is not yet extinguished for ever.'

ART. VI.—1. *Raccolta per Ordine Cronologico di tutti gli Atti, Decreti, Nomine, &c., del Governo Prov. della Repubblica Veneta.* Venezia. Andreola, Tipographo del Governo Prov. della Repubblica Veneta. 1848, 1849. 8 vols. in 8vo.

2. *Memorie Storico-biographiche di Daniele Manin, Ministro all' Esterno e Presidente del Governo Prov. delle Venezie.* Dettata da P. A. Monterossi. Venezia. 1848.

3. *Un Episode du Passage de la République à Venise, avec des Notes Historiques et des Pièces Justificatives.* Par G. Grimaud de Caux. Septembre, 1849.

4. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, from January to June 30, 1848. Part II.* Presented by command of Her Majesty, July 31, 1849.

THE true cause of the ancient importance and prosperity of Venice lay in her commercial and maritime superiority. The discovery of a new passage to India and the competition of foreign states struck a blow at her eminence, which her crafty statesmen endeavoured in vain to parry by fresh acquisitions on the mainland of Italy. When Venice became a first-rate power on the Peninsula, she had in fact descended from her lofty position. She became involved in the labyrinth of Italian politics, and continued to excite the jealousy and provoke the animosity of neighbouring states till the famous league of her numerous enemies at Cambray put a period to her ill-directed ambition. Glorious as was her resistance to the arms of united Europe, she never recovered from the exhausting contest. Her subsequent story is but the record of persevering struggles against an inevitable destiny, and of ingenious endeavours, by artful diplomacy, to recover ground lost for ever, or at least to conceal the extent of her losses. Meantime the nobles gradually lost their energy, and though they were not condemned to the life of sloth and luxury which was in some measure forced on those of Rome and Milan, yet the tendency of government was to concentrate power in the hands of a few, and for the most part they were content to remain the inactive spectators of measures which, on high occasions only, they were called on to sanction by a vote of the great council. They generally neglected the pursuits of commerce, by which their wealth had originally been amassed. The opinions of the age were unfavourable to this honourable industry, and Italian vanity could ill brook the sneers with which their claims to nobility were treated by the haughty and indolent aristocracies of Spain and Germany.

In the middle of the last century Lord Chesterfield describes the renowned republic as tottering to its fall—*primo nutat casura*
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sub Euro.' Her strength undermined, the sources of her prosperity dried up—'her security,' he observes, 'she owes to prudence in not interfering with the quarrels of her neighbours; and that security will last no longer than till one of the great powers of Europe engrosses the rest of Italy—an event which this century possibly may, and the next century probably will see.'

When the French invaded Italy in 1796 the timid policy of the signory aimed at preserving an impossible state of neutrality, and thereby offended both the belligerent powers. Austria complained she was deserted, and France imputed a partiality for the cause of her rival, which it was not easy to conceal or to deny. As soon as his plans were ripe the victorious general turned his arms against the unprotected republic. To the last Venice preserves her hold on the imagination. If the politician could prophesy her fall with indifference, the antiquarian and lover of the picturesque must view with favour the gorgeous pageantry of gilded barges and stately processions of long-robed senators, the bonneted doge and proud officials clothed in the costume of other ages, and observing unchangeably their time-honoured ceremonies in the midst of changing and changeable Europe. But, alas! in this only consisted her claims to the sympathy of the world. She fell without a struggle. There were still the means of resistance at hand. The peasantry (as was afterwards proved by the insurrections of Brescia and Verona) were full of zeal to assert the independence of their degenerate masters. The army had not lost its discipline, and at the moment when the capitulation, unparalleled in the annals of baseness, was signed, the city contained 16,000 troops eager to shed their blood in her cause. Her fleet swept the Adriatic, flushed with recent success, backed by an English squadron anxious to co-operate in repelling the invader.

It was the government that disarmed its defenders, fearing to encounter the risks which their loyalty would entail. The overwhelming majorities by which the motion to yield was carried prove the deep degeneracy of the nobles. But all their sacrifices were vain. Their abject submission to the dictation of the French general proved no title to his favour when the interest of Venice interfered with his projects, and as soon as he was wearied with war she was sacrificed as a peace-offering. By the treaty of Campo Formio the Dalmatian provinces, together with the capital and the territories lying to the left of the Adige, were assigned to Austria, while Brescia, Bergamo, and Crema were united to the Cisalpine republic. In defence of this discreditable bargain Austria might plead that she was not bound to respect the democratic

cratic republic which the French had established ; but the defence of one party is the condemnation of the other. It is idle to inquire what might have been the consequences had the stipulations of this hollow truce been permitted to last. It is certain that the subsequent annexation of Venice to the kingdom of Italy, and its consequent dependence on the French empire, utterly destroyed whatever yet remained to it of credit, commerce, and prosperity. By the fiscal system of the French, Venice was deprived of the advantages of her geographical position. The continental system destroyed her trade, and the naval superiority of England in the Adriatic reduced her maritime excursions to the fisheries in the lagunes, from which she is said to have derived her original subsistence.

In 1815, when Venice was again occupied by Austrian troops, the suburbs were deserted and ruinous, life had gradually ebbed from the extremities, and seemed to flutter but faintly in its last retreat at the heart of the city, the Piazza of St. Mark's. The ports, choked up with sand, were inaccessible to larger vessels. The arsenal, which had furnished to Dante that celebrated image of superhuman activity to which he likens the never-ceasing labour of the 'dark cherubim' of his Malebolge, was now deserted and silent. The stores were mouldering in the magazines ; the half-finished vessels were rotting on the stocks.

From this state of depression a union with Austria offered the only chance of escape. That measure, so deplored by sentimental politicians, so vituperated by pretended patriots, afforded the only possibility of restoring some portion of vitality to the languishing city. To reconstruct the complicated and worn-out machinery of the ancient government, to re-unite the scattered fragments of the Venetian empire, would have been impossible. No senate or council, however constituted, sitting at Venice, could have enforced the obedience of provinces which had recently been raised to an equality with their former mistress, and which had preserved a degree of prosperity that she had lost. Venice reduced to its lagunes could not have maintained its independence, nor even provided for its own support, and if united to any kingdom of which Genoa, Leghorn, or Ancona formed a part, it could not have borne the competition of those formidable rivals. To Austria alone the possession of Venice was valuable, as affording a military position of great strength, and as an emporium of its commerce. Austria alone could give to Venice in return protection, wealth, and importance.

Trieste, which had hitherto been a dangerous competitor, soon found the advantage of forming depôts at Venice, which thus became the channel of the trade with the Italian provinces and the

the south-west of Germany. To facilitate this traffic, excellent roads across the Alps, by the shorter routes of Bassano and of Belluno, were constructed; and still further to promote general activity, Venice was declared a free port.

The first effects of reviving prosperity had nearly proved fatal to the picturesque beauty of the capital. Convents and desecrated churches were turned into magazines; palaces were pulled down to furnish building materials; and it was not till after a prodigious destruction had been effected that there was issued a sovereign order placing the architecture of the city under the protection of the municipal council, who alone were empowered to sanction external alterations. If Venice yet retains an attraction to the stranger, if the Venetians can still regard their city with pride, it is owing to the firmness of the *foreign* administration which protected it from the outrages of its own children. Petition on petition was presented to the council by needy proprietors, who implored permission to pull down their palaces. Not a few of these were purchased by the Government itself to appease the most clamorous of the applicants; until at length a flourishing trade restored the value of such property, and gave the owners reason to rejoice that they had been saved from the consequences of their shortsighted precipitation.

To give an idea of the improvement which thirty years had effected, and to contrast the past with the late (we dare not say the present) condition of Venice, a few facts will speak more intelligibly than the most elaborate description. In 1817 the Barone Galvagna purchased the Savorgnani palace, with a large garden (a rarity in Venice), and with the adjacent buildings belonging to it, for the sum of 18,000 Austrian livres.* The house contained three vast apartments, the whole in excellent repair, adorned with marble fixtures, gilt and painted ceilings, and gay panels painted by A. Schiavone. In 1846 the proprietor rejected the offer of 300,000 livres, which was repeatedly made by the Duke of Bordeaux. The Grassi palace, a much finer house, more favourably situated, on the Grand Canal, was sold for 70,000 livres about ten years ago; it has several times since changed hands, always at advanced prices, till at the same period of prosperity the sum of 400,000 livres was, unhesitatingly rejected. The commerce of the province had increased in a like degree. Sea-bathing offered an inducement to summer visitors, and the wealthy proprietors of Germany seemed to delight in speculations which brought them to the beautiful shores of the Adriatic.

But the government, however just and even indulgent, did not pursue the course which Machiavelli recommends to the prince

* The Austrian livre is worth about eightpence.

who desires to be popular. It totally abstained, indeed, from all that petty tyranny which was practised so constantly by the French in Italy; nor were its officers permitted the slightest licence in their intercourse with the natives; but it made no efforts to overcome national dislike, and it never tried to form a party. It disdained to have recourse to those arts in which the French were for ever vaunting their dexterity—it raised no monuments to its own glory with the people's money—it celebrated no fêtes at the people's expense—it contented itself with working soberly, steadily, and unostentatiously for the public good, and it neither sounded its own praises, nor hired the pens of venal authors. By a strict and rigorous administration of justice, the Austrians were contented to merit gratitude, and perhaps they never discovered how little such a system is congenial to the Italian character, and how lightly that first of administrative virtues was valued. During the first few years a better understanding subsisted between the Government and the people; and it was not the former who began the contest. By degrees the Italians discovered that their submission led to no marked distinction, and that their insubordination was visited with no punishment. The terror that succeeded to the abortive insurrection of 1820 in time wore away. The rigorous sentences which the conspirators had merited being invariably commuted, it soon became a grievance that any penalty was inflicted at all. Foreign sympathy increased disaffection; and the Government did what no *tyrant* ever does—it suffered itself to be insulted with impunity. It is very often prosperity and not adversity that is the parent of mutiny—the idleness and insolence of success beget insubordination. It is probable that had Venice remained poor she would never have rebelled—it was, at least, in the hour of wealth, such as she could hardly have hoped ever to see again, that she turned upon the Government to which she owed her blessings.

Venice, however, would never have originated the insurrection of 1848, nor even have commenced that course of preliminary persecution with which the Milanese assailed the Austrian administrators. In strict accordance with the advice of Mazzini,* the patriots of Lombardy had decided that if the Government would not give cause for rebellion, it must be goaded and provoked till some overt act of self-defence might be proved against it to justify the intended movement and excite the lukewarm and the timid to hostility. The popularity of Pius IX. afforded the desired opportunity, and, under pretence of doing honour to the Father of Christendom, authority was bearded and outraged, till at last the sore-tried patience of the Germans was exhausted, and the

* See Quart. Rev., No. CLXX., p. 568.

rebellion at Milan broke out. The revolution at Vienna, and the total ignorance in which Marshal Radetzky remained, both as to the state of affairs in the capital and as to the wishes of the Government, rendered his situation one of peculiar embarrassment; his decision, his patience, and his forbearance under those trying circumstances, form, perhaps, his greatest title to admiration. The garrison at Milan did not amount to 8000 men; but his retreat from that capital, which the Milanese appropriate as a victory of their own, was occasioned simply by his knowledge of the treacherous purpose of the King of Sardinia; and, extravagantly as the Italians were elated by the spectacle, had the governors of garrisons and fortresses all possessed the resolution of Marshal Radetzky, or the martial ardour of General D'Aspre, the mischief would never have spread and would soon have been repaired. And the virtues of these chiefs were indeed put to the severest test. It had been industriously circulated that vast preparations for war had been accumulated by the Austrians in Italy; the fact was loudly asserted in the French newspapers, and malevolently hinted at in the official correspondence of Lord Palmerston with Vienna. So far, however, was this from the fact, that the castle of Milan was nearly altogether unfurnished with provisions, and that of Mantua was by no means well supplied, neither was the amount of troops sufficient at once to afford garrisons to the fortified towns and to supply an army for the field.

The Viceroy, far advanced in years, was but little fitted to cope with the difficulties that multiplied around him. Like almost all the princes of his house, he was recommended by his private character—his tastes and his virtues—to the respect and affection of the community. Like his father the celebrated Peter-Leopold, and his uncle the Emperor Joseph, he was captivated by popular theories, and longed to accord to the people under his administration a degree of liberty which, it will now be confessed, they have proved themselves unfitted to enjoy. As soon as the news of the insurrection in Vienna reached Italy, and he deemed himself at liberty to act on his own judgment, he willingly accorded all the demands that were made: disdaining to calculate on the duplicity of which he himself was incapable, he granted permission to arm the national guard even in the fortified cities of Mantua and Verona; and but for the obstinate fidelity of his army, and the talents of some of its superior officers, the cause of Austria would have fallen as low as its worst enemies could desire.

Mantua was fortunately in the charge of one of those commanders whose strength of character extreme difficulties only can test. General Gorzkowsky found himself at this most critical moment

moment with a garrison totally insufficient for the defence of the fortress. Small as it was, it had been reduced still further by the desertion of a portion of the Italian troops; and those of them who remained were regarded with any feeling but confidence. A few troops of hussars and 300 German artillerymen constituted the whole force upon which he could place reliance. Incredible as it may seem that so important a fortress should have been left with such inadequate means of defence, the fact is not the less certain. The national guard was installed amidst the cheers of the people and the fraternal embraces of the Italian soldiers. The Commandant did not think himself justified in refusing arms to a corps acknowledged by the Government. The civic triumph was celebrated in the streets with every extravagance of brutal insolence, and the forbearance of the garrison had of course the usual effect of heightening the audacity of the populace. Shots were fired on the guard-room, and violence seemed every instant to be menaced. A formal demand was made for the keys of the citadel and the immediate evacuation of the town by the Imperial troops. The object of the General was to gain time till those reinforcements should arrive for which he had dispatched an urgent request. Twice he received the deputation of the self-constituted authorities of the town, headed by the Bishop of Mantua. 'Gentlemen,' he replied, 'you urge your request, you say, to prevent the effusion of blood. I shall not attack you; and if you attack me, your blood be on your own heads. With regard to this fortress, it was committed to my care by the Emperor, our common master—to him I will render it, should he come in person to demand it—to you, be assured, I will deliver it only in ruins.' At the second visit the general invited the bishop and his principal colleague into the interior of the castle; he showed them the military stores there accumulated, the piles of cannon and the barrels of gunpowder, and, pointing to the flint he carried with him, 'When I can defend this fortress no more,' he said, 'with this hand I will blow it into the air, and in the explosion half Mantua will be destroyed.' The bishop fell trembling on his knees, and implored him to forbear so desperate a resolution. 'Be assured,' said the governor, 'I will be as good as my word.' With this threat they parted—and the bishop and his companion created a salutary panic by proclaiming it. The resolution of the governor was taken; and within four-and-twenty hours he expected to be obliged to put it into execution; the people of the city were armed, they were numerous, and flushed with the uninterrupted success which had hitherto attended the Italian revolution: he hourly expected an attack, which, with the force he possessed, he could hardly have resisted,

resisted, betrayed as he would probably have been by a portion of his garrison. The Mantuans passed the night in tipsy jollity, in patriotic orations, and in forming vows to conquer or die: they missed the single opportunity—the morning brought relief.

The evacuation of Milan, succeeded by the capitulation of Venice, had excited in every garrison the hopes of a conquest equally easy. 'Was it indeed true,' each astonished patriot asked the other, 'were the Austrians really the poltroons these events would prove them, or were they themselves the heroes they professed to be?' Their courage was put to the test at Padua. An order to establish the national guard had reached that city as well as others of the province, but General D'Aspre, the commandant of the district, judged it prudent to suspend its execution. The self-elected deputies of the city waited on him with a remonstrance. The news of great disasters had already reached him. The fate of Italy—perhaps the safety of the army—he knew depended on the preservation of Mantua, and the concentration of the forces at Verona. His plans were instantly arranged, and with that mixture of coolness and intrepidity of which the character of the true soldier is formed, were as quickly executed. His own retreat from Padua formed a part of his scheme; he desired that it should be performed without molestation from the people or injury to them. He received the deputation with civility, but refused to grant their request. 'Your forming a provisional government,' he said, 'I approve, since that appointed by your sovereign is compelled to abdicate: your own safety renders it necessary; but a national guard would compromise that safety.' 'Our people are already partly armed,' it was urged, 'and our citizens must be legally summoned and enrolled; we cannot answer for *your* safety if our request is refused.' 'I am deeply concerned to hear you say so,' replied the general with calmness. 'My troops cannot need your protection: I have planted cannon on the ramparts, and at the entrances of your principal streets. I am about to commence a peaceable retreat: I would willingly part with you as a friend; but if I am attacked I will lay the town in ashes, and cut to pieces every man who opposes me.' The character of this commander was thoroughly known. As gentle and courteous in private life as inexorable in the discharge of his public duty, mingling freely in society, and reciprocating all its duties with cordial hospitality, he was personally beloved even where his nation and his profession were disliked. 'I commend,' he added, 'to your honour the property we cannot remove, the women and children, and the sick in the hospital. I quit you in friendship; be sure I shall shortly return, and woe betide you

you if I come as an enemy.' No farther opposition was threatened.*

His measures were so well taken that the whole retreating force arrived at the same moment at the appointed rendezvous near Verona. Three battalions had been instantly dispatched to the relief of Mantua;† and from that moment the fate of Lombardy was decided. General D'Aspre rode forward to meet Marshal Radetzky, who, at the head of his army, was deliberately approaching the military capital of Northern Italy. He spurred his horse as he descried the advanced guard. 'You come to tell me,' said the Marshal, 'that all is lost.' 'I come to tell,' he replied, 'that all is saved.'

All, indeed, was saved; and the resolution and activity of these three commanders retrieved the honour of the Austrian arms, which had been stained by such a flagrant act of pusillanimity as the capitulation of Venice, to which we must now go back.

On the 21st of December, 1847, in imitation of a similar measure adopted at Milan, whose spirit had by that time been widely diffused, Daniel Manin and Niccolò Tommaseo addressed a letter to the Central Congregation of the Venetian provinces, in which they reproached that body with not having urged political reform on the Supreme Government, and claimed the right, as Venetian citizens, of informing that Government that the silence of the provincial deputies did not arise from the acquiescence of the *people* in the state of slavery and misery to which they were reduced. This address was so insolent in its language and so extravagant in its demands, that the writers could only have intended to force upon the Government the prosecution which would ensure notoriety. For this breach of law and of privilege they were imprisoned, or—in the more ambitious language of Sig. P. A. Monterossi, the biographer of the principal victim—'The domicile of Manin was violated by Austrian police-officers, with their commissaries and satellites: his privacy was invaded, his papers seized, and his person placed in criminal arrest' (p. 6). The great object of this individual was now accomplished—he had become a political victim—a person of importance. Daniel Manin, though he bears the name of the Doge to whom belongs the sad celebrity of being the last in the long series of his country's princes, is not connected with him by blood. His

* We have pleasure in recording that the general's parting recommendation was strictly attended to—his effects were zealously protected by the friend to whom he confided them—and no waste of property ensued. We wish we might name this friend in need, but we fear it would be no recommendation with his countrymen.

† Marshal Radetzky, in dispatching the reinforcement urgently requested by General Gorzkowsky, wrote thus:—'I send you half my disposable force: my men are my blood—but I am willing to spill it: judge of the extent of the sacrifice.'

father was one of those converts from the Jewish persuasion whose public baptism formed part of the magnificent ceremonies in the ecclesiastical pageantry of Easter week. On such occasions the white-robed neophyte received the name of some illustrious noble who attended him to the baptismal font and officiated as godfather. In the present case it was Pietro Manin, the brother of the reigning prince, who performed this office. The ceremony completed, the proselyte was afterwards forgotten, or, if remembered at all, was condemned to that disesteem with which, we fear, converts are too indiscriminately regarded. His conversion, indeed, does not seem to have worked any favourable change in his moral conduct, since his son, now so famous, was the offspring of a married woman with whom he had lived for some time. Daniel was born in 1804, and, having received a learned education, pursued his career at the Venetian bar, but with little success till his letter caused his imprisonment. Unnoticed and indigent, he risked little in his quarrel with the Government—by that quarrel he raised himself to distinction and opulence.

The news from Vienna and Milan produced disturbances also at Venice, and the first overt act of rebellion was the demand for the liberation of Manin and his fellow prisoners. The governor, unable or unwilling to resist the popular importunity, accorded the boon, and the first fruits of liberty was a riot, fatal to all the shop-windows which were not found closed in token of jubilee for the great event. It was not to be expected that the people, thus far successful, should pause in their demands. Studied insults were offered to the authorities, Manin and Tomassco were carried in triumph through the streets, the tri-coloured banner was mounted on every tower and belfry of Venice.

'From this time,' says the biographer, 'these two heroes—these two friends of the people—began their reign in Venice; and at the same epoch the people themselves recovered all the pristine energy of the early ages of their history.'—p. 3.

On the 16th of March—he tells us in corroboration of this last remark—

‘at four o’clock, they hissed Marshal Marmont and the wife of Palfy (at that time governor) on the public square of St. Mark’s; and because the Fenice Theatre was closed, where they had intended to celebrate the revolution at Vienna, they assembled round the rails in the Campo S. Fantino, deriding the precaution of the police, and calling out death to Metternich and to Palfy. . . . The Austrian police, unable to understand the voice of God, continued to wander in its own depravity, and to seek to stem the torrent of revolution by terror.’—p. 7.

Had this, indeed, been true, the result would have been
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very different; but the activity of the police was paralysed, and the obstinate forbearance of the governor provoked the collision it was his object to prevent. Some frivolous pretence for a riot was quickly found. The flags of S. Mark's place were torn up and hurled at the soldiers of the Kinsky regiment, on guard at the palace, many of whom were wounded or seriously injured before the tardy order was given to clear the streets. That measure, though completely successful, was followed up with no vigour, and served but as a pretext for fresh demands and reiterated accusations. Some attempts had been made to defend the palace and public offices, but the hesitation of the Government had taught the people to despise it, and its apathy proved it might be braved with impunity. A report had been raised that the town was to be bombarded. The English consul was prevailed on to demand an explanation from the authorities. He received the most positive assurances that no such measure had ever been contemplated. The falsehood had originated with the demagogues, who scrupled at nothing that might terrify and exasperate the people. The visit of the British functionary was contrived to give it credit, and all the newspapers of Europe spread it abroad that the interference of the foreign consuls alone had saved the town from destruction. The next demand was for a civic guard (it had already once been refused), under the pretext of controlling the licence of the people; and this time the firmness of the governor gave way: he signed the order for the enrolment of this force, and, as Sig. Monterossi truly observes (p. 9), with it he signed the abdication of the Austrian authority in Venice.—The concession served only to increase the disorder—a total anarchy prevailed, and soldiers, if found separate or in small numbers, were attacked, beaten, and even murdered by the mob. The authority of the Government was suspended, or rather was transferred to Manin and those of the republican sect whom he associated to his power, and their measures were marked with as much cunning and audacity as those of Count Palffy with weakness and vacillation. They had secured the assistance of an armed civic guard; funds alone were wanting—and these were now supplied, it is believed, by a certain wealthy Jew who had been greatly favoured by the fallen Government. A mob was hired, and, having been ~~plied~~ ^{paid} with liquor and largely paid, was ready to exhibit any excess of patriotic enthusiasm. It was conducted to the arsenal by Manin in person, where had just been acted a tragedy, previously prepared and arranged by the ruling demagogues.

‘ L’aveu, fait par l’un d’eux en termes qui ne laissent dans l’esprit aucune

aucune équivoque: *L'assassinat de Marinovich n'était pas du tout un impromptu.*—*Grimaud de Cœur, Episode*, p. 4.

An assassination seemed the necessary precursor of all reforms—the indispensable prelude of all the political changes of the year 1818. At Vienna, Prague, Frankfort, and Baden, this method had been pursued under various circumstances of treachery and cruelty; but in these instances, when the deed was committed, few were found to praise it, and none to avow it. At Rome, indeed, the murderers of Rossi were preferred to the honours of a triumph, the streets were illuminated, songs of jubilee were sung under the windows of the widow, and the murderer was proclaimed a patriot in every town of Italy. The people thus assumed their share of the crime, but the Government did not acknowledge it. If the murderers were not pursued and punished, at least they were not sought out and rewarded. But Venice, as we shall see, was ‘further advanced in liberality’ than Rome.

Colonel Marinovich, the commandant at the arsenal, was unpopular with the marines and workmen under his orders, on account of the exact discipline he maintained. He had been appointed expressly to reform the numerous abuses in that department: his strict integrity had recommended him to the trust. While he remained at the arsenal no hopes could be entertained of gaining possession of that important station; and while he lived, the Austrian Government possessed an officer capable, perhaps, of counteracting the folly and misconduct of his military superiors. His death was therefore determined on. His situation and character marked him out as the required victim. The biographer of Manin says:—

‘Already on the night that preceded the 22nd of March, Tommaseo, besides many other generous patriots, had assembled at the house of Manin, all anxious to co-operate in the redemption of their country. Various means were discussed, and it was at last resolved to gain possession of the arsenal, and to cry out “Viva S. Marco.” Our people would have paid no attention to the promise of a constitutional government—few of their number would have understood it. It was necessary to arouse that sleeping lion which had remained on the belfry-tower during the universal monarchy of Napoleon as well as under the tyranny of Austria, in proof that neither should last for ever. This was the opinion of Manin, and his opinion prevailed.’—p. 11.

On that very day Colonel Marinovich had with difficulty escaped a plot that had been laid for his assassination:—

‘But his hand and his soul, sold to Austria, thirsted only for vengeance and murder. The finger of God, like the angel of Israel in

the land of Egypt, marked the last hour of his perfidies; and he, blind to what he had seen the day before, deaf to all advice, returned the following day to the arsenal. He died in torments—a second Prina.*

‘This act produced the redemption of Venice. The next morning the Madonna of S. Marco was submitted to the adoration of the people, and the people cried out that the death of Marinovich was the first miracle of the Virgin.’

Our readers—our English readers—will probably attribute this extravagant and blasphemous language to the perverted enthusiasm of the eulogist of Sig. Manin; we must now quote the detailed statement of the Republican Government, drawn up for the instruction of the people, and re-published in the *Raccolta*.† It is dated April 7, 1848, and is headed:—

‘AUTHENTIC NOTICES OF THE DEATH OF COLONEL MARINOVICH.

‘Giudizio di Dio.

‘Viva Maria, Salvatrice di Venezia! Viva la Republica Veneta!
Viva l’ Italia! Viva Pio IX.!

and here we read—

‘The infamous traitor to his country who for a long course of years had exercised tyranny and cruelty on all those unfortunately placed in dependence upon him—the vile satrap of the Aulic iniquities of Vienna—the infamous instrument of wickedness—has been struck by the hand of God with that chastisement which for so long a time he provoked and braved.’

The original is extremely curious, and should be consulted by those who desire to understand the state of public feeling in the Peninsula. Our general readers, however, will thank us for compressing this odious document, which has all the verbosity and circumlocution habitual to the age and country. A plot had been invented by the republicans of Venice, as absurd and more atrocious than that imagined at Rome, to which Lord Palmerston gave so willing an ear, and according to this the city was to be destroyed by mines dug in various parts of it, by rockets and other infernal devices, designed to multiply death and destruction. ‘The diabolical scheme,’ says this document, ‘was devised by Marinovich, with the consent and concurrence of De Martini, First Commissioner of the Admiralty, and the Civil

* Prina was the police minister under the French when they possessed Milan. When their troops left the town, he was seized by the mob, dragged for many hours about the streets, and beaten with walking-sticks and umbrellas till he expired. His last wound was inflicted by the hand of a well-dressed woman, who pierced his brain through the eye with the point of her parasol.

† This curious publication has been suppressed and the whole impression destroyed by the Austrian government. A most unwise proceeding, since these extraordinary documents contain the fullest condemnation of the Republicans, and consequently the best justification of their opponents.

and

and Military Governors Palfy and Zichy.' On the preceding day, the 21st of March, the workmen of the arsenal had assembled in the squares and on the bridge leading to that building, after they were dismissed from labour,* with the intention of waylaying and murdering the commandant; or, to borrow the phrases of the state paper, 'to watch the wild beast as it issued from its lair, to assail it with stones and brickbats, to knock it down, and drown it.' This plot was defeated by the presence of mind and courage of Marinovich himself in the first instance; but some officers of the establishment having afterwards obtained the help of a detachment of the civic guard, the leaders of that force, after much entreaty, procured the consent of the conspirators to the escape of their victim, by the promise (for which he gave them no authority) that on the very same day he would send in his resignation. He was conducted on board the corvette that guarded the harbour, and there he passed the night.

'Who would have thought,' pursues the official document, 'that the following day, the 22nd, he would have again returned to the arsenal? It was by the special permission of Heaven that he should be blinded by his obstinacy, and should run upon his miserable fate, for upon that life depended the destruction of Venice; and on his death its liberation from the yoke of the barbarians immediately ensued, with safety and regeneration—a real miracle of Providence.'

We are astonished certainly at the dauntless courage which could teach this officer to brave the most horrible fate that can be reserved for man, and to confront the fury of an exasperated mob. He appears neither to have sought the protection of the governor nor a reinforcement of military; neither did paralysed and helpless authority think of providing for the safety of the arsenal or of the officers to whom this important charge was committed. An angry mob, collected by the report of the intended plot, assembled before the gates, and excited fresh wrath in the workmen by demanding the life of the 'traitor.' Baffled in his attempts to escape, Marinovich concealed himself in a tower near the Porta Nuova, where he hoped to remain undiscovered till nightfall. So obvious a place of hiding could not long be overlooked by the *arsenalotti*, and the doors being burst open, the unhappy man, seeing resistance was useless, asked his pursuers whether they desired to take him alive or dead? 'Alive!' was the immediate reply of the man who took his sword; a second struck him on the face; a third ran him through the body with a pointed weapon. He fell to the ground and was dragged down stairs, his head striking each step in his descent. He asked to see a priest; he was answered,

* The hour of dismissal was four o'clock—it can hardly, therefore, be asserted that the strength of the artisans was overcharged by excessive labour.

'Next week!' a phrase that he had been in the habit of using to evade the solicitations of importunate suitors. His body was pierced with innumerable wounds inflicted with instruments purposely selected to mangle the flesh more hideously—we will hope in mercy that life had long departed before his tormentors were weary of insulting their victim. 'Thus died,' continues the document, 'this bad man, visibly punished by the hand of God for having conceived the horrible design of ruining the country, of which he was the unworthy and degenerate son.' We offer no apology for extracting this shocking recital; the sympathy of Englishmen has been demanded for the cause which was supported by such crimes, and our hospitality and generosity for the men who committed them. We think it right that the nature of the means and the character of the men should be known; and, be it remembered, the account we have given was published by themselves.

M. Grimaud de Caux gives us the subsequent history of the individual who claimed the honour of having dealt the mortal thrust:—

'L'assassin a été l'objet d'une protection toute particulière. D'abord, on lui a donné une place de garde en chef dans une forêt de l'état—le Bosco del Montello au-dessus de Treviso. Puis, quand les Autrichiens sont revenus, il s'est réfugié à l'arsenal, où, de simple ouvrier qu'il était auparavant, on l'a fait chef d'atelier, emploi qu'il a conservé jusqu'au dernier moment.'—*Episcôpe*, p. 4.

To return. As soon as the murder was judged to have been accomplished, and the workmen, galley-slaves, and marines were known to be in open revolt, Tommaseo and Manin headed the civic guard, and proceeded together to the arsenal, where the slight resistance offered by Admiral de Martini was quickly overcome. On the keys of the armoury being refused the doors were instantly burst open, and the arms were seized and distributed among the crowd. Manin exercised the authority of a chief, and bestowed the command of the arsenal upon one Graziani, promoted for the occasion. He harangued the *people* from the steps of the hall, received clamorous approbation of all his proceedings, and departed, amidst cries of Viva S. Marco, to commence another act of his drama.

While these things were passing, the governor and the military commandant, who had taken no pains either to avert the mischief, or to interrupt its progress, were sitting in the royal palace with the civil councillors. No steps had been taken to vindicate outraged authority; the tri-coloured banner had been suffered to retain the place of the imperial standard before the church of S. Mark's. No efforts were made to secure the fidelity of the Italian regiments, to seclude them from the society of the agents employed to debauch them,

them, or to provide for the safety of the German soldiers quartered amongst the mutineers. The marines were known to be deeply disaffected, yet no attempt had been made to disarm them, and the guard-ship even, manned exclusively with Venetian sailors, was allowed to remain on the station. Such dereliction of duty seems incredible. The Governor, Count Palfy, a Hungarian by birth, had resided long in Italy, and had been employed in Venice before its government had been committed to his charge. Frank and open in his manners, easy of approach, and generally obliging, he was personally liked and respected, and was never believed capable of so much weakness and pusillanimity as he exhibited in the last hours of his command. General Zichy, also a native of Hungary, had exhibited in his youth all the courage and resolution that belong to his country and profession; nor had habits of indolence and self-indulgence in any degree unmanned him or shaken the firmness of his nerves. He possessed, however, none of that moral courage and strength of purpose which the exigencies of the times demanded.

The news of the capture of the arsenal and the murder of Marinovich carried the consternation of these high officials to its climax. It was quickly followed by a deputation from the Municipal Assembly, with proposals for a general surrender. Hereupon Count Palfy resigned his command to General Zichy—and Zichy signed a capitulation with the notaries, Jews, attorneys, and their clerks, who formed the self-constituted Council, and who found to their infinite astonishment that they had actually succeeded in persuading an Austrian general with a garrison of 5000 men to capitulate without a defeat—nay, without even an effort to defend his trust. Their spokesman was a lawyer, one Avesana, and the argument he adopted was the propriety of saving the city from the risk of an attack, and the cruelty of exposing human life in a hopeless conflict. Such, indeed, were the motives assigned by the General himself; but our readers will hardly be surprised that the court-martial at Olmütz did not recognise their validity. That the people possessed arms at all, was due to the folly and negligence of the government; but both Palfy and Zichy were well acquainted with the country, and they should have known, that even possessed of arms there was nothing to fear from the people, who had neither the skill nor the courage to use them. The plea of humanity, ostentatiously advanced on this occasion, and so frequently pleaded in other countries, is merely a paltry and hypocritical excuse for cowardice. The heavy expense of maintaining armies and garrisoning fortresses might indeed be retrenched, if, on the pretext of *humanity*, their assistance is to be discarded when it is
most

most needed. The first duty of every soldier is to maintain the post committed to his charge; nor can we admit that the fine buildings in a town should be dearer to him than his duty and his honour. We cannot doubt that discipline and experience properly directed must always prevail over the tumultuous efforts of a mob; but were it otherwise, we cannot allow that humanity forbids the support of order and authority unless there be the absolute certainty of ultimate success. On the present occasion the plea of humanity admitted by General Zichy could only hold good if he knew that no effort would be made by his master to recover the rebellious city. Had the contest been begun at that moment, there can be little question how it would have terminated; and had the loss of life and property risen to a higher amount than the largest computation can carry it, it must have fallen very far short of that which actually befel during the prolonged siege and final capture of Venice.

The terms proposed were all accepted, after a little undignified disputing which served only to enhance the triumph of the demagogues:—

‘1. All troops not Italian shall quit Venice. The Italian troops shall remain. 2. All the German troops shall go immediately to Trieste, and by sea. 3. All warlike stores to remain in Venice. 4. The military chest and all other treasure remain at Venice.’

At the earnest entreaty of the Governor, pay and subsistence was accorded to the soldiers—all other requests were refused. When any pretension was advanced that displeased the delegates, Signor Avesana smothered all opposition by threatening war, and to the abject entreaties of Count Palffy not to be detained as a hostage, appealing to his general good character as a title of indulgence, he replied by giving a qualified approbation of his conduct till within the last three months—after which period, ‘from pursuing the commands of Prince Metternich, he had committed the heaviest faults—faults shared by the Nestor of diplomacy—which brought the Austrian monarchy to ruin.’—*Raccolta*, vol. i. p. 61.

Advantageous as the treaty was, Signor Monterossi boasts that his hero, if he had acted alone, would have *violated* its conditions and obtained a still more signal triumph.* The treaty was, in fact, interrupted at the moment of its execution, and Manin was nearly losing the fruit of all his labours. By virtue of a pretended misconstruction of the third article an attempt was made to deprive the Kinsky regiment of their arms (we hope with-

* ‘Il passo—[the treaty and the permission to the governors to depart]—fu troppo precoce: se Manin avesse operato solo, non se avrebbe dovuto rispettare il Trattato, e Venezia avrebbe dittato la legge.’—*Memorie di Manin*, p. 14.

out the assent of the unhappy Zichy). Officers and men alike refused to submit to this indignity. Colonel Culoz closed the doors of the barracks and threatened an armed resistance. The terrified victors began to doubt whether the refractory regiment would retreat at all, and it was with unqualified satisfaction that they granted them any terms to get rid of them—the honours of war and whatever else they chose to demand. This momentary hesitation had spread universal alarm, and the Venetian people, witnessed the whole proceeding with an astonishment which found no vent in words; they saw the departure of the Austrians with surprise, perhaps not without consternation. Signor Manin exhausted much unnecessary eloquence in exhorting the people by the love they bore him (p. 65) to exhibit no unseemly or riotous joy, and to manifest befitting dignity on this great occasion.

A provisional government was instantly proclaimed, of which Manin was the chief, with Tommasco for his principal adviser; the various offices of state were assigned to the different actors in this tragic farce, in imitation of the plans adopted on larger theatres: the bureau of commerce was given to one Pincherlè, a Jew—and a place in the cabinet, but without a portfolio, was assigned to a tailor, by name Toffoli, who had been very active and useful in drilling the people to enthusiasm, and who in his capacity of ‘*artiere*’ was wanted to complete the parody of that famous French piece where ‘Albert Ouvrier’ figured among the *dramatis personæ*.

Although the contents of the military chest and the strong box at the treasury were left at the disposal of the insurgent chiefs, the large disbursements that were immediately necessary soon exhausted these resources. The heads of the state were men of broken fortune; they had friends and dependants as needy as themselves—and less rigid moralists might have been easily persuaded to believe that the service of their country required they should place themselves as speedily as possible in a state of independence; large sums were immediately transmitted to bankers in London, Paris, and elsewhere for this laudable purpose. The Jews had been the principal agents and promoters of the insurrection, and through the means of their extended connexions, their colleagues and political associates were enabled to invest their money with a due regard to safety and to secrecy.*

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* The tailor Toffoli has since been admitted into a banking establishment at Paris, supported mainly by the earnings of his colleagues in office. It was to this firm that the last payment of one of the principal directors of the movement was made, through the medium

The cloak of religion as well as of patriotism was thrown over the Venetian revolution, to deceive a population devout after their own fashion, and much addicted to superstition. Manin did not indeed announce himself as a political Messiah, the immediate instrument of Heaven, like M. Lamartine;* but he avoided the error of Mazzini, who had discarded the aid of religion before he could proceed without it. We think M. Lamartine tells us in his *History of the Girondins* (a work of which he speaks in a recent publication with such enthusiastic respect) † that Marat alone of all the old revolutionary chiefs entertained or avowed a due respect for revelation. In Italy in 1848 an episcopal benediction seems to have been as necessary as an assassination to inaugurate a revolution; that of Venice received the sanction of the Cardinal Patriarch, who was dragged from his palace for the purpose, and who had not the firmness, like the Archbishop of Vienna, to resist the blasphemous injunction. Manin, like the French philosopher, professed to draw his doctrines from the purest sources of Christianity. A placard was addressed to the Venetian people containing the following propositions:—‘Jesus Christ was crucified for sustaining the cause for which we are fighting.—The patience with which we support our martyrdom proves that we are his chosen servants.—If one among us should be found endeavouring to shake our firmness, let us slay him!’ ‡

With the capitulation of Venice, the Italian revolution in Lombardy had arrived at its culminating point. Peschiera had fallen into the hands of the Piedmontese, and the Austrian forces were restricted to Verona and Mantua, and those intermediate posts by which their communication was preserved with the Tyrol. It was now in the hour of unexpected prosperity that the real character of the revolt exhibited itself with

medium of Messrs. Jacob Levi of Venice, four days before the fall of the republic: the sum remitted is said to have been 85,000 francs—the fourth instalment of like amount during his short reign. The agitators of Italy are forced to take charge of their own provision; we would recommend none of them to trust to ‘the voluntary fund’ that furnished Mr. O’Connell with the means of his extensive hospitality, nor even to the ‘testimonial’ which has afforded Mr. Cobden such strong motives for continuing his patriotic exertions.

* See *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*. ‘Cependant un de ces hommes auxquels la Providence réservait une part dans l’événement,’ &c.—Vol. i. p. 69.

† ‘En Allemagne, en Italie, en Espagne, les éditions et les traductions de *L’Histoire des Girondins* se multipliaient comme l’aliment quotidien des âmes. Il remuait les cœurs; il faisait penser les esprits: il reportait les imaginations vers cette grande époque et vers ces grands principes que le dix-huitième siècle, riche de pressentiments et chargé d’avenir, avait voulu léguer en mourant à la terre pour la délivrer des préjugés et des tyrannies.’—*Hist. de la Révolution*, vol. i. p. 31.

‡ ‘Gesù-Christ è stato crocifisso per sostenere la gran causa che combattiamo per tutta l’Italia.—La pazienza colla quale sopportiamo il nostro martirio dimostra che noi siamo i suoi predeleffi.—Se s’incontrasse dunque fra noi qualcheduno che volesse disturbare nostra fermezza, uccidiamolo.’—Aug. 4, 1849.

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the real motives of its promoters. Venice offended Milan no less than it disappointed the King of Sardinia by its declaration of independence, and its avowed republicanism. 'What selfishness!' wrote one deeply initiated in the mysteries of Italian tactics:— 'Could not the Venetians imitate the forbearance and patriotism of Genoa and Milan? Do they suppose that either city is more attached than themselves to the dynasty of Charles Albert, or less zealous in the cause of republicanism? Could they not wait till the war is over and the Austrians driven from Italy before they decide their form of government?' The examples quoted were in point—but there had been solid reasons for the moderation they exhibited. The Milanese knew that unless the King of Sardinia crossed the frontier Marshal Radetzky would not retire; and the Genoese were restrained by a Sardinian garrison in the citadel, which would have crushed them as it did on a subsequent occasion. The Venetians, on the other hand, had got rid of the Austrian garrison, and their insular position secured them from any sudden attack, and assured them the opportunity of making terms before they could be reduced to extremity. Manin 'knew that the people loved him,'* and he was determined to turn their love to the best account while it lasted. *He* knew, indeed, the falsehood of what he told the people: *he* knew the Austrians would as certainly retake Venice, as he boldly asserted they would not. But it would ill have served his turn either to resign his power to a royal Commissioner, or to share it with a Milanese delegate. His sway was dictatorial while it lasted, and eminently profitable, and to prolong it he was quite willing to make it the interest of his colleagues that their common cause should prosper. Although the King of Sardinia looked with disapprobation on their proceedings, and though, as it is thought, this movement more than any other opened his eyes as to the gratitude he was to expect, he did not the less allow the Venetians the protection of his fleet. It was the fate of this prince to be betrayed by those he benefited, and to be used as a tool by those who accused him of the treachery which they themselves practised. Events throughout Europe, moreover, had given such audacity to the democratic cause, and Austria had exhibited so much weakness both in the capital and in the provinces—that the arrogant boast of the Italians, '*Italia farà da se*,' seemed almost to be justified.

For a considerable time the attention of the Austrians was so much occupied with the advancing army of the King of Sardinia, that they had no leisure to enforce the blockade of Venice: this was the case even after they were in possession of the pro-

* '*Veneziani—So che mi amate.*'—*Address of Manin, 22nd March, 1849.*

vinces of Terra-firma; and before that had been effected, Venice was filled with defenders. Volunteers had flocked in from every part of Italy, and the portion of the Neapolitan army that had deserted under the notorious Pepe secured to it a garrison of regular soldiers, and the assistance of several officers of experience. The only people who took no part in the defence of this city were the Venetians themselves,—their voices they contributed willingly—their presence at banquets, theatres, and public places might always be counted on—they assumed the national colours and wore the gay uniform of the national guard with alacrity—nay, for high pay and plenty of liquor were willing to attend drills and parades; but no power could induce them to face the Austrians on the batteries. The ‘crusades’ preached by factious priests, and at length sanctioned by the Pope, found more favour with them, and the ‘crusaders’ from Venice—of whom it was said that they should rather have been called *corsaires*—infested the Terra-firma, and added to the licence and disorder which already prevailed. Vicenza, Treviso, and Padua were the scenes of some military movements, and also, we record with regret, of several assassinations and massacres. Three unfortunate men taken prisoners at Monselice, in the service of the Duke of Modena, who possesses estates in that neighbourhood, were carried for examination to Padua. General Ferrari received them from Don Filippo Lante, the officer commanding the Papal auxiliaries, and sent them with a feeble escort (in spite of all remonstrances) to Treviso. The consequences could not have been unforeseen; Treviso was remarkable for its zeal in the cause of revolution, and the patriotism of its citizens was whetted by the massacre of these unfortunate men. The daughter of Count Nugent was kept a prisoner and hostage in the same city, and the aged Marshal Bianchi, who had resided for thirty-five years on an estate on the Terraglio of Treviso, was seized and carried from his house. This veteran—he was considerably passed his ninetieth year—long resident on the property he had acquired, was beloved and esteemed by all that surrounded him. His inoffensive life was no security, his age no protection; he was conducted by night a close prisoner to Treviso, and exposed to the insolence of the ruffianly population and the rude custody of the civic guard, without any accusation but the rank he still held in the Austrian service, though since the peace of 1815 he had never been actively employed. Remonstrances and entreaties were addressed by the English Consul to the Provisional authorities in favour of these injured persons. His remonstrances were treated with the neglect that might have been expected from the representative of a Government which was neither loved

loved nor respected.* The Venetian usurpers might have replied with more propriety and sincerity, had they denied having any influence over the insurgent provinces. The towns were in a state of anarchy—the rural districts, deprived of their magistrates, were sunk into barbarism—landlords were defrauded of their dues—while the fruits of the earth, if gathered at all, were seized by roving gangs of depredators. The Provisional Governments hardly aspired to exert authority beyond the precincts of their respective cities; and no province, however small and insignificant, would submit to the dominion of its more powerful neighbours. As Venice refused to recognise the supremacy of Milan, so was her own rejected by her nearest and most insignificant dependencies: at Chioggia her authority was denied, at Mestre it was defied. It will be very creditable to the natural dispositions of the people, if such a lawless state, prolonged during a year and a half, shall not have entirely unfitted them for a return to social subordination.

The reconquest of the Venetian Provinces cost Austria little trouble and still less danger. The expedition was conducted by Marshal Radetzky in person with the greatest prudence and sagacity. The Papal army (among which were five thousand Swiss) occupied Vicenza; the Neapolitans and other volunteers were quartered at Padua and Treviso; and the Tuscans at Curtatone, on the left bank of the Mincio.† These troops, though not very formidable in quality, were nevertheless numerous; they harassed the country with exactions; their presence gave confidence to the rebels. They served, moreover, to distract the attention of the Marshal from the Sardinian army, upon which he wished to concentrate it. The sortie from Verona was destined for the reconquest of these provinces, and not, as the Piedmontese commanders supposed, for the relief of Peschiera—an object which diminished in consequence if the country to the east of Verona were cleared of the enemy, and the passes opened that lead into Germany. The attempt to cross the Mincio was a feint—which might have been converted into a reality had the Piedmontese fallen back instead of retaining their position with a pertinacity which the Marshal was not prepared to encounter. The total defeat of the Tuscans at Curtatone‡ was the first result of the

* Blue Book, p. 527.

† The Tuscans, after the defeat at Curtatone, retired to Brescia, from whence it was found impossible to induce them to move. General Bava, who commanded the first division of the Piedmontese army, and who has published an interesting account of this campaign, deploras this ignoble inactivity. 'Da Brescia,' he says, 'nuova Capua, era impossibile divellere i Toscani. . . . respirandovi deliziosamente gl' incensi che tutti i popoli d' Italia, non escluse le donne, loro offerivano. Ed è utile a notarsi come in questa campagna non si avessero encomii ché pei vinti o per chi faceva l' apologia di sè stesso.'—*Relazione delle Operazioni*, p. 71.

expedition, and on the subsequent check at Goito the Marshal at once determined to cease his operations on the Mincio, and to carry his whole strength into the Venetian provinces. The want of enterprise or the incapacity of the Piedmontese commanders insured him a complete success. Treviso made a more obstinate resistance than had been anticipated; and at Vicenza the insurgents, under the command of Durando, exposed the city to risk by an ill-advised and ill-directed attempt at defence. On this occasion considerable damage was inflicted on the town and the neighbourhood, and several lives were lost among the less cautious of the Italian volunteers. While M. Radetzky was engaged in this expedition, the Piedmontese remained wholly inactive—neither endeavouring to molest his march nor to avail themselves of his absence to press the siege of Verona. The Marshal, on his return, was enabled by this complete success to concentrate his forces, and to take the offensive whenever and wherever he should find it expedient to do so. The force he had employed on this expedition was large; he wished his object to be rapidly accomplished; he desired to overpower resistance, and to spare the effusion of blood. The Generals who commanded the insurgents experienced the fate that is said to attend all those who serve republics—if successful they meet with ingratitude, if unfortunate with punishment. On the present occasion all were accused of treachery. The Italians, whose presumption had been kept up by every art, when at the critical moment their nerves failed them, were very willing that their leaders should be called traitors, rather than themselves dastards. The belief in treachery is universal. The Pope, who is now as generally odious as he was before unreasonably popular, is universally supposed to have betrayed the cause he for a time so zealously served. The unhappy Charles Albert, whose faults were ‘to Heaven’ and not to the Italians, is in like manner believed to have been sold to Austria—an opinion that the Milanese patriots have diligently spread—ruin, exile, death, have not yet availed to exculpate him. General Romorino, guilty only of incapacity, and most unfortunate in the quality of his troops, was doomed to an ignominious death. The Milanese contingent which he commanded could not be depended on—their want of discipline was notorious; and he had had repeated experience of their reluctance to expose themselves to danger. To save them from disgrace he conducted a retreat, which under other circumstances would certainly have been a military error of the worst class. Military skill indeed he had none—he had been thrust forward by a party whose extreme opinions he shared, into a command for
which

which he was wholly unfitted, but neither his honour nor his courage was in fault. This was urged in vain—his defence was the condemnation of his troops. The Milanese loudly demanded this sacrifice to their vanity, and the unhappy stranger must needs be the victim. Nothing became him in his life like the leaving it—he died as a Christian and a soldier—deploring the mistakes and the errors of his course, but protesting his loyalty to his prince and the cause he had espoused.*

The conquest of the Venetian provinces had driven the volunteers, the soldiers, and the compromised republicans into Venice itself. This vast concourse of strangers had the worst effect upon the Venetians. The volunteers from the provinces, the demoralized soldiery from Naples and Rome, and the adventurers from every part of the world, all living in the luxury of a large city—amply provided, by the fear or affection of the natives, with all that could minister to their desires—spread abroad an atmosphere of licentiousness not to be described; vices, practised at first with some attempt at concealment, arrived at length at such a pitch of barefaced extravagance that observation was rather courted than shunned. The scenes which polluted the hospitals at Rome were repeated at Venice. Fever and disease of all sorts were the result: and much of the subsequent mortality, attributed to the cholera, was the natural effect of intemperance and debauchery.

Other difficulties soon arose. Above all, money was wanted. The usual revenues of the town were of course suspended; new imposts were not to be thought of; a recourse to great capitalists in any quarter was hopeless, as no security could be given—still less could the ‘*hypothèque morale*,’ † of which M. Lamartine speaks, be offered—meaning confidence in the honest intentions of the government to meet its obligations. Neither could that graduated taxation be attempted which is distinguished from spoliation by the nice casuistry of the author we have just

* There is another version of Romorino’s imputed treachery, which, at all events, has more aspect of probability. It is certain that no event was more dreaded by the republican party than the ultimate success of Charles Albert, and the retirement of Romorino is attributed to a preconcerted scheme of Mazzini’s (with whom he was in close correspondence) to weaken the Piedmontese army, and to prevent its triumph at any cost. This adventurer (born a Sardinian subject) began his military career in the rebellion of Poland, and did not enjoy a very good reputation in that country, which indeed he quitted with an accusation of treachery. In 1834 he headed the revolutionary expedition into Savoy, which was defeated with little effort by the Piedmontese troops. He was in the closest league with the red republicans; and when Charles Albert was arranging his movements as ‘*Spada d’Italia*,’ Romorino’s Savoy campaign did not prevent their success in recommending him to employment under his Majesty’s invading banner.

† ‘*Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*,’ vol. ii. p. 96.

quoted. * Voluntary loans produced but a very few dollars; sundry silver spoons and old watch-cases, believed to be the contribution of the poor—the silver snuff-box of Dictator Marin*—and several *mites*, guaranteed to have come from the pockets of the widow, figured in the lists of patriotic gifts. Forced loans were much more successful—all men known to be rich and believed to be disaffected to the republican cause were compelled to open their chests. Such resources, ruinous to many respectable citizens, were, however, quite insufficient for the expenses of a government that had to pay 20,000 mercenary soldiers, and to maintain the dissolute population of a large town in plenty and in idleness. The *volunteers*, moreover, were a vast drain on the exchequer; and the patriots in S. Mark's Square, who were employed to demand what the government had previously determined to grant, or to cheer and propagate the false news that government wished to circulate, and to applaud the person of the Dictator, all exacted a florin (two shillings) for every hour of service; and so resolute were they in keeping up the price of enthusiasm, that they have repeatedly been known to interrupt a political song or a popular oration, observing to each other that they had *cried out* enough for their livres, and that they should now go to the wine-shop and drink. To meet all these expenses a large issue was made of paper money, to which a forced currency was given, and which maintained a certain credit, in the belief that the Austrian government would pursue the same humane system of which Prince Windisch-graetz gave the example in Hungary, and which was afterwards adopted in Rome, and acknowledged a debt to the injury of the imperial exchequer, and to the benefit of the enemy who persevered in a resistance so obstinate and so hopeless.

This method of extorting the costs from the winning party, and of making the legitimate government defray the expenses of insurrection, is an invention of modern days, and, combined with the new code of international law, secures complete impunity for rebellion, and high prizes for even its unsuccessful leaders. Nor in the present case was foreign aggression attended with greater risks. All ventured to spurn the lion that was supposed to be held in the toils and dying. Petty states prepared to invade without declaration of war—subjects declared war without the sanction of their governments. Sardinia, secure in the apprehension which French intervention inspired, could make a foray into Lombardy, accept the allegiance of its inhabitants, and retreat again, secure from any punishment more severe than that of disappointed ambition. As

* In sending this offering to his country, he professed to send the only article of value he possessed, being wholly without money—a fact that was notorious to his countrymen when he entered on office.

yet Austria was without an ally. In the state of anarchy to which, in the summer of 1848, Germany was reduced, she looked to that quarter for support in vain. Nor could Russia venture to contract an alliance with the feeble ministers whom the students and apprentices of Vienna permitted to hold office. M. Lamartine, at that time minister of France, or, as he phrases it, 'arbiter of her destinies,' looked on with complacency—prepared to find either in the ruin or the triumph of Sardinia a pretext for completing one of those 'revolutions of geography' with which he is so ready to gratify the ambition of his countrymen. But Russia, though an inactive, was not an unconcerned spectator. Her reluctance to engage in the war was known—but it was equally well known what was the act of aggression which she would consider a *casus belli*; actual war with Austria must therefore be avoided, though every act of hostility short of this extreme might be safely committed by France, and emulously imitated by the blundering subserviency of England. It was the known sympathy and servility of our Whig cabinet which induced M. Lamartine to endure that alliance with England, which he specifies as one of the worst offences of Louis-Philippe in the eyes of the nation! * The conditions upon which this alliance was tolerated were afterwards made manifest, when the expedition to Cività Vecchia was not only undertaken without the consent of the English cabinet having been asked, but not even communicated until it had been accomplished. English statesmen, it might have been thought, had received sufficient warnings as to the policy of co-operating with interested rivals to the injury of ancient and tried allies. M. Lamartine is eloquent on the 'narrow limits' to which France

* 'L'alliance avec l'Angleterre, que la nation supportait impatiemment.—He proceeds to favour us with a luculent commentary upon the mystic orations in which, when a minister, he used to mark the limits of 'his political conscience.' We cannot but think those upright Whigs who professed implicit reliance on his good will and good faith at that epoch will be somewhat startled at the plans which he now announces for the aggrandisement of France. In discussing a system of policy for her this candid and comprehensive genius points out two courses only as worthy of her final election : —' soit en s'alliant avec l'Allemagne contre la Russie et l'Angleterre, soit en se coalisant avec la Russie contre l'Angleterre et l'Autriche.—Dans le premier cas, la France aurait obtenu des développements en Savoie, en Suisse, et dans les provinces Prussiennes Rhénanes, par des concessions accordées à l'Autriche en Italie, dans le bas Danube, et sur le littoral de l'Adriatique. Dans le second cas, la France aurait étouffé l'Autriche entre elle et la Russie; elle aurait débordé librement en Italie—repris la Belgique et les frontières du Rhin—influé en Espagne. Constantinople, la Mer Noire, les Dardanelles, l'Adriatique concédés à l'ambition Russe lui aurait assuré ces accroissements. L'alliance Russe c'est le cri de la nature; c'est la révélation des géographies; c'est l'alliance de guerre pour les éventualités de l'avenir de deux grandes races; c'est l'équilibre de paix par deux grands poids aux extrémités du continent, contenant le milieu, et reléguant l'Angleterre comme une puissance satellite sur l'Océan et en Asie.'—Hist. de la Révol. de 1848, p. 16.

was restricted by the treaties of 1815,—and the justice of that national odium to which acquiescence in those limits condemned the younger as well as the elder branch of the Bourbons (vol. i. p. 15). It does not suit him to recollect that those limits had been considerably extended by the capture of Algiers under Charles X. and the enlargement of the French dominion in that region, resolutely pursued by Louis-Philippe, in spite of the most solemn pledges volunteered to England that even the first conquest was not to be retained—and crowned at last by the violation of all faith and honour in the case of Abd-el-Kader, for which, by far the greatest of his sins, it is not convenient that any who have profited by his Majesty's downfall should reproach him. Still less does it suit the grandiloquent diplomatist of February, 1848, to recall the pregnant fact that the African aggrandizement of France had its root in the anti-Turkish coalition of 1827 and the lamentable violence of Navarino. But the 'untoward event' had other consequences, in which English ministers might have read a profitable lesson. The disruption of the Ottoman Empire in the close of 1827 was quickly followed by the war with Russia, the successes of which power in the ensuing campaign are mainly to be attributed to the Turkish army being deprived of the co-operation of the fleet upon which it had calculated. During the whole of this period Austria steadily refused to join the crusade—no sophistry could blind *her* cabinet to the danger of the policy to which England had stooped—a wedge between Russia and Constantinople, Austria remained immovably fixed, and it was due solely to her firmness that a peace on tolerable terms was at length accorded to Turkey. We believe that there are few English statesmen who do not recognise the folly of our former policy, popular as it was at the period; at all events, when the Sultan is now treated with arrogance, our ministers menace war in defence of the independence which we have done our utmost to destroy.

These observations bear directly upon the affairs of Italy; and the conduct we have pursued, and we fear we must say are still pursuing, with regard to Austria, is exactly that which has proved so impolitic in the Levant. Honour and interest, consistency and policy, alike enjoined us to sustain and protect Austria—and that we have abandoned and sacrificed this ancient ally will be the lasting astonishment of posterity. No matter what may be the personal moderation of the Emperor Nicholas, his feelings could not effectively controvert the primary principles of Russian policy, supported by the hereditary and universal spirit of his nation; and it is too obvious that a collision between his gigantic strength
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and the often humbled government of the Porte must ere long take place. And what can the Porte now expect from the only power that was faithful to her at more than one former crisis? In her own day of peril Austria has been compelled to lean on Russia for that support which we should have afforded; and physical weakness as well as gratitude will compel her to pay the obligation she thus incurred. In spite of the opposition of Austria, Turkey has twice lain at the mercy of Russia—twice have her intercessions and remonstrances been effectual. That obstacle being removed, it is clear that the Russians may choose their time to begin the final attack—and their place also, which we do *not* expect to be Constantinople. Such a result has been foreseen by every one; the present cabinet has only hurried it, and approached by some score of years, perhaps, the general war which must ensue.

The English public also has expressed much indignation at the haughtiness with which Turkey has been treated, and the violation of international law which, as they are told, the imperial allies have committed in their demands on that power. We believe that, according to the terms of existing treaties, the allied monarchs were justified in their demands; but if they were not, we would ask, have France and England not given the example of the most open and barefaced violation of international law in their intercourse with feeblers and smaller states? Did not the fleets of these nations persist in their unjust interference in the affairs of Sicily? Did they not coerce and bully the King of Naples in his own capital, assist his rebels in Sicily, and finally impose an armistice upon him in the hour of his triumph? Did they not afford their support and countenance to the King of Sardinia, and interfere between him and merited chastisement? And finally, did they not maintain Venice in rebellion, supply it with necessaries, and provide for the safety of the anarchists who had corrupted its population and preyed on its vitals for nearly two years? We raised our feeble protest against these acts of intolerable prepotency, and we prophesied that the time could not be far off when their folly and impolicy would be as generally recognised as their guilt was already admitted by all right-thinking persons. That time has arrived, and both France and England are as loud in their condemnation of a pretended breach of international law as if their own conduct had not furnished the precedent for the utmost excess of such injustice.

Upon the particular cause that has produced this discussion we shall not at present enlarge. We are satisfied that both the intentions of the allied sovereigns and their overt acts have been misunderstood and misrepresented by our newspapers. There

never was any intention of seizing and executing the Hungarian refugees; and if there had been, it would not have been so lightly foregone. The Austrian and Russian cabinets were well aware that England could not, and France would not, go to war in such a cause; nor was either power entitled to interfere beyond the remonstrance that seems to have been addressed and civilly received. Both England and France claim a victory, when in fact the advantage is entirely on the side of their opponents. The allied emperors were determined that Turkey should not afford *plotting-ground* for the rebels of Poland and Hungary, and this point they have accomplished: the greater part of the refugees have returned to their country and their allegiance; their leaders (such of them as have not become proselytes to Mahometanism) will doubtless soon remove to London or Paris, there to enjoy the fruits of their celebrity in all the luxury for which their term of power has afforded them ample means.

But we must waive all these topics, however intimately connected with our proper subject, and return to the facts of the Italian Revolution, and the defence of Venice prolonged through the selfishness of her demagogues and the contempt with which two powerful nations treated the precepts of international law.

While the political state of Europe was thus favourable to the Italians, the evacuation of Lombardy and the Venetian provinces, and the doubtful result of several skirmishes with Austrian outposts, had inspired them with a blind and fatal confidence. Utterly incapable of understanding the strategic principles upon which Marshal Radetzky concentrated his troops in the impregnable positions of Verona and Mantua, and attributing his inaction to timidity and indecision, they deemed the victory already won.

But Radetzky was not master at Vienna! If there had been found one Italian of sound sense, practical knowledge, and disinterested patriotism, to take the lead at this particular crisis, and if his countrymen (harder still to suppose!) would have listened to his counsel, Italy had an opportunity of recovering her long-coveted independence, such as history had never yet recorded. We now know the outline of the two plans, on either of which as a basis Austria was willing to treat for peace. (*Blue Book*, p. 466 *et seq.*) 1. The complete independence of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, with the reservation of the supremacy, little more than nominal, of the Emperor—a viceroy, an administration, an army of its own. Or, 2. The absolute cession of Lombardy, 'with the concentration of the Austrian forces in Verona and the continued occupation of the Venetian territory.' It was in favour of the former of these projects

jects that the mediation of England was asked—and refused. We have not time to discuss Mr. Abercromby's opinion, quoted by Lord Palmerston, and which seems to have been adopted by him (p. 480), that to prevent French intervention the complete cession of the Lombardo-Venetian territory was necessary—an event to which, beyond all others, French statesmen looked forward as justifying that intervention. Lord Palmerston assigned for reason of his refusal the insufficiency of the terms 'to content one of the contending parties.' In every despatch Mr. Abercromby assures him, on the authority of the spouting clubs at Turin, that 'nothing less than the absolute cession of all Italy will satisfy the Italians;' and, with a simplicity which, on a less grave occasion, might provoke a smile, he implies that to 'satisfy the Italians' is the only problem to be solved. What terms more advantageous than those actually offered could reasonably be expected from Austria it is not easy to conceive; but not even Mr. Abercromby himself could have satisfied the authorities of Milan. Italy—all Italy—all the subalpine regions that never before were called Italy—all that is necessary to give Italy security—Trent, the Italian Tyrol, the valley of the Isonzo, Istria, and Dalmatia—all seems too little for the expansive nationality of that patriotic body. The town and territory of Trieste even were demanded, without which, as they truly observed, the Italian trade would be crippled and their 'Venetian sister's' materially injured. Such terms were hardly offered at the peace of Presburg—and a battle of Austerlitz had not been fought; nay, at this very moment, when the delirium of Italian self-confidence was at its height, and they *would* have no arbiter but the sword, the tide of success was already turning.

So far indeed were the Austrians from being driven to extremities in Italy, that they were living in plenty and security, while the Piedmontese army was exposed to all the rigours of real warfare. The town populations, exclusively occupied in masquerading as soldiers, vapouring in coffee-houses, reading their praises in the newspapers, or hearing them from the mouths of street orators, abandoned the war to the Piedmontese troops, which were rapidly losing both hope and discipline; harassed with fatigue, wasted in turn by equinoctial rains and solstitial heats, famished by the peasants, and decimated by disease and desertion. Few joined the royal army to make up for those numerous losses—still fewer by their conduct and discipline added to its effective force; on the contrary, the 'Crusaders' were more dreaded than the Austrians themselves: they spread disease, discontent, and disaffection through the Piedmontese ranks, while they increased the number of mouths to be

be fed when provisions were already failing. Yet of the Volunteers, dismissed with priestly benedictions and paternal blessings, the greater part, in the first instance at least, displayed some goodwill for the cause—some desire to perform the duty of a soldier; the Lombards alone, for whom the war was undertaken, refused all share in it, abandoned the defence of their country to the King of Sardinia, and contented themselves with criticising his conduct, counteracting his plans, and contributing all in their power to his defeat. While fortune seemed to smile on the Sardinian arms, his ultimate success became the dread of these hollow allies, and already they were prepared to renounce 'the sword of Italy,' as soon as it had worked their expected redemption.

With the battle that closed the campaign of 1848, and the capitulation which saved the royal army from annihilation, the person of the sovereign from capture, and Milan from pillage, we have no intention of meddling any further than as these events are connected with the history of Venice.

After the conquest of all the Venetian Provinces by an Imperial army, the republican Chamber had voted nearly unanimously, on the 3rd of July, 1848, a fusion of the Venetian territories with those of Piedmont:—but this was an act of necessity rather than of choice; neither did the citizens who accepted the decree, nor the delegates who voted it, conceal their aversion to the measure, or their intention to reassert their independence when the fortune of war should turn in their favour. Daniel Manin, after having declared his attachment to the republican cause, retired from his Presidentship:—he resigned his trust to a commission appointed by the King of Sardinia, and for a brief space Venice formed a part of 'the united Italian kingdom.' The defeat of the King at Somma Campagna and the capitulation of Milan absolved the citizens of Venice, as they thought, from their allegiance—the Sardinian flag was struck in the place S. Mark in a little month after it had been raised, and Venice returned to its self-government. Manin again appeared on the stage; he proclaimed himself Dictator from the windows of the Procuratie Nuove on Friday evening, the 9th of August, and on the morning of the following Sunday his power was confirmed by a (so-called) National Assembly in the Ducal Palace.

General Welden, who commanded the Austrian army of reserve, addressed a letter to the Provisional Government from his head-quarters at Mestre, announcing the conclusion of the armistice, and urging an immediate accommodation before the contest was embittered by the reciprocal infliction of useless injuries. The answer he received was alike insulting and futile. The Government

Government professed to have no power to treat without the concurrence of 'the whole of Italy;' adding that, if even all resistance was reduced to Venice alone, the cause of independence was far from lost. A few weeks previously, when the question of a junction with Piedmont had been discussed, the main argument alleged in its favour was the impossibility that Venice should stand alone. This was not less true now—but the danger was not pressing. Much sympathy for the young republic was expressed in Italy—many promises made—and some money was actually sent. The Dictator could no longer seriously entertain hopes of support from the French government, which, if it did not interfere to head the party when triumphant, would certainly not step in to support it at its fall. But truth and open dealing do not belong to democracies. The clubs and secret societies of France encouraged the resistance in Venice, and promised the assistance they had neither the power nor perhaps the will to afford; neither did public men in France venture to declare their intended policy; their conduct was as ambiguous as their language: they wished to prolong resistance, for the perplexity of their neighbours was their own security; they were prepared to assist rebellion if successful, but they chose to reserve the right of abandoning it in case it became desperate. Their policy in Italy is just what would have been their policy in Ireland—and to this paltry juggling Italy and Venice were sacrificed. The Venetian people, ignorant beyond belief of all that takes place beyond the lagunes, but lively, imaginative, and vain, were readily led to believe what they desired, or what their orators told them—they were persuaded that the coveted independence was at hand, and along with it peace, and plenty, and idleness: habitually timid and submissive, they endured privation and the oppression of their defenders with a patience which in a better cause would have been heroic. The only effective assistance however was, in defiance of the armistice, afforded by the King of Sardinia. This unhappy prince, entangled in a web of treachery of his own weaving, could neither escape from his engagements nor fulfil them. His advisers were all on the side of his rebuked but not yet extinguished ambition. His army, with or without his express permission, continued to swell the garrison at Venice, and his fleet, still riding in the Adriatic, kept up the communication with the Continent. Large sums of money were openly sent to support the war, and sums no less large were secretly spent in keeping the Piedmontese party together, and in purchasing the favour of the popular leaders.

But all these resources would have been of little avail, had the conduct of the French and English governments been
more

more honourable, more humane, or more politic. Had the Venetian demagogues seen themselves abandoned by the French and English fleets, they would have been deprived of the means of securing their gains, and they would have been persuaded, moreover, that their own safety required them to submit: it was, they pursued their game in perfect security; they acquired the reputation of heroism without risking their persons—of patriotism without making a sacrifice—and of self-devotion while they were making their fortunes. Whoever might be pinched or starving, their own tables were supplied—they saw the ruin of the city with stoical indifference—they enjoyed the spoliation of the rich with undisguised satisfaction—and when the people cried for hunger, they talked to them of glory, and bid them hurry to the breach. Such was the result of this unwarrantable and illegal interference, which the governments and their supporters have not scrupled to defend under the hypocritical pretence of humanity!

Meantime Charles Albert, after his awful humiliation, had thrown himself into the fortress of Alexandria, and, forgetful of the gratitude he owed to the Austrian general, and the obligation of his plighted word, he kept up, by menacing and vapouring proclamations, the spirit of hostility he was bound in honour to calm. He affected to form a council of the exiles of Lombardy, and to issue regulations for its government;* he talks of his 'Italic crown' as if such a sovereignty had ever existed; he terms the defence of the imperial provinces by an imperial army 'an incursion of barbarians,' and affects to treat them as invaders in Italy, though Lombardy has been under the direct sway of the House of Austria since the reign of Charles V., and was considered as a fief of the German Empire ever since the reign of Otho the Great. He might have remembered also that he owed his hereditary crown to the victories of those very 'barbarians,' without which his continental provinces would have remained as 'departments' incorporated with France, and his family would have reigned only in the unwholesome deserts of Sardinia.

From the 9th of August, 1848, to the 12th of March, 1849—the day on which the armistice was signed and that on which it was at last formally denounced by this misguided prince—the cause of order and good government throughout Europe had made great advances—the eyes of persons, not obstinately blind, were gradually opened—the conduct of the Austrian authorities could not but make a favourable impression in any country where justice and plain dealing are valued—the weakness, falsehood, and meanness of the Italian demagogues were beginning to be acknowledged, and all but our Cabinet had

* *Raccolta*, vol. vi. p. 463.

abandoned a cause for which the most ardent of its former supporters was ashamed to argue. The denunciation of the armistice by Charles Albert, with the extravagant proclamations which accompanied that act, and the precipitancy and violence of his general conduct, might seem to justify those who alleged that he was not in the full possession of his reason. His apparent recklessness was, however, the fruit of calculation and the consequence of a resolution long adopted. This prince, as we have before observed, endowed with fair abilities and the usual average of physical courage, was vacillating in his purposes and timid in their execution. Oppressed with constitutional shyness, a prey to painful disorders, and morbidly conscious of an ungraceful exterior and a repulsive address, he avoided the general intercourse of his subjects, and devoted himself exclusively to the society of flatterers who gratified his well-known foible by attributing to him all those qualities in which he felt himself most deficient. Painfully conscious of the mistrust his character had inspired, having in vain sought the consolations of religion, the favour of the Jesuits, and the confidence of absolute princes, he turned again to the popular cause, and hoped to gratify his ambition and to occupy his leisure by placing himself at the head of the Italian movement. Oppressed now with languor and restlessness, disappointed in his ambition, broken in health and spirits, we believe he spoke the truth when he assured the deputies from Turin that he was ready, nay eager, to lay down the life that had long been a burden to him. To such a frame of mind a desperate resolution was more congenial than a safe and prudent course. All his arrangements were made with a disregard to personal motives, which alone would prove his sincerity. Small as was the skill which he had displayed as a general, it was infinitely superior to that of the Polish adventurer to whom he now intrusted his army.

A defeat more rapid than any which Buonaparte ever inflicted on his enemies prostrated the King, his family, and his kingdom. at the feet of the enemy he had so wantonly provoked and so contemptuously braved. Marshal Radetzky exhibited all the qualities of a consummate commander, and the Generals D'Aspre and Hesse proved that audacity and caution can be united in planning and in executing a campaign. It was the object of these enterprising generals to march at once to the capital, and there to conclude the peace; and much is it to be regretted that they were not suffered to execute their purpose. The same motives of policy that had robbed Marshal Radetzky of the fruits of his victory at Milan in the preceding autumn, now stopped the career of General D'Aspre; a forced march of a couple of days would have brought him

him to the gates of Turin, where the deputies were insulting their sovereign, by protesting against the capitulation which had saved them, and by reproaching him with not prolonging a resistance which for the sake of his people he had ceased. While vowing to bury themselves under the ruins of Turin, they kept their trunks packed and their horses saddled to carry them away as soon as the Austrian advanced guard should appear. The clemency or policy of the victors again saved Turin from capture, but deferred the period of peace, and, we fear, may have prepared the way for another war.

International laws, like all other laws, are established for the protection of the weak; and when they are violated, the weaker party will be the eventual sufferers. Had Marshal Radetzky pushed his advantages in the August of the preceding year, there would have been no second war, and much misery and much blood would have been spared. The Sardinian army and the person of the King were at the mercy of the victorious Marshal. A peace would have been instantly signed, and securities taken that it should not again have been violated. Nor was any one so great a loser by the mischievous interference of his allies as the sovereign of Piedmont himself. Had events been allowed to take their natural course in 1848, the sufferings of Venice also would have been materially shortened, and the hopeless and disastrous defence would have been abandoned.

When the cause was utterly desperate—on the 2nd of April, 1849—the Venetian Assembly passed a resolution to resist the Austrians ‘at any cost, and to the last.’ This vote of the Assembly only proves the extent to which it was influenced by terror of the demagogues and their Sicarii. The ‘heroism’ of this resolution was boasted in the Italian journals, and was even taken for granted by some foreign admirers of liberty, though no act was ever less entitled to praise. After the second catastrophe of the Piedmontese, the desertion of Naples, the Austrian occupation of Tuscany, the French intervention at Rome—the affectation of prolonging resistance was as absurd as the motives for it were selfish and criminal. The geographical position of Venice guaranteed the garrison from much risk, and the sufferings of a long blockade fell principally upon that class which assuredly had no hand in promoting the resistance. Meanwhile the siege was prosecuted by the Austrians with little vigour. On several occasions a brisk attack would have carried the city; but besides that the besiegers were ill supplied with information, they were anxious to save the town from the danger of a capture by assault. On the other hand, although a part of the population heard the determination of their deputies with a sinking

sinking heart, another portion of it found their interest in prolonging the war. The men of the lower classes, familiar with the water from their early youth, addicted themselves to smuggling—the most desperate and demoralizing form in which the laws can be defied. A contraband trade of tobacco was carried on with the Terra-firma in exchange for provisions, which were introduced into the town and sold at an exorbitant rate. The gains of this illicit commerce were out of all proportion to its risks. The strong and the unscrupulous found food and profit; it was the feeble and the honest that felt the evils of warfare; but such are wont ‘to suffer and be still.’ The government had no easy task, however, and Manin had several opportunities of testing that ‘love,’ of which he professed himself so conscious. Had that ‘love,’ or rather that fear, been less, the people might have then asked a question which they have since put constantly to one another; ‘How comes it that, with the resolution to resist to the last and at all risks, large stores of provisions were not made for the siege, while the communication by sea was kept open by the Sardinian fleet, and while the Venetian trading-boats communicated with so little interruption with the Terra-firma?’ The means of purchasing stores had not been wanting. Besides the subsidy of the King of Sardinia, large sums had been raised by other means; but Signor Manin and his colleagues gave no account of their stewardship—no questions were asked; and had any impertinent deputy presumed to hazard a remark on this delicate point, he would certainly have found himself rewarded with the dangerous imputation of being an Austrian spy, and his person as well as his goods would have been liable to the penalty that such an accusation invariably entailed.

An organized system of terror was put in practice. Placards on every wall denounced the ‘traitors’ to death, and all such as refused aught that was demanded were accused of betraying their country. The noted Ugo Bassi and Gavazzi, both Barnabite monks, preached the doctrine of spoliation in S. Mark’s square to the assembled people; they demanded the wealth of the rich, the savings of the poor, the ornaments of the women, and the plate of the churches; these discourses were listened to with enthusiasm, and were usually wound up with eloquent denunciations of the selfish miser. A wealthy noble of excellent character, and heretofore much loved and respected, was compelled under various pretences to pay a million and a half of francs for permission to retain the rest of his property, and to redeem his palace from pillage. A banker, whose name is more respected on Change than his person is loved in society, was fined to the same amount. We have not space for more examples.

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While the enemies of the revolution submitted from terror, its friends were kept in heart by the promulgation of falsehoods. The insular position of the town, which checked the arrival of intelligence, and the simplicity and ignorance of the people, rendered the task of deception easy; moreover, from the moment the press was declared free, no word could be uttered, and no fact could be printed, if they happened to be disagreeable to the ruling demagogues. The murmurs of the streets were quickly silenced; those who disbelieved must be Austrian spies; and all contradiction was dropped. At one time the English fleet had sailed to Trieste, and compelled the Austrians to a cessation of hostilities; at another, fifty thousand Hungarians had besieged Vienna, while a detachment of equal amount had arrived at Udine for the relief of Venice. Milan was twice a week in revolt, and the Austrians ejected; the King of Sardinia had defeated Radetzky, and the Marshal himself was a prisoner—in proof of which that commander was exhibited in effigy in an iron cage, while Charles Albert brandished the sword of Goliath over his head. Forged letters from the Austrian generals, professing to have been intercepted, were produced to attest whatever the government wished to be believed. And of what complexion were the stories they circulated? Marshal Radetzky was represented as gloating over the cruellest punishments, and encouraging his ‘Croats’ to murder and torment young Italians of both sexes in mere wantonness. The loyalty of the Croatian troops pointed them out as the objects of peculiar malignity, and all Austrian soldiers were invariably designated as Croats, as a means of holding them up to public execration, as if it was the greatest of crimes to belong to that primitive race. It is needless to observe that these stories of cruelty had no foundation in truth, the discipline of the army being as remarkable as its courage, or as the humane forbearance of its commanders; * but the imputation had the worst effect in hardening the hearts of the Italians, with whom revenge is ever cherished as a virtue. The Austrians have preserved a strict silence as to their wrongs; they make no complaints, while the press of every country teems with charges against them, which they with mistaken magnanimity, or more mistaken indifference, scorn to refute. Our

* We have received an anecdote from a person on whom we can place implicit reliance, illustrative of the spirit in which the Austrian commanders performed their painful duty. A wealthy proprietor of Como had secreted several weapons in spite of the rigorous order that had been issued for their surrender; a servant denounced the fact to Count Clamm-Gallas, the officer commanding the district, pointing out the exact situation of the deposit. Count Clamm wrote to the person, entreating him to deliver up the weapons without delay, and not to run the risk of their being searched for. His letter closed with a strong recommendation not to brave the laws—and above all, to place no confidence in his servants.

readers will doubtless have observed that the accusations preferred against the Austrians are vague and uncircumstantial—mutilated women, feeble old men, and sucking children wantonly butchered—but no detail as to place and time. On the one hand, improbable atrocities; on the other, the ordinary and inevitable miseries of war, charged to their account alone: but we will boldly assert—and we challenge contradiction—that never was a civil war conducted with so little severity by the victors, or *any* war with so small an amount of mischief.

The government in propagating these falsehoods was guilty of no less folly than wickedness. Vain is the attempt to substitute ferocity for enthusiasm, hatred of the enemy for love of country. Barbarities, it is true, have sometimes disgraced the energy with which a national cause is fought—but barbarities will never supply the place of energy and make a cause national. In truth, guilt leads to guilt. These slanders were needed to excuse the official language of government, which enjoined the destruction of their fellow-creatures by every mode of treachery and cruelty by which noxious beasts might be entrapped and slain; and moreover, to make the lesson intelligible to all, the stage was employed still further to deprave the taste and corrupt the morality of the people. The plot of a drama, which was constantly repeated before an applauding audience, presented a Croatian soldier trepanned by a Venetian lady into her house under the pretence of an amorous assignation, and there roasted alive and basted before a slow fire by the hand of the fair patriot. The catastrophe, representing the Croat spitted in full uniform, was painted in glowing colours on the playbills, and exhibited to attract attention under the porticoes of S. Mark's Square. It is the government that we hold mainly responsible for the spirit of ferocity it has fostered.

Our readers will be interested to know what was the treatment of those Austrian soldiers who were so unfortunate as to be made prisoners by a people whose edicts came forth in the name of God. They were stripped, insulted, and starved, and cast into the same overcharged dungeon in which felons and murderers were confined. No means of communicating with their friends were allowed them, nor any power of procuring the necessities of life! Nor were the sick and wounded treated with more humanity. We give an instance, on an authority upon which we assure our readers they may rely. A gentleman, overtaken one day by a sudden squall in the lagunes between Venice and Lido, was compelled to take refuge on the island of S. Servolo. He hailed a trabacolo passing near, with sails closely reefed and beating up against the wind, and begged for a passage to S. Mark's

S. Mark's Place. The captain put back and took him on board, but with some little difficulty and a considerable loss of time. Further delay was occasioned by the gondola, which was taken in tow, breaking loose and floating adrift. When this misfortune was remedied and he had time to look around him, the stranger found the crew consisted of four or five men, and the freight he took to be sheep or pigs, smuggled from the mainland and heaped up beneath a mat. A convulsive movement in the heap, and some low groans, startled him and drew his eye to the face of the skipper. 'It is nothing,' replied the latter, understanding the appeal, 'but some Croats that are dying; they were in hospital at the Lazaretto, which has been wanted for other purposes, and they are to be removed to Venice. I would not have lost time by putting back for you if they had been Italians—but it does not much matter, they will not arrive alive, some of them were dying when we threw them into the boat.' 'But they are sick and wounded men,' replied the stranger mildly; 'they are moreover Christians!' 'Christians!' replied the fellow, giving the almost inanimate mass a kick with his foot, and accompanying the word with the volley of strange blasphemies with which Italians of his class usually garnish their familiar discourse; 'they are sons of dogs of Croats, and dying is too good for them.' He raised the mat as he spoke; the stranger ventured one glance, and a sight was revealed which, he said, resembled a painter's representation of the triumphs of death, or the dismal effects of the plague—the bodies huddled together as they had been torn from the wards of the lazaret-house.

In excuse for the Dictator's prolonged resistance it cannot be pleaded that the doors of reconciliation were closed. After the final defeat of Charles Albert at Novara, Marshal Radetzky, through General Haynau, who commanded the besieging army, offered the same honourable and advantageous conditions (*Raccolta*, &c., vol. viii. p. 14) which had been before refused. To borrow his own phrase, he addresses the insurgents rather as a father than as a general. Manin, in the name of the city, rejects the terms, and requests the Marshal to suspend hostilities till the result of an application he had made to the cabinets of France and England for their joint mediation shall be known. Such a proposal could only be made in mockery, or perhaps to colour his barbarous rejection of the message of mercy. The application to which Manin alluded was made in a letter dated April 4th, and by both governments was refused, with civil regrets on the part of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and on Lord Palmerston's with the wise advice to make terms with Austria while it was yet possible. *That it was yet possible*, we think the strongest proof of Austrian forbearance

forbearance that these pages contain. A request had been made also to M. Lacourt, the French diplomatic agent at Vienna, for his mediation—but his application was refused by Prince Schwarzenberg, and the Venetian deputies were referred to Marshal Radetzky, who was now invested with the full powers of his sovereign. Notwithstanding this refusal, a negotiation was actually opened, and a meeting arranged between commissioners appointed by the two parties. M. de Bruck represented the Austrian cabinet, and Messrs. Caluci and Foscolo were the delegates of the Venetian assembly. But the terms proposed by the Austrian envoy, we cannot help rejoicing, were refused by the interested pertinacity of the Venetian dictature—such terms, we are sure, are incompatible with peace and civil order, and the experiment would have been tried at the cost of both parties.*

* On reflection, we think it right to add on our margin the details—which, we may be sure, will never find their way into any of Lord Palmerston's Blue Books. The above-named delegates, then, in their letter to Manin, dated June 3, 1849, render an account of their mission. M. de Bruck, in a frank and open address, urged them (they state) to express their wants and wishes with perfect freedom, as a thorough mutual good understanding was necessary to the permanent settlement of the question. He then read to them a draft, in which the principal provisions were these:—1. The integrity of the Austrian Empire to be preserved under one sovereign. 2. The supreme authority to be exercised in the kingdom of Venetian-Lombardy by an imperial lieutenant in conjunction with a council of state. 3. The capital to be Verona. 4. The legislative power to be lodged with a senate and a chamber of deputies—the former to be selected amongst persons holding high office, or proprietors possessing a determined amount of income; the deputies to be elected by a suffrage nearly universal, no qualification whatever being required, except their having attained their thirtieth year. 5. The independent legislative power to be exercised by the estates of the kingdom, excepting in matters relating to peace and war, and the external relations of the whole empire, which subjects would be discussed by a general diet sitting at Vienna, to which the Italian kingdom would send its representatives. After reading this general project to the Venetian negotiators, he concluded by proposing three plans for the future government of Venice itself, of which he left the choice with them. 1. Venice may form a part of this kingdom if she pleases. 2. Should she wish to preserve the prerogatives of a capital, the Emperor will consent to form two kingdoms, with two parliaments and two capitals, at Milan and at Venice, to be totally independent of each other. 3. Should it be preferred, Venice may separate herself from her provinces, be declared an imperial city like Trieste, and have the privilege of sending her own deputies to the Diet. To these proposals the delegates declined giving any reply without consulting their constituents. After some discussion, prolonged for the sake of appearances, and after a consultation in what was called the National Assembly, the negotiators wrote to M. de Bruck, in date of June 9th, declining the offers of the imperial cabinet as being insufficient, wanting the necessary guarantees, and not securing to Venice the advantages she proposed by her rebellion. The correspondence terminates on the part of the Austrian commissioners with a tender of the following terms in case of a capitulation—a free pardon to all the military, excepting the higher grades, who had deserted their standard; a general amnesty for all others, excepting forty persons; exemption from enforced tribute; recognition of half the paper-money issued by the republicans; freedom of departure to whosoever should desire to leave Venice, either by sea or by land, with sufficient time allowed to settle their private affairs. The reply, from Manin himself, was that the Chamber, after having deliberated on these proposals, had negatived them by passing to the order of the day!—a mode of procedure which had been adopted by the deputies at Rome when their lobby was reeking with the blood of Rossi. (*Raccolta*, &c., vol. viii. p. 16-24.),

If this wanton rejection of peace had, indeed, been the free choice of the people, their obstinacy though ill judged might have been termed heroic; but the *people* in fact were in a state of slavery; they bore their privations with the fortitude of despair: penned up like sheep in a fold, they feared the violence of their mercenary defenders more than the Austrian cannon, and they felt themselves in the ruthless hands of demagogues, who beheld their sufferings with complete indifference. If a word was spoken in the assembly that displeased the Dictator, a hint was dropped to his hireling mob, and the mutinous member only escaped ill-treatment by the ostentatious protection of Manin, who affected to defend him against the indignation which he himself had excited. This protection, however, was not always afforded, *for examples were required*. Niccolo Priuli, a man of high family and considerable property, having pointed out to the chamber the hopelessness of resistance, and recommended that the terms which the Austrians had offered should now be accepted, was selected as an object for vengeance. His house was sacked. The patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Monico, and the Abbate Canale, were exposed to the same treatment, because the first proposed, and the second was thought to have advised, that a petition should be presented to the Assembly, praying that a useless effusion of blood and a hopeless resistance might be brought to a close. The inhabitants of the Cannaregio and the western quarters of the city, most exposed to danger, were obliged to abandon their dwellings and to take refuge in the neighbourhood of S. Mark's and S. Piero di Castello, regions to which the cannon did not yet reach. Insufficient food and crowded habitations produced their usual results—intermittent fever, typhus, cholera. Moral disorders multiplied with the increase of danger, as they are said to do in cities assailed by the plague; and as the contagion of ill example spread even among the better classes, the most frightful depravity was everywhere diffused. Even General Pepe interfered to put an end to this state of misery. He assured the Dictature that when the enemy's balls reached the centre of the city all further resistance was hopeless. Manin replied, that till three quarters of Venice were destroyed he would never consent to capitulate. His own residence was in that 'quarter' which would last be in danger, and his retreat was secure on board the foreign vessels which were anchored off the Square of S. Mark's, we presume for that purpose."

It was now, when every overture for peace had been rejected, that the business of the siege proceeded in earnest. On the 6th of May the attack on Marghera was commenced. This fortress,
situated

situated to the west of Venice, on the canal of Mestre, commands the access to the city, and had been skilfully fortified by the Austrians. Had they not abandoned it when Venice capitulated in the preceding year, the misconduct of the military governor would not have produced any permanent mischief. The progress of the besiegers was retarded by the destruction of their works by inundation, and it was not till after the attack had lasted three weeks that the place was abandoned by its garrison. It is thought that the Venetian commandant retired somewhat prematurely from a post in itself almost impregnable, and of the utmost importance as the key to Venice. On the other hand, the Austrian general has been equally censured for not pushing his advantage. The small but important fortress of S. Giuliano had also surrendered, and no obstacle existed to prevent his advancing to Venice and taking it at once—the whole town was in consternation, and could hardly credit the reality of its reprieve: the General's excuse must be his unwillingness to risk an assault and street defence, and the consequent injury he must have inflicted upon the town and its inhabitants. We believe the fear to have been chimerical; he would have probably been met with an offer of unconditional surrender: at all events, his decision was most unfortunate, since it prolonged the siege, with all its miseries, from the 27th of May till the 22nd of August.

By this unaccountable inactivity time was given to the besieged to fortify the railroad bridge, to construct defences, and to launch floating batteries, by all which means the Austrians were exposed to serious loss, besides the still greater injury they experienced from a prolonged encampment in the unwholesome air of the environs.*

On the 14th of August, Marshal Radetzky, aware of the state to which the city was reduced, renewed his efforts to induce it to capitulate by offering nearly the same terms that had been previously rejected. The terms were—a complete surrender of all weapons of every sort—pardon to all subaltern offenders—permission for those to leave the territory who chose to do so, and banishment from the state of forty individuals whose names were announced. On the 22nd of the same month these terms were accepted by the municipality of Venice, in whose favour the Provisional Government and the National Assembly had abdicated their powers—the Marshal refusing to recognise the government of Manin and

* The siege of Venice caused the Austrians a loss of upwards of 16,000 men. Some fell by the cannon of the defenders—by far the greater portion from the wasting effects of disease and unwholesome climate. The feat of arms performed during the siege which reflects the highest honour on the actors, was the defence of the island of S. Giuliano by 200 Austrians, exposed to a murderous and well-directed cross-fire for a period of upwards of 18 hours.

his colleagues. This treaty was signed by General Gorzkowsky on the part of the Imperial Government, and by the podestà, Count Correr, on that of the Venetians. The list of exiles comprised the members of the Provisional Government, some few members of the National Assembly most noted for the vehemence of their opinions, two editors of newspapers, and four ecclesiastics, two regular and two secular, who had preached rebellion and spoliation.

Perfect discipline was observed by the troops in taking possession of the town; no insolent gesture escaped either officer or soldier; they proceeded to their destined quarters in tranquillity, and with their presence Venice was restored to a state of liberty and plenty to which it had long been a stranger. The entrance of Marshal Radetzky was performed amidst the silence of a bewildered population, who felt at their deliverance a joy that fear compelled them to conceal.

The civil and military authority was lodged in the hands of General Gorzkowsky, a governor as gentle and humane in the exercise of his civil power, as he was resolute and uncompromising in his military command. Never was so long, so obstinate, and so wanton a resistance punished with so little severity: no executions, no legal prosecutions, no imprisonments. A tax was levied on the town for the clothing and victualling of the army, with a provision for the family of the slaughtered Marinovich, and a few fines imposed, but soon commuted, or altogether remitted. We wish we could add that this spirit of conciliation was met with gratitude and obedience: the truth, however, is far otherwise; forbearance is attributed to timidity or to apathy, and the discomfited democrats inspire more fear than the victorious Austrians. The nobles, crushed, plundered, and despised as they were by the demagogues, affect to deplore a victory which leaves them in the tranquil enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries they cherish. The industrious classes, however, though they dare not express their satisfaction, cannot altogether conceal it; freedom of speech, which the revolution destroyed, is beginning to be recovered, and whispered congratulations are sometimes heard that forced loans are no longer exacted, and that teaspoons and saucers are not now in requisition for the reward of patriotism. The town has been cleared of foreign agitators and domestic incendiaries, and trade and commerce begin to show some signs of revival. Loose characters depart by degrees—to seek for occupation and sympathy in other countries. Many have taken refuge in Piedmont, where they hope to pursue the same game they have been playing at Venice—many are in France—some have found their way to this country. We have observed
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divers 'letters,' 'addresses,' 'appeals' in our newspapers, by which the public has been called upon to assist the exiles of Poland, Hungary, and Italy by subscriptions and 'testimonials of approbation.' We have always considered the poorer classes in England the most patient and forbearing, as well as the most orderly and laborious in the world; and never, we think, has their patience been more severely tried than by such calls in favour of foreigners at a moment when they themselves stand in so much need of assistance. With regard to the Italian patriots, we beg only to suggest that, however poor they may have been when the rebellion began, the circumstances that have reduced them to exile have vastly improved their worldly fortunes, and placed them far above the sort of assistance that is contemplated. For the Hungarian exiles, or those adventurers who shall please to present themselves under that colour, a higher distinction seems to have been prepared—a species of triumph indeed is demanded for the hero of that insurrection, and in the name of freedom and virtue we are called on to provide a lodging and entertainment for Kossuth 'at the public expense.' We trust 'the public' is too wise to comply, without having taken some small pains to inform itself as to the merits of the cause and claims of the hero. It is unsafe to attribute to a man every other virtue simply because he is a rebel.

In the Italian case, it cannot, we think, have escaped our readers' observation, how few of the leaders of the revolt have taken an active part in its defence in the field. M. Mignet, in his Academical 'Eloge' of Count Rossi, says, 'Toute l'Italie s'élançait sous les étendards du noble Charles Albert.' This is said in December, 1849, by a French historian of some mark. Well—of all the zealous partisans who planned the outbreak, directed its movements, and gathered its fruits, have English students noticed the name of *one* in the lists of killed and wounded? While urging 'all who were worthy to bear the Italian name' to hurry to the fight, and while denouncing the unsuccessful commanders to popular indignation as cowards or traitors, did one of these gentlemen afford the example he preached, or make an effort to repair the treachery he proclaimed? Which of the high-born Milanese saw the standard of 'the noble Charles Albert' unfurled *in action*? What one of the 'Famiglie Illustri' has had to deplore the loss of a son or a brother? Or were the wealthy and intelligent of the middle classes more zealous? Were they not all as careful of their purses as of their persons? And did any of the cities of Venetian Lombardy afford a brighter example? The defeat, the mourning, and the ruin fell on the Piedmontese alone; and both the princes who soiled their reputation by uniting with such unworthy allies were first deserted and then branded with treachery.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Battle of Magheramayo—a full and impartial Report of the Evidence given on the Inquiry into the Conflict at Dolly's Brae before W. Berwick, Esq., Q.C. Newry. 1849.*
 2. *Report of the Special Committee of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland, appointed November, 1849. Dublin.*

THE collision of the Orangemen and Ribbonmen near Castletwellan, in the county of Down, on the 12th of last July—much to be regretted for its immediate results—has become additionally and more extensively important from the consequences which the indiscretion, to give it the gentlest term, of the Irish government has entailed on the original misfortune, and from the serious questions of both constitutional law and policy which have been by this, and several other affairs of a like tendency, forced upon public attention.

We need not inform our readers that, though sincerely attached to the Protestant constitution, we are not Orangemen—that we have always regarded the Roman Catholic religion with the respect due to so large a portion of Christianity, and have often been disposed to larger measures of indulgence and liberality towards the Irish Roman Catholics than many of our friends may have approved. Those incidental opinions, however, are beside our present purpose, except so far as they enable us to say that, with such feelings—far, though *not equally*, distant from the extreme of either party, and predisposed, as our readers know, to a favourable construction of Lord Clarendon's personal conduct—we believe ourselves to be as impartial judges in this case as it is possible that men attached to the broad and general principles of the British constitution can be. We do not indeed pretend to impartiality between rebellion and loyalty, but between a Roman Catholic and a Protestant equally attached to the British monarchy we should, we own, be inclined (for obvious reasons) to attribute the greater merit to the former. Our judgment, however, on the present occasion, whether impartial or not, has been at least conscientiously formed, and the result, we regret to say, is wholly against the ministers and the party they have espoused. Having for some years past looked at the state and course of government in Ireland with great uneasiness, we now see with still more alarm the growing subserviency of the Irish administration to the anti-Protestant and anti-British spirit of the Popish agitators. We have even been occasionally forced to ask ourselves whether her Majesty's Ministers had not some occult design of establishing Roman Catholic ascendancy in Ireland—which would be in fact the overthrow of the

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the great principles of 1688—the dismemberment of the empire—and the abrogation of that *special* and *vital* constitutional condition, by virtue of which, and of which only, her Majesty holds her crown.

This conflict between the first principles of the great Whig settlement of 1688, and the conduct of those who now call themselves *Whigs*, deserves a few words of explanation.

We need not recall to our reader's recollection the circumstances which produced, about sixty years since, that most egregious solecism and apostacy—the alliance of the Whigs with the Irish Papists. This alliance was, as we have shown in a former Article, during the many years of Whig opposition, a mere political expedient—the stalking-horse of their faction; but since what Lord John Russell styles 'the Revolution of 1832,' it has become an official necessity—it is 'like the air they breathe, without it they die.' And not less strange is this alliance between Whiggery and Popery than that the mainstay and chief support of her *Majesty's* Government should be in the various classes which may be generically described as dissent and disloyalty. Deduct from the ministerial muster-rolls in the Houses, or in the country, all those who avow various shades of hostility to the Church or the Monarchy, and what will remain? It is notorious that the precarious and painfully patched up majorities which enable them to occupy, without filling, their offices, are composed—not of *their* friends, but—of the enemies of Conservatism; and the necessity of accommodating their measures, or half-measures, or no measures, so as not to displease any section of the discordant group, is the secret of their unsteady and unsatisfactory attempts at legislation and government.

But their main reliance is on the Irish Roman Catholics, who have, as we have said, become the unnatural allies of the modern Whigs, and are, in fact, the 'weak masters' of a weaker Ministry. Now, the Popish party in Ireland, under whatever name, shape, or pretence, sometimes insidious and sometimes audacious, it may disguise its purposes, is really, essentially, and, indeed, with a vast majority, *avowedly* hostile—not merely to the Union, but to British connexion, and of course to British allegiance and to the integrity of the British empire. On the other hand are arrayed the different denominations of Irish Protestants—as Irish as any Milesian, by birth, by property, by local attachments, by a strong national feeling and no inconsiderable share of national character; but British by descent, British in manners, politics, and religion; possessing three-fourths of the property, and, perhaps, even a greater proportion of the industry, intelligence, and general civilization of the country. This is the
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body planted in Ireland by England three centuries since, and which for three centuries has preserved Ireland to England; which has been, in fact, the great tie, the only effective amalgam, of the British Isles and Empire; and it is this body that the Ministers of her Majesty (a Protestant Queen, and Queen because she is a Protestant) seem to take, and even to *make*, opportunities of discountenancing, discouraging, and even wantonly insulting.

One of these was the affair of Dolly's Brae, which has been so much misrepresented in Ireland—by the Irish Government especially—and so much misunderstood in England, that we think it our duty to trace both the true spirit and real facts of that transaction.

In any case of a rencounter between two men or two bodies, who should mutually accuse each other of being the assailants, the previous temper, character, and disposition of the parties would be, though not conclusive, very influential evidence; and, unfortunately, the disposition of the Celtic Irish to pick quarrels and to get up fights is too notorious to be for a moment questioned. Sir Walter Scott records as surprising, even to the historian of border feuds, the wantonness with which 'Pat is *up with the pike* and the shillelah on any or no occasion;' and in the good old *quiet* times of Ireland, no market, fair, race, or even funeral, ever terminated without an amateur battle, in which some were always wounded and homicides not infrequent. These 'faction-fights,' as they were technically called, were not of political, but of local and personal factions. Both the parties were Roman Catholics; nor was it ever suspected that these feuds arose out of any of those questions of either politics or religion, in which it is now the fashion to find a solution and an excuse of all Irish violence. But having thus cursorily premised the predisposition of the native Irish to battle and even to blood, we at once admit that their conflicts with the Orangemen are (bating the general predisposition to pick quarrels) of a different and deeper origin.

To form a fair judgment of the Orange Institution, it is necessary to take a retrospective glance at its origin. It is not, as commonly supposed, a modern and partisan invention. It is coeval with the principle of the Revolution of 1688—and has been ever since in more or less active co-operation with it. That Revolution—which we suppose even the modern Whigs will not venture to deny to have been the triumph of civil and religious liberty—was brought about *solely* by the Church and aristocracy of England. The Papists, first and last and without exception, adhered cordially and zealously to James; and the majority—at least at the outset—of Dissenters of all denominations took the same line and were ready to accept the insidious and Jesu-
tical

itical expedients under which He hoped to introduce popery and despotism. It was to the high, conscientious, and commanding attitude of the Church of England that we owed the immediate success, as well as all the subsequent advantages, of the Revolution; it was because the Revolution was made by her and the Anglican aristocracy that it cost hardly a drop of blood—nothing like a struggle—and was accomplished with the least possible deviation from the ordinary course of the succession and the legal traditions of the monarchy. In fact, every man in England who was not a Romanist or Presbyterian dissenter—and eventually most of the latter class—felt that some kind of revolutionary obstruction of James's despotism and bigotry had become inevitably necessary, though the shape and extent of the obstruction was a subject of very discordant opinions, and at last determined a little by the chapter of accidents—more by some personal ambitions—most of all by the despair of finding any secure resting-place but under the sword of the Prince of Orange; and that was to be had on no other condition than giving him the title and constitutional power of *King*.

Thus the Revolution was accomplished in England—many no doubt lamenting both the cause and consequences, but—we might almost say *nemine contradicente*. William landed at Torbay on the 5th of November, 1688, and King James abdicated on the 11th of December. Five weeks (no doubt of great anxiety, but of marvellous unanimity and good order) sufficed for the settlement of England. Not so of Ireland! There the Anglican Church—the real spring of the Revolution in England—was less powerful; and there bigotry, tyranny, and foreign influence, found a stronghold; there King James reappeared with a *French army*; and it was not till after three campaigns—the two glorious battles of the Boyne, 1st of July, 1690, and of Aughrim, 12th of July, 1691, and three memorable sieges, of Londonderry, 1689, Cork, 1690, and Limerick, 1691—that the Protestant constitution was re-established in Ireland. If England—where there had been so little struggle—so little delay—no suffering, no danger—was yet enthusiastically proud of this result—if she ordered a form of thanksgiving—enduring in our liturgy even to this day—for that great deliverance—if we are still commanded by the joint authority of the Church and the Queen to sanctify the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot and King William's landing by thanks to Almighty God,

'who did on this day miraculously preserve our Church and State from the secret contrivance and hellish malice of Popish conspirators, and on this day did also begin to give us a mighty deliverance from the
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open tyranny and oppression of the same cruel and bloodthirsty enemies (*Form for 5th November*),

—if we say these memories are cherished, celebrated, and even sanctified in peaceful England, let us not wonder that the Protestants of Ireland, who underwent a mortal agony of three years* —who suffered all the miseries and massacres of a most barbarous warfare, and all the proscription and spoliation of a jealous and cruel tyranny—should have had deeper and more lasting impressions of danger from their enemies and of gratitude towards their deliverer.

But not only had the original struggle been more severe, and its immediate consequences more memorable, but in fact the elements of danger, the smouldering embers of rebellion, were never totally extinguished in Ireland; the superior numbers—the bigotry, the turbulence, and the inveterate hatred to the British name, of the Irish papists, have kept the successive governments of that country in a state of constant anxiety and frequent alarm; and it is for this reason that, while the feeling of Englishmen towards King William and the Revolution sobered down into a kind of historical gratitude, it continued to be in Ireland an active principle, an habitual duty, kept alive by the danger with which both the internal peace and external safety of the country were incessantly menaced and frequently endangered by the papist population. Hence it was that the loyalists of Ireland hailed and commemorated with a peculiar enthusiasm the two most remarkable events and epochs of their deliverance—the battle of the Boyne† and the relief of Londonderry—and that thenceforward these anniversaries have been celebrated, not by a faction, sect, or party, but, until very recent times, by the Government, the constituted authorities, and all the friends of British connexion and of the Protestant religion; nay, till the last fifty or sixty years, by the better educated and more respectable of the Roman Catholics themselves. On the 4th of November in every year, throughout the last and in the beginning of the present century, the Lord-Lieutenant held a court in honour of the birthday of King William, after which his Excellency, in his state coach, followed by the Lord Chancellor and the Judges, the Lord Mayor, and all the nobility and gentry who had attended the levee, went

* It was not till March, 1692, that Ireland was entirely evacuated under the Treaty of Limerick, and on the 23rd of that month peace was proclaimed.

† The commemoration of the 12th of July is not, as frequently supposed, of the battle of *Aughrim*, but of the *Boyne*, fought on the 1st of July, *old style*, that is, 12th of July, *new style*, which latter happens to be coincident with the *old style* date of the battle of *Aughrim*. Hence it is that both the 1st and 12th of July are celebrated, but the 12th more generally.

in procession round the statues of King William in College Green, and King George II. in St. Stephen's Green, at the close of which the Park guns fired a royal salute, and the garrison a *feu de joie* round the statue of King William.* On such occasions the loyal Roman Catholics, as Mr. O'Connell himself stated before the Committee of 1825, made no scruple to attend, and, if we mistake not, he did so himself after his call to the bar. Ladies used on those occasions to appear at the Drawing-room with orange ribbons, and even those suspected of Jacobitism, and probably Roman Catholics, seem to have had no scruples in wearing that colour: witness Lord Chesterfield's *jeu d'esprit* to a young lady at the Irish court:—

'Say, pretty Traitor, where's the jest
Of wearing Orange on your breast,
While that breast upheaving shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?'

No Lord Licutenant was ever more tolerant, more indulgent to the Roman Catholics as regarded their religion, than Lord Chesterfield—but he knew both their political disaffection, and *how to deal with it*. In 1745

'One Roman Catholic, who had an estate in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and was looked upon as an agent to the Pretender, was privately sent for to the Castle. "Sir," said Lord Chesterfield, "I do not wish to inquire whether you have any *particular employment* in this kingdom, but I know that you have a great interest amongst those of your own persuasion. I have sent for you to exhort them to be peaceable and quiet. If they behave like faithful subjects they shall be treated as such, but if they act in a different manner *I shall be worse to them than Cromwell*." '—*Chesterfield's Works and Mem., &c., by Maty*, vol. i. p. 267.

Still more germane to the matter in hand are the measures that this Whig of the old school took on the landing of the Pretender in Scotland—he, as we may say, *armed and called out the Orangemen*. Maty's account of it is curious. Some great men advised the increase of the regular army by raising regiments—this Lord Chesterfield declined as expensive, ineffective, and liable to jobbing. But,

'On a very different footing were the associations formed by the Protestants of different provinces, and especially of those which might have been most exposed to insurrections from within, or attempts from abroad. To be armed, and ready for defence, could at no time be improper; and those who, sensible of the blessings they enjoyed under a settled government, put themselves in a condition to fight for what is most dear to men, their laws, liberty, and religion, must at all times be an overmatch against private incendiaries or audacious invaders. This laudable spirit displayed itself, and was encouraged in a particular manner,

manner, in different parts of the kingdom. *The county of Antrim alone furnished upwards of thirty thousand men.*—*Ib.* p. 267.

As Antrim would do again if their services were required, in the same cause.

The state procession of the 4th of November continued down to 1806, when it was given up by the Duke of Bedford, as a step to the closer alliance between whiggery and popery which ‘*All the Talents*’ were then forming. Similar, though not so solemn and authoritative demonstrations, were made in other parts of Ireland, on that and the other Williamite anniversaries; and for above a hundred years no one ever supposed that these traditional solemnities could be illegal, or considered as offensive to any one but to the (if any such should exist) secret enemies of the constitution. For instance, we find in a work called *Derriana*—a contemporary account of the centenary commemoration of the raising the siege of Derry, on the 7th of December (O.S.) 1788—that the mayor, corporation, county magistrates, and all the civil authorities, the Lord Bishop, and his clergy, the *Roman Catholic Clergy*, His Majesty’s troops in garrison, one of His Majesty’s Ships, which was brought up the harbour for the occasion, took their respective parts. The festivity concluded with a dinner of nearly one thousand persons, and the account concludes with this passage:—

‘Religious dissensions in particular, seemed to be buried in oblivion, and *Roman Catholics vied with Protestants* in expressing, by every possible mark, their sense of the blessings secured to them by our happy constitution, and the cordial part they took in the celebration of this joyful day.’—*Derriana: Appendic.*

It was not, in fact, until the abusive creation of the lower class of voters had thrown so much political power into the hands of the Romish priesthood, that these constitutional commemorations of the Revolution were complained of by the Romanists as insults to them and their religion, and that a party grew up which, strange to say, combined the old traditions of Jacobite bigotry with the infidel and anarchical projects of the French Jacobins.

About the year 1793 the conspiracy of United Irishmen affiliated itself with the French Republic, and in the course of two or three years it became almost exclusively Roman Catholic; a few of the leading demagogues were in profession Protestants, though in fact, we rather suspect, latitudinarians and infidels; but the great mass and physical strength of the association was Popish—more Popish—if we may make the distinction—than rebellious; that is, they knew little or nothing of the political question; but their devotion to their priests, their desire for the re-establishment of their Church, and their hopes of exterminating
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by the assistance of France the Anglican race and religion, were enthusiastic. This party growing every day more violent and audacious, the Protestants of the North—Presbyterians as well as Anglicans—found it necessary to unite for the defence of the Protestant and Monarchical Constitution, and the protection of their lives and property; for it has unfortunately been in all times, and down to our own—as it is even to-day—notorious that the powers of the Government in Ireland have never been completely, and sometimes not at all, adequate to the protection of the loyal and peaceable from the midnight robber, incendiary, and assassin. The first and prominent danger arose from the attacks of the rebels on the houses of the Protestants, for the robbery of their arms; this became very alarming towards the close of 1795, and grew in proportion as the rumours and prospects of a French invasion increased; and then also it appeared that the United Irishmen were organizing and drilling their forces, the better to pursue their own system of plunder and treason at home, and to be prepared to render effectual military assistance to allies from abroad. To meet this system the Protestants combined themselves into an antagonist association—in every point antagonist. The United Irishmen were aggressive, the Protestants were purely defensive; the United Irishmen plundered others of their arms, the Protestants only asked to keep their own. The United Irishmen were in treasonable alliance with the French Republic—the Protestants were loyal subjects of the British monarchy. In short, the United Irishmen were Papists, cherishing the traditions of King James, while their antagonists, all Protestants, revered ‘the glorious and immortal memory’ of the Conqueror of the Boyne, and honoured (mutually, they thought) him and themselves by assuming the title of *Orangemen*. The same principles as in 1688 and in 1745 and in 1798 are still at issue between the same classes of men; the Ribbonmen are United Irishmen, under another name, with an additional watchword of sedition—the Repeal of the Union, and the additional audacity which they derive from the subserviency which successive Irish Governments—and the present most of all—have exhibited towards the popish interest in general, and particularly towards the Priesthood, of whom these unhappy Ribbonmen are blind—we might almost say, worshippers—we may confidently say, slaves and tools.

Major Warburton, a police magistrate of great experience and judgment, when examined before the Lords’ Committee in 1821, gave the following compendious yet comprehensive and indisputably true account of the Ribbon association:—

‘The objects of the Ribbon conspiracy are to establish the Roman

man Catholic Church, to extirpate Protestantism, and to separate England.'

On the other hand, the objects of the Orange Institution are thus officially stated :—

'This Institution is formed of Protestants desiring to the utmost of their power to support and defend her Majesty Queen Victoria, the Protestant religion, the laws of the country, the legislative Union, the succession to the throne of her Majesty's illustrious house, being Protestants, as well as for the defence of their own persons and property, and the maintenance of the public peace.'—*Laws, &c. of the Loyal Orange Institution*, sect. 1.

'Look upon that picture and on this,' and you will be able to appreciate the questions at issue between the two parties ; which is, in fact, on the Orange side the maintenance of the essential characteristics of the British Constitution ; while, of the other party, the hardly concealed object is the overthrow of that Constitution, the spoliation and extirpation of the Irish Protestants, and ultimately the erection of Ireland, under the title of a Republic, into a mere Popish *hierarchy*. Such is, we may be well assured, the grand question now at issue in Ireland ; though it loses at first sight much of its proportion and consequence when exhibited in an obscure brawl between two mountain clans and a squabble of recriminatory testimony before a petty magistrate.

We have seen that the Orangemen, in celebrating the anniversaries connected with the memory of King William, do no more than adopt and continue observances which they found in traditional, constitutional, and *authorized* use ; and it is not surprising that they should cling to them with the greater zeal in proportion to the increasing danger with which the Protestant and Monarchical principles of the Constitution seemed to them to be menaced, and we shall see presently that in the more than usually extensive and zealous demonstrations made by the Orangemen in July, 1848 and 1849, they were stimulated by a well-founded impression that they were strengthening the hands of a Government, too long supine, but now at last awakened to a sense of its danger by an actual rebellion.

The organization of these Orange demonstrations is, we understand, something of this kind :—Each county is divided into districts ; each district containing many lodges. On the morning of the anniversary all these lodges proceed to some central point of the district, where they can find a space large enough for their meeting ; and, when there assembled, the whole body march, with music and banners at the head of each lodge, to some other place, chosen with a double view of making their march conspicuous, and finding space and accommodation both for displaying

displaying their numbers and for resting and refreshing themselves before their return homewards. In the late case, the line of march to Tollymore Park was obviously influenced by their feeling towards the Earl of Roden as a brother Orangeman, and the expectation of being permitted to parade themselves in that magnificent demesne, the glorious prospect from which towards the Morne Mountains is the pride, or in common parlance the great *lion*, of that part of Ireland. But these, no doubt, were but secondary motives; the paramount object of all such processions is the display of their numbers, the parade of their colours, the assertion of their principles, the bringing into acquaintance and concert the scattered members of their confederation; and, in short, exciting and maintaining that *esprit de corps*, that enthusiasm, which is the life of any such association. For these purposes the adjoining and neighbouring districts are brought together at these anniversary meetings, when an interchange of salutations takes place, and *feux-de-joie* are always fired. The places of meeting are varied, as much as the number and contiguity of the districts will admit of; and each district claims in turn to be the centre of meeting. The three districts, for instance, that met at Lord Roden's last July were those of Rathfriland, Castlewellan, and Morne. In July, 1848, the Castlewellan lodges had visited the Rathfriland district at Ballyward; and in July, 1849, the Rathfriland district, as is the custom, returned the visit of the Castlewellan men by meeting them at Tollymore Park. The Morne district also joined them, having been visited on a former occasion by the Castlewellan lodges. These details are important to show that the Orangemen had no sinister motive in their late visit to Tollymore, which happened to lead them over Dolly's Brae.

We have heard the number of the larger processions which took place throughout Ireland on the last 12th of July calculated at above *one hundred* (none of them we believe without a proportion of arms), and the contributory processions of individual lodges at not less than *fifteen hundred*; and it is a most remarkable fact, and very important to a just appreciation of the Dolly's Brae affair, that these *fifteen or sixteen hundred*, or, if we include the return processions, *three thousand*, Orange demonstrations, great and small, many being well armed, produced—as we have been informed—no conflict or even disorder in any one instance save that at Magheramayo—miscalled Dolly's Brae. In no other instance have we heard that either Roman Catholic or Ribbonman complained of any violence or even insult from those *fifty or sixty thousand*—or, adding the numbers not wearing orange badges but accompanying the processions, *two hundred thousand*—loyal

—loyal Protestants. Our readers will see presently by what an unprovoked, premeditated, and murderous aggression of a Ribbon conspiracy on a peaceably disposed Protestant procession M'agheramayo became an exception to the general tranquillity.

The Government at Dublin, having been apprised early in July (we shall state presently how and *by whom*) that there was danger of a collision between the Orangemen and Ribbonmen in the neighbourhood of Castlewellan, on the 12th of that month, took what were deemed to be sufficient measures to prevent the apprehended mischief. Major Wilkinson, C.B., of the 13th foot, an officer of distinguished service and reputation, was ordered to proceed from Belfast to Castlewellan, to take the command of a considerable military force collected in that district, consisting of a troop of the 6th Dragoons, a detachment of the 13th Light Dragoons, and two companies of the 9th Foot under Captains Cubitt and Darling. The local police under Mr. Hill, Sub-Inspector, were reinforced by an auxiliary number of forty, and the whole were placed under two stipendiary magistrates, Messrs. Tabuteau and Fitzmaurice, both gentlemen of great experience and high character, who were called from distant parts of Ireland for this special duty. None of these officers or gentlemen were connected with the locality, and they seem to have been judiciously selected as men of experience and ability, and wholly clear of all party influence or feeling. But unfortunately they were all despatched without any instructions from the Government as to the specific case with which they were to deal—they all went down with an impression—which it seems at that time every man in Ireland had—that the Orange processions usually exhibited on the 12th of July were legal. The Government, it seems, has *since* found out—or at least has since first stated—that they are not, and has dismissed the Earl of Roden and two other magistrates of the county of Down for not discountenancing them, although it permitted its own special magistrates and officers so despatched on this occasion to remain under the same delusion, if delusion it be. These dismissals were grounded on the report of Mr. Berwick, a special commissioner sent down to inquire into and report on the transaction, and to take such measures as on his inquiry should seem to him proper for bringing any offending parties to justice. This commission itself we suspect to be of very questionable legality; the report we shall show to be of worse than doubtful authority. We must, in the first place, express our regret at the selection of the Commissioner. Mr. Berwick, though a Q.C., is not, we are informed, of any great eminence in the Irish Courts. *Here* he is only known for his share in an absurd bill, introduced last session by an Irish member, and which was aptly described as an ‘omnipenal bill for punishing

punishing any man for doing anything at any time or in any place.' When Sir W. Barron, the introducer of the bill, found himself overwhelmed with reproaches and ridicule for this strange measure, he was willing to shift the disagreeable merit of it to his learned friend Mr. Berwick. Mr. Berwick, we believe, at the time modestly disclaimed the *whole* merit, but we think he admitted enough to create reasonable doubts as to his fitness for such a mission as he has been employed on.

But besides this little blot, '*if blot it be*,'* there was, we learn, a more serious objection to Mr. Berwick: he is understood to hold strong political opinions of the class most decidedly hostile to the whole Orange system. This he may do conscientiously, and, as many will think, meritoriously; but the more sincere his convictions on that subject, the less qualified he was for this inquiry, and the less confidence we must naturally give to his report. We do not mean to say that a Government can be expected to employ political adversaries: but in a case to which they *affected* to give a judicial character, they should have avoided appointing any one who had even the reputation of being a partisan. Abundance of more satisfactory choices might have been made, and hardly one, we understand, that would have appeared less so.

But apart from any personal objection, we doubt the legality of this proceeding. A person, without any judicial † or constitutional authority—the private agent, in truth, of Lord Clarendon—is sent down to inquire into an affair that would naturally belong—first, to the coroner's inquest—then to a grand jury—then to a petty jury either at assizes or quarter sessions—and eventually, as might regard the magistrates, to the Court of Queen's Bench, and finally to the Lord Chancellor. This private agent calls before him the very parties whom he suspects of being guilty of the alleged offence; he examines them *upon oath* concerning their own conduct—puts them into the dilemma of raising a prejudice against themselves by refusing to give evidence, or of a risk of criminating themselves by giving it. There are, as we think, many other objections to this mode of proceeding; and we very much doubt whether any person considering himself injured by this report may not have his legal remedy against Mr. Berwick, or whoever else published it. If there be anything actionable in the document, we see nothing in Mr. Berwick's commission that will justify and indemnify the publisher.

In examining this report, and, what is still more important, the conduct of the Irish Government throughout the whole affair, we

* A phrase of one of the dismissed magistrates is severely commented on by Mr. Berwick.

† He was made for this occasion a magistrate of that county—but this rather enhances the constitutional irregularity.

shall chiefly rely on the evidence of the respectable officers and gentlemen *especially selected by the Government itself* for the mission to Castlewellan. From those authorities we collect the following historical summary of the affair :—

The country had recently been unusually quiet, owing, probably, to the cessation of the O'Connell agitation, and the suppression of Smith O'Brien's ridiculous rebellion: but, from whatever cause, certain it is that, for a considerable period of time, no exasperating circumstances had occurred till February last—1849, when an Orangeman was murdered at his own door by a band of Ribbonmen returning from one of their nocturnal meetings. The same party had beaten his brother a few minutes before and left him for dead on the road near to their dwelling-house. The offenders escaped—no effectual steps having been taken to bring them to justice. This created a strong sensation, which was much increased when on the 17th of March, *St. Patrick's Day*—the anticipated anniversary of '*Irish Independence*'—the Ribbonmen had a procession, and on this occasion another Orangeman's life was lost (*Evid.*, p. 27). On that day a large party of Ribbonmen marched, in armed procession, through Downpatrick during the time the judge of assize (Chief Baron Pigot, a Roman Catholic, a few years since Attorney-General) was sitting, who—when consulted by the High Sheriff whether or not he should interfere with them—gave an opinion which conveyed the impression that he did not consider the procession *per se* illegal. They accordingly pursued their march unmolested, and, passing through a Protestant district, they 'wrecked' a Protestant house, by firing into it. At length they arrived at the village of Crossgar, about four miles from Downpatrick, where a large police force, under the direction of a stipendiary and two local magistrates, were stationed to preserve the peace. The police and magistrates were posted at the end of a street inhabited by Protestants (*not Orangemen*) to prevent the procession from going down it, being apprehensive that if it did there might be a breach of the peace. When the Ribbonmen were directed by the authorities not to go by this street, but to move forward on the direct road, they fired upon the police and magistrates, killing a policeman and two other persons in the street. The Ribbonmen marched off with flying colours, not having sustained any apparent injury. A protracted inquest was held—several of the Ribbonmen were taken, and, informations being granted against them, they were subsequently tried at the quarter sessions at Newtownards. The Government did not, as is usual, leave the prosecution in the hands of the Crown Solicitor, but sent down specially a barrister for the occasion.

The

The prosecution, as conducted by that gentleman, seemed to the auditory *rather feeble*—and the Ribbonmen were acquitted. The legal guilt of the parties turned on the question, whether the procession was or was not illegal; and the jury, we are informed, acquitted the prisoners—holding, as the Chief Baron seems to have done, that such processions were not *originally and in themselves illegal*: which opinion we also hold, though the circumstances that occurred at Crossgar appear to us to have changed the character of the procession, and to have been such as ought to have procured a conviction.

This exhibition at Crossgar and its results made a deep effect on the whole loyalty of Ulster. It was and is notorious that, whatever might be said of the legality of an open and peaceable procession, the secret society of the Ribbonmen is not merely illegal, but treasonable. This broad fact has never been, we believe, denied or even doubted. If it had been, it would have received a curious confirmation at the Dolly's Brae inquiry. Lieutenant Terry, of the 9th Regiment, in giving his evidence before the Commissioner, called the Ribbonmen '*the rebels*.' In reply to a remonstrance and an angry interrogation from Mr. Rae, the lawyer employed by the Ribbonmen, the Lieutenant vindicated his own impartiality and the use of the term, by stating that he had no sympathy with the Orangemen; that 'he was an Englishman; that he had no feeling either way, but that he was as sure that the *Ribbonmen* were *rebels* as he was that he saw them *commence firing* on the King's troops and the Orangemen;' and in a subsequent part of the examination another Government official, Mr. E. S. Corry, Inspector of Police, again called them rebels, upon which the following dialogue ensued:—

'*Mr. Rue* [the lawyer of the *Ribbonmen*.]—You call them "*rebels*"—but never mind—that is *an honourable name in this country*.

'*Mr. Ross Moore* [counsel for the Orangemen].—This is most extraordinary. You object to the name at one time, and another time you approve it.

'*Mr. Rae*.—*I'll not object to it any more!*"—p. 84.

In this admission we have, in truth, the kernel of the whole affair. The Ribbonmen are notoriously rebels, and, as we see, boast of it as an 'honourable name in Ireland,' and they also are exclusively Roman Catholics, while the Orangemen are notoriously loyal, and all Protestants. This is, in plain prose, the burthen of all the incendiary poetry of the '*Nation*':—

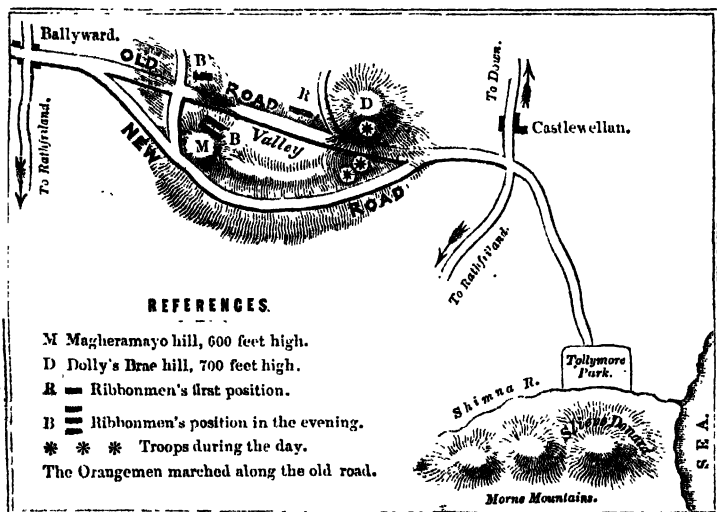
'*Who fears to speak of "Ninety-eight"?*

Who blushes at the name?' &c. &c.

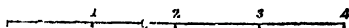
It is a short but ample explanation of the struggle of what are called 'parties' in Ireland; but which, in fact, is a struggle between

between the friends and the enemies of the Constitution ; and this all governments, even that of Lord Clarendon himself, in spite of their *affected* confidence in the Roman Catholics, have always felt and, on every appearance of danger, very visibly shown. But we return to the narrative.

The success of the demonstration on *St. Patrick's Day*, with the subsequent acquittal, gave the Ribbonmen additional confidence, and it began to be rumoured in the neighbourhood that, if the Orangemen should show themselves on the 12th of July, at least the Ribbonmen would never suffer them to march over a certain hill called Dolly's Brae, a steep and narrow pass on the road between Ballyward and the town of Castlewellan, and in the way to Lord Roden's seat at Tollymore, about two or three miles farther on, which the Orangemen, for the reasons before stated, desired to visit. These localities are important to a just understanding and appreciation of the events, and the following rough sketch will help to illustrate our description.



Approximate Scale of Miles.



About two miles from Ballyward the road passes over a steep ridge called Magheramayo Hill ; it then falls into a valley, and again ascends another ridge called Dolly's Brae, and just there, besides being very steep, it narrows into a kind of defile, where the evidence states that fifty men might stop five hundred. To avoid those two hills, a new road has been made which

which runs round the base of the hills, more level, but three-quarters of a mile longer, and more commanded by high grounds on each side. All these small circumstances will be important by and by.

There is no evidence why Dolly's Brae should have become 'a bone of contention.' A Roman Catholic priest, indeed, stated that some conflict was supposed to have taken place there thirty years before. But, if so, the event seems to have been forgotten. An Orange procession had certainly passed over the old road at a much more recent period, without offence or even observation: in fact, there is no evidence to show, and a good deal to disprove, that either party had any feeling about Dolly's Brae before the 12th of July, 1848, when, as we have stated, the Castlewellaan lodges had visited Ballyward, and happened to take the new road, spontaneously avoiding both Magheramayo and Dolly's Brae. But it has since appeared that on that occasion the Ribbon party, expecting that the Orangemen would have taken the old road, had collected in great force on Dolly's Brae to surprise them; and the circuitous march of the Orangemen, whether it arose from accident or a desire to avoid a conflict, was certainly assumed by the Ribbonmen as a triumph; and rumours began to be spread taxing the Orangemen with cowardice for having shrunk from a contest which does not appear to have been ever thought of—*by them*. Contemptuous and insulting songs were sung through the country (p. 63). The priest, Mr. Mooney, whom we shall by and by see very conspicuous, admits—

'Abominable songs were made and circulated after July, '48, about the Orangemen not daring to go through Dolly's Brae.'—*Evid.* p. 107. and the tenour and spirit of those provocations may be judged by an anonymous letter sent to one of the local magistrates, Mr. Shaw, a few days before the 12th of July:—

'*July the 8, 49.*

'SIRS,—As wee Call you at a meeting of our society on fridaway (Friday) we agred to give you notice, you and Moore, and the Beers, and Roden and Hill, Skinner and all other magistrates, with the pig-drovers the police, and your handful of solgers, to meet us on Dolly's Bray on the 12 morning Inst., to show your valure. But remember you will not find us *king James or His men*. there is *no river convent* that wee Could drown you in, But we will Blow you to the ealements with good powder and ball, and the town of Castlewellaan Shall Quake afterward—as it is the last 12 ever the Blood Hounds Shall walk in or through this Country. and wee Bid Defience to all Her majesty's authority and powers. Repaill, Repaill, Repaill for ever.

'from the Repaillers.'

The magistrates made light, as we should have done, of this letter. We should even have doubted its being genuine, but that

the direct allusion to King James, and the incidental one to the battle of the Boyne, coupled with the subsequent events at Magheramayo, justify, we think, the belief that it was really an announcement of hostilities, and meant, by some one who was in the secrets of the Ribbon conspiracy, to provoke the Orangemen to take a road in which they might be attacked with safety to the assailants. It does not, however, appear that those rumours had any effect on the Orangemen. The old road, though lilly, was the *straightest and shortest* by three-quarters of a mile; and, considering the length of their intended walk to and from Tollymore, the saving of the double distance was important. As far as the insults had any effect, it was only to determine the Orangemen, as it would have done men of less spirit, confident in the loyalty and legality of their proceedings, to disprove the imputation by marching by the direct road.

'Surely,' as a respectable local magistrate, Captain Skinner, said to a party of Ribbonmen whom he happened to fall in with early in the morning of the 12th, marching to seize the pass at Dolly's Brae, 'surely the Queen's highway is open to all her Majesty's subjects.' So the Orangemen thought, and resolved not to be deterred by anonymous letters and vague rumours, which might have no foundation, from asserting their right. So the Government thought, which, being apprised of the intention of the Orangemen, did not even*discourage it.

Although the general impression of both the Orangemen and the magistrates was that no disturbance was really intended, some of the latter had strong misgivings of danger; and accordingly towards the end of June Mr. Scott, a local magistrate, happening to be in Dublin, waited on Mr. Under-Secretary Redington, at the Castle, to inform him that he was afraid that a conflict was likely to take place, and to request the Government to send down one or two stipendiary magistrates, with a sufficient force of military and police to keep the peace. Another local magistrate, Mr. Francis Beers (one of the three dismissed), being at this time resident in Dublin, received, a few days previous to the 12th of July, a letter from Mr. Hill, chief of the police in his district, stating his apprehensions of a conflict, and *inviting him*, as a gentleman of 'character and influence, to come down to assist in the preservation of the peace. Mr. Beers did so, but before he left town he took the precaution of waiting on Sir Duncan Macgregor, the Inspector-General, to apprise him of the alarm, and to suggest the sending a reinforcement to the local police. Mr. Hill, it appeared, had himself written to the Inspector-General to the same effect. It was in consequence of these representations that the official and military authorities
already

already mentioned were sent down; but, as cannot be too constantly borne in mind, neither to Mr. Scott nor to Mr. Beers, nor to Mr. Hill, nor to the special magistrates sent down, did either the Under-Secretary or the Inspector-General convey the slightest hint of the intended procession being illegal; if they had, these gentlemen would have undoubtedly prevented it: but, on the contrary, they left town with every reason to suppose that the procession was legal and that the Government wished it to be protected.

But it was not by their silent acquiescence alone, nor even by the overt-acts of sending down troops and police to assist the views of Messrs. Scott and Beers, that the Government assented to the legality of these Orange processions. In July, 1845, some lives had been lost in a conflict in the city of Armagh, and the magistrates of that town, apprehensive of a repetition of such disorders, wrote up to the Castle early in July, 1846, to know whether such processions might not be stopped as illegal; Mr. Pennefather, then Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, replied on the 7th of July, 1846, to the following effect:—

‘The Act of 2 & 3 William IV., c. 118, having expired, party processions, as such, were *no longer illegal*; and the magistrate should therefore be *very circumspect in interfering with them, if no breach of the peace be actually committed*. If the persons composing the procession be conducting themselves properly, the magistrates should not interfere with them further than to endeavour to persuade them not to go into any particular part of the town where their appearance in procession may exasperate the others to commit a breach of the peace.’

He added that a reinforcement of troops and a stipendiary magistrate should be sent down to give additional weight to the local magistracy. Just at that moment Sir Robert Peel’s government went out, and Mr. Redington, a Roman Catholic, succeeded Mr. Pennefather as Under-Secretary; and, on that very day, the Armagh magistrates, suspecting perhaps that the new government and a Roman Catholic under-secretary might take a different view of the legality of a Protestant procession, repeated their inquiry, which produced the following answer, dated and of course posted in Dublin on the evening of the 12th; so that it would arrive at Armagh ‘a day after the fair.’

‘SIR,—I am directed by the Lord-Lieutenant to acknowledge your letter of the 8th instant, and to acquaint you that it *must be left to the discretion* of the magistrates how far *the sworn informations* received *will justify your interfering* to preserve the public peace, by arresting the progress of the procession. *It is obvious that the most effectual mode of preserving order will be by placing a strong force in the locality where collision between hostile parties is principally feared.*

‘I have the honour to be, &c.

‘T. N. REDINGTON.’

Here,

Here, we see, is nothing but a confirmation of Mr. Pennefather's previous instructions—not a word as to the illegality of the procession, although it was known to be an armed one—not a hint about prohibiting it; *although lives had been lost the year before*, but only a very hesitating recognition of such an authority in the magistrates as they might safely exercise over two rival omnibuses, or apply to a procession of charity children. It is even suggested that, though *informations should be sworn*, the interference of the magistrates would still be matter of *discretion*. And this cautious advice was given though lives had been actually lost in the conflict that prompted the inquiry of the magistrates!

It is not till *after the affray* at Magheramayo that we find any trace of a contrary impression. Then, indeed, at the request of the Castletwellan magistrates, Lord Clarendon took the *ex post facto* opinion of Mr. Attorney-General Monahan, who pronounced such a meeting as that at Ballyward illegal. Mr. Monahan's opinion we believe to be absurdly erroneous, as so many of his legal measures seem to have been; but admitting for a moment that it were sound, it would only place Lord Clarendon in a worse predicament. Was *that* the first time that the Lord Lieutenant had ever consulted his Attorney-General on a subject of such frequent occurrence and infinite importance? and if Mr. Attorney had ever given Lord Clarendon that exposition of the law, why did his Excellency give no hint of it to Mr. Beers and Mr. Scott in time to prevent the mischief? why, above all, were the Stipendiary magistrates—especially employed to meet the particular emergency—whose legal authority as to the procession was the pivot of the whole question—why, we ask, were *they* kept in such utter ignorance as to their power and their duty, that Lord Clarendon is driven to the necessity of reprimanding *his own selected magistrates*, Messrs. Fitzmaurice and Tabuteau, for the same reasons on which he dismissed Mr. F. Beers? It is beyond all doubt—that if the Orangemen had been informed by any magistrate that the procession was *illegal*, they would, even 'at the eleventh hour' of the 12th of July, have abandoned it. (*Evidence*, pp. 7, 28, &c.) *A word from Lord Clarendon would have decided the magistrates—a word from the magistrates would have decided the Orangemen. All conflict would have been prevented.* Who, then, we ask, is the person really responsible for the 'disastrous consequences' which Lord Clarendon imputes to others, who seem to us entirely blameless in the whole transaction? It comes to this. Did he *then* understand the law as he *now* declares it? If he did, why did he not apprise his missionaries? If he did not, why censure Lord Roden for being of the same opinion as himself? These are
horns,

horns, not of an Irish bull, but of a logical dilemma, from which we know not how Lord Clarendon can extricate himself. We need pursue this subject no farther; it is perfectly clear that none of all the various parties to the whole series of transactions—the Castle—its special magistrates—the local magistrates—the officers commanding the troops and the police—the Orangemen—the Ribbonmen—not one individual, we say, had any doubt that, in the words of Under-Secretary Pennefather, indorsed by Mr. Under-Secretary Redington, this '*party procession was no longer illegal.*'

We now come to the actual facts. On the 10th and 11th of July the troops from Belfast, the stipendiary magistrates, and the auxiliary police from the South arrived at Castlewella. and on the 11th Major Wilkinson and Mr. Tabuteau proceeded judiciously to examine the ground, and they resolved to occupy the hill called Dolly's Brae early next morning, and did so. *During the night* and in the early morning parties of Ribbonmen were marching, some from *distant* localities, to occupy their intended position. By nine o'clock they amounted to between 500 and 600 men, and advanced to occupy the pass, but were greatly disappointed at finding it already in possession of the troops and police. One of the magistrates, Captain Skinner, who had advanced from Dolly's Brae to reconnoitre, fell in with one of those advancing parties, and, on questioning them, was answered—'We are going to Dolly's Brae, and are determined to prevent the Orangemen from coming to it.' To which the magistrate made the reply we have already quoted—'Surely the Queen's highway is open to all her Majesty's subjects.' On this unwelcome allusion to legality, two guns were immediately presented at him, and he was glad to make a precipitate retreat under the safeguard of one of the party. Here we have the first marked feature of the case; a body of armed men—comparatively—or, indeed, as it appears, altogether—strangers to the immediate locality, and of course without any provocation, march by night from a distance and in battle array to prevent certain of her Majesty's subjects from walking along a particular bit of road, and are disposed to murder a magistrate who ventures to hint to them that they have no right to obstruct the Queen's highway. If the magistrates of Ireland were not paralyzed by the indulgence of successive governments towards the unlawful pretensions of the Roman Catholics—all Ribbonmen are Roman Catholics—that respectable magistrate would have undoubtedly caused the troops and police to advance and disperse *that* unquestionably illegal assemblage, whose sole and avowed object was defiance of the law and violence to their fellow-subjects. This body of, at that time, about 300 men, finding when they had come over the crest of Magheramayo Hill

Hill that Dolly's Brae was occupied by the troops, after a pause and consultation amongst themselves, marched down into the hollow, and, turning off the road into a field on the left, close under the position of the dragoons, took up, with a considerable show of discipline and skill, a position in line parallel to the road marked R on our sketch. These were quickly joined by other parties from the country round about, which in the course of the day increased their numbers to 1000 or 1200, and some were seen collecting on the sides of the neighbouring hills.

Meanwhile the Orangemen were assembling at Ballyward—their rendezvous was the road near the church, and a large body of them were permitted by Mr. Francis Beers' land-steward (without his knowledge at the moment, but with his subsequent approbation) to pass through his demesne on their way to the church. Mr. Francis Beers invited the magistrates and military officers to meet at his house in the morning to concert their measures; and he during the whole procession identified himself personally with the stipendiary magistrates in their impartial endeavours to preserve the peace. The body that assembled at Ballyward to proceed to Tollymore Park consisted of about 1200 men. The lodges that joined subsequently amounted, perhaps, to nearly as many more. It was remarked by the military and police officers, as a decisive proof that their intentions were peaceable, that they were accompanied by their *wives and children* to an almost equal number. The men marched two and two in the centre of the road; banners and music at the head of each lodge: *the women and children formed lines on each side*—they had brought provisions for refreshment at Tollymore. The day was splendid, the scenery magnificent, and the diversified yet orderly crowd, with their music and colours, and the intermixture of the women and children, gave to the whole the air of a great festival. Nor did the circumstance of about 300 or 400 of the men being armed derogate from that character, for the firing salutes and *feux-de-joie* had always been a part of these ceremonies, and all such processions had always been partially armed.

Mr. Tabuteau, the stipendiary magistrate, says:—

'They came partially *armed*, as they had *always* done at such processions, and as the best preventative of any attack, if any such was made.'

'The Orangemen were walking,' says Captain Skinner, J.P., 'as it had been their custom to do, for, I suppose, the *last fifty years*.'—*Evid.* p. 18.

'The Orangemen,' says Mr. Hill, 'have *always* been in the habit of

of assembling to celebrate the 12th of July with arms in their hands. —*Ib.*, p. 39.

Even at this early stage the case presents two remarkable features. The troops and police sent to preserve the peace are bearded and their own safety endangered (as we shall see) by an armed body of Ribbonmen, who even menace their positions, and actually come up to their piles of arms, and fire provocative shots in their very faces. On the other hand, the magistrates sent down by the government, and, as is now pretended, to prevent the illegal procession, are on Mr. Francis Beers' lawn arranging the order of march, and, when the '*illegal*' procession moves, it is in this order:—

First marched three magistrates—Mr. Fitzmaurice, stipendiary, and Messrs. Scott and Francis Beers, local magistrates. Then followed the Police in their plain yet imposing military equipments, led by Mr. Hill and another sub-inspector. Then came the 6th Dragoons, under Major White, and then the long line of Orangemen with their colours and music, between two rows of 'respectable' and well-dressed women and children; and subsequently a company of the 9th Foot, under Captain Cubitt, were called from Rathfriland to Ballyward, as if to protect the rear of the procession; Major Wilkinson, the 18th Light Dragoons, Captain Darling's company of the 9th Foot, and a strong party of the Police are in advance, waiting to escort it over Dolly's Brae; and this a procession which Lord Clarendon would now have us believe that all these forces were sent thither to prohibit and disperse. The Orangemen, and even some of the local magistrates, were astonished at such a display, and were somewhat puzzled to know what it meant; and surely it affords a strange—in a less grave affair we should have said ludicrous—contrast between Lord Clarendon's proceedings and his subsequent explanations, to see his own confidential officers, magistrates, troops, and police—ordered thither, he now says, to prevent the Orange display—actually leading the passive Orangemen into and over the prohibited pass, and putting them in triumphant possession of the alleged 'bone of contention.' Lord Chesterfield, in his able and essentially Protestant, and only too short administration of Ireland, said, wittily and kindly, that he would rather be called the *Irish Viceroy* than the Viceroy of Ireland. Lord Clarendon seems to emulate the same title in a different sense.

When the procession had reached Magheramayo, and was just turning the summit, the Police, led by Messrs. Fitzmaurice, Scott, and Beers, being in front, they were met by two Roman Catholic priests, Messrs. Morgan and Mooney, who were busy
with

with the Ribbonmen, backwards and forwards, all day. Mr. Morgan expressed 'a hope that the Orangemen would not fire a shot, as the Roman Catholic party would think it was intended for them, and the consequences would be serious.' Mr. Beers replied, that they had all been warned, and had promised on their solemn obligation not to fire a shot *even in sport*. The procession then proceeded down the hill into the hollow, between Magheramayo Hill and Dolly's Brae, where, on a ridge to the left of the road, were drawn up, as already stated, in regular order the body of already about 800 Ribbonmen, all armed, and above half with guns. At this sight and spot the Police halted, and drew up on the left, or north, side of the road, with their backs to the Ribbonmen: while the Orangemen, with more equanimity and good humour than might have been expected, proceeded forwards and up Dolly's Brae. The magistrates halted with the police, and, as the Orangemen passed, Mr. Scott and Mr. Francis Beers repeated to every lodge their earnest entreaties and injunctions not to fire a shot 'even for fun.' And this injunction was strictly obeyed; not one shot was fired by that large body of Orangemen during the whole procession, though the Ribbonmen continued firing ball, both for practice and bravado, all day.

In fact, the conduct of the Orangemen was exemplary under, as Mr. Berwick himself somewhat ungraciously confesses, very trying provocations. Besides the irritation that would be naturally created by seeing a body of what they considered rebels openly arrayed against the constituted authorities as well as against themselves, they were assailed with the most insulting language and gestures from the women of the Ribbon party, put forward all along the roadsides, no doubt to try their temper and patience. All the authorities bear testimony to the good conduct and peaceable dispositions of the Orangemen, both going and returning.

Major Wilkinson :—'I think if the magistrates had given directions to the Orangemen, and told them that the procession was illegal, they would have gone another road; from what I saw of the procession—the peaceable manner in which they conducted themselves—and from hearing them say "We'll not fire a shot," I think they would have obeyed the authorities. . . . The Orange procession appeared quite peaceable; they were shockingly abused by the women at the roadside as they passed along.'—p. 7.

Mr. Tabuteau :—'The Orange procession returned and passed on quietly, excepting that some women and children, who had collected during the day at the roadside, abused the Orangemen very much: the Orangemen bore their abuse very well, and went on quietly.'—p. 13.

Captain Skinner :—'The Orange party passed through Dolly's Brae quietly,

quietly, without any shouts of exultation ; heard nothing but the drums and fifes, and certainly they made noise enough. . . . As the Orangemen returned in the evening, the women, who were assembled at the roadside, abused them very much, and I saw a stone thrown at the procession by a woman ; the Orangemen took all this good-humouredly. . . . The Ribbonmen certainly did not look so peaceably disposed as the Orangemen ; the Ribbonmen appeared determined to have a fight ; the Orangemen were walking as it had been their custom to do, for, I suppose, the last fifty years.'—pp. 17, 18.

Lieut. Terry, of the 9th Regt.—'Women at the roadside insulted them greatly ; they cried out, " Ah ! you're prisoners." I was astonished that the Orangemen bore their abuse so quietly : they took no notice of it at all.'—p. 31.

Colour-serjeant Stanfield, of the 9th.—'I heard a man at Dolly's Brae, in the morning, abuse the Orangemen ; I advised him to go home, but he would not, and said he would have three or four of their lives before night ; saw him afterwards a prisoner, with a ball in his cheek.'

Note for future observation that this man's name was *Traynor*.

'I think there was danger to the public peace from one party, but not from the other ; from what I saw the Orange party stand in the morning—all sorts of abuse, bad names, beastly names—am certain there would have been no danger to the peace if they had not been attacked ; it was from the rebel party danger was to be apprehended ; I 'm an Englishman, and have no feeling one way or other.'—pp. 68, 69.

While the Orange procession proceeded thus, with exemplary patience, over Dolly's Brae and to Tollymore Park, the Ribbonmen—instead of going home, as they would have done had their only object been the sufficiently culpable one of disputing the passage—maintained their ground with a still more culpable one, and the whole of their proceedings sufficiently attest the treasonable character of their association in general, and of that particular assemblage on that day.

Lieutenant Terry says—'The rebels remained in the field (in the valley, &c.), firing all day—blazing away, as if trying the range of their pieces ; they seemed as if firing at a target, but I did not see any ; some of them came up the hill where we were, but when they came near the arms Major Wilkinson gave orders, and they were cleared off ; one fellow pulled a pistol out of his pocket and fired it up the hill ; about five in the evening, saw a white and green flag waved, at one end of the rebel force ; then they marched in sections of three, and took up their position on Magheramayo hill ; when I saw this I remarked there would be a " shindy." '—*Ibid.*, p. 31.

Major Wilkinson says—'The party of Ribbonmen in the field remained in it all day ; parties of six and seven came up into the field where we were, near to the arms, and some of them with arms came boldly into it ; then I thought it was time to clear them out of that, as
I did

I did not like them so near my pickets; I could have cleared the party away, out of the field, if I had got orders to do so—oh! dear yes: as we were putting them down from the hill, one fellow pulled out a pistol, and fired it up at us, as a kind of bravado: there might be 700 or 800 of them in the field at this time; the number kept continually increasing; one-half of them might have had guns; they fired off, in file-firing, as a kind of amusement, or to let us see what arms they had. Towards evening, they formed in close column, or “mob square;” then there was a movement among them, and I said, “They’re going to deploy into line;” some *one was evidently directing them*; they looked rather formidable and I thought they endangered the peace; about half-past five o’clock I saw a long streamer, of a pea-green or dirty white colour, waved at one end of their line; then the whole body marched round this streamer unto the road, and up to Magheramayo hill; I observed they were congregating on some hills there; Mr. Morgan (the priest), whom I again found on the hill—he and Mr. Mooney (his curate) had been going and coming all day—said the Ribbonmen were going away; in reply to that, I pointed out the position they were taking up; he said, “However, I’ll ride at the head of the Orangemen, and that will prevent disturbance.”—*Ibid.*, p. 4.

Even Mr. Berwick, with all his bias, is forced to admit,

‘that the armed Ribbon body, which had collected in the morning, continued without interruption in the position taken by them on the road-side, firing shots, and showing by their conduct an evident disposition to fight.’—*Report*.

The Priest, we shall see, did no such thing as he had promised to Major Wilkinson, but he did what we think will astonish our readers. The majority of this body of men were strangers to the immediate locality—the natural object of one desiring to preserve peace would have been to induce those people to return home, for, as Mr. Scott said, they could now have no motive, nor even pretence of a motive, for remaining, except mischief. But, instead of advising them to return home, the Priest, under the pretence that they might straggle away or get into public-houses, sent and bought a supply of *bread* for them; while they employed the whole day in such military and menacing evolutions as Major Wilkinson and Mr. Terry have described. The explanation given by the Priest of this distribution of bread is quite as remarkable as the act itself. He himself says—

‘It was after the Orangemen passed by (in the morning) that I gave the men in the field the bread; it *did occur to me at the time that that act of mine might be construed by them into encouragement*.’—*Evid.*, p. 105.

But he did not say anything to the people themselves to contradict that idea. He proceeds—

‘I told

‘ I told the Stipendiary Magistrate, Mr. Tabuteau, of it as soon as I saw him afterwards.

‘ *Mr. Tabuteau.*—I have no recollection of your telling me any thing of the kind.

‘ *Mr. Morgan.*—On my oath I told you on the hill. *I did not tell them (the Ribbonmen) to go home.* I did advise them to *go away out of that* in the middle of the day.’—*Ibid.*

This is very important. ‘ *Out of that*’ means of course out of the *position in the valley* which they had taken up hastily in the morning on finding the troops in possession of the Brae, and where they could have done little harm to the Orangemen, and were commanded by Major Wilkinson’s troops. Was it in consequence of this good advice of the Priest’s that the movement took place to the opposite and *doubly formidable* position on the hill of Magheramayo? We say *doubly*, because at that moment, though Mr. Morgan had advised the return of the Orangemen by the *old* road, it was by no means certain whether they might not, as many advised, return by the *new* road. Now the position on Magheramayo hill (see our second sketch, p. 259) had this advantage, that it commanded the new road rather more completely than the old one (*Evid.*, pp. 15-33), so that, by occupying that position, they were—in *utrumque parati*—sure of being able to attack the procession at advantage whichever road it might take. The experienced eyes of Major Wilkinson and Mr. Hill saw clearly, from the movements of the party, that they were directed by some superior strategist. Mr. Morgan’s advice to them to go *away from that*, but *NOT to go home*, gives us an idea that he may have been, if not the strategist himself, at least not ignorant of what the strategist would recommend. He proceeds:—

‘ The reason *I did not tell them to go home* was, that I was afraid lest some evil-disposed persons might not do so, but waylay the Orangemen as they were returning home, and attack them; I would not take upon myself the responsibility of giving them that advice; Roman Catholic Clergymen have great influence over the minds of their people; if I had advised the people to go away from the hill and go home, I do think the majority would have taken my advice, but I was afraid that a few ill-disposed persons would not, and that they might fire on the Orangemen, and thus produce a collision; I thought if they remained together, the well-disposed among them might restrain the ill-disposed; if I had the same thing to do over again, after placing myself under a Stipendiary Magistrate, as I did, I’d act precisely the same way as I did; I think that a few ill-disposed Ribbonmen might have caused more harm than if they all remained together; am not of opinion there would have been less danger if they had dispersed, than there was by their remaining together; I thought it probable that a few ill-disposed Ribbonmen would fire on such a large Orange procession, though guarded by military and police; that is my opinion still; gave the

the money to M'Cartan, to get the bread; did not tell him my reason for giving the bread to the men, but told him to give it to the strangers, as I was more afraid of them than of the people belonging to the place.'—*Ibid.*, p. 105.

We leave this evidence to the appreciation of our readers, with a single but most important observation—that even Mr. Morgan's fancy does not venture to suppose that there was or could be in any case any danger of the Orangemen firing on the Ribbonmen, but, on the contrary, all his anxiety was lest some ill-disposed Ribbonmen might fire on the Protestants; and therefore he gave the Ribbonmen bread to keep them together, and advised them to move from a place where the most ill-disposed could hardly venture to commence hostilities if the procession returned the same road, to a stronger position, the fire of which would command the procession whichever road it might take.

But what follows is still more surprising. On his cross-examination by the counsel for the Orangemen, he admits that—

'When the people promised me in the field (the valley) to go away [*not to go home*!] they knelt down and I gave them *my blessing*.'—*Evid.*, p. 106.

And it was with this blessing that they moved to the new and more formidable position. Mr. Morgan's further justification of that act at such a time and place is more wonderful still:—

'I thought, in giving my blessing to the people on the hill, I was doing right; I believe it would be right to give it to the worst of persons, as the worse a party was the more they required it.'—*Evidence*, p. 113.

And when Mr. Morgan and his curate, Mr. Mooney, were subsequently asked why they did not continue their peaceable intervention on Magheramayo hill, they declared that, fearing a collision, they were afraid that they might pass for leaders of the Ribbonmen. No unlikely suspicion, we admit, but one that they seem to have thought of rather late in the day, and which was at least as likely to have been suggested by their whole conduct previous to the movement to the hill, and more particularly the *bread* and the *blessing*. Connected with this most important part of the affair is a remarkable misrepresentation of Mr. Berwick's. Mr. Morgan states and repeats that he did *not* desire the people to *go home*—that, on the contrary, he thought it best to keep them together, and *for that purpose brought them bread*. Nothing can be clearer. Yet Mr. Berwick's statement is the very reverse:—

'The two Roman Catholic clergymen appear to have exerted themselves without effect to induce this body to return to their homes.'—*Report*.

This

This flagrant variance is to us inexplicable.

Let us now follow the Orangemen to Tollymore. When this visit was first offered to Lord Roden he declined it. On reconsideration, however, he determined to accept of it. His Lordship, on the arrival of the procession, received it at his park gate, through which it proceeded and bivouacked in an adjoining field, where, in addition to their own provisions, his Lordship's servants served them with beer, bread, and cheese. Some of the magistrates, and some ladies and gentlemen, had a slight lunch under a marquee. His Lordship gives in his evidence a candid and manly exposition of the motives—highly honourable and patriotic—which induced him at last to accept this visit. Though deputy-grand-master of the institution, he had *always* been averse to processions (*Evid.* p. 79), and on this occasion would for personal reasons have gladly avoided a scene of so much bustle; but, besides his reluctance to disappoint his friendly neighbours, his Lordship adds,—

‘Another motive with me was, that about this time last year there was a rebellion in some parts of the country; it was said that the great body of the people throughout every part of the country were favourable to it, in order to get a Repeal of the Union; *I saw the great exertions the Government were making* to put down that rebellion; I saw that every loyal man was anxious to assist them, and, knowing the sentiments of the Orangemen on rebellion and the Repeal of the Union, I felt it most important that *at that period of difficulty* they should show their feelings and state their opinions, *in aid of the Government*, against the rebellion. The 12th of July, ’48, arrived; the meetings of the Orangemen were very extensive and numerous, and I will not deny I was one of those who did not discountenance such meetings, *for such purposes*. The loyal and peaceable manner in which they conducted themselves on that occasion, together with the union of sentiment I hold with them, made it appear to me that this year, when they wished to pay me a compliment and a visit, it would be impossible and most ungrateful to refuse it, hoping, and having every reason to expect, that the same happy results from their meeting in ’48 would take place in ’49.’ —*Evid.*, p. 71.

We shall see by and by the reasons that Lord Roden had for believing that the Orange demonstrations of 1848 were highly agreeable to Lord Clarendon, and he might well think that those of the present year were not likely to be less so. It was this feeling, and this feeling alone, that induced Lord Roden to overcome his well-known objection to these processions. • •

After the people had rested and refreshed themselves, for the day was very hot—the very hottest, we find from other evidence, of the whole year—and they were all, and particularly the women and young persons, very much tired, Lord Roden, from a kind of platform,

platform, addressed them in a short speech, the conclusion and point of which was inculcating general good-will to their neighbours, and especially peace and forbearance on their return homewards that evening:—

‘Acting under the teaching of God’s Word, which enjoins *forbearance and love to all*, I trust you will even show to those who disapprove of your organization that you are not a faction, driven by party violence to commit unlawful acts; that you do not desire to infringe on the liberties and happiness of others; but that you wish to see all denominations of your fellow-subjects enjoying the blessings which you seek for yourselves. . . . I trust you will *rather take evil than provoke* it; that nothing will induce you, in returning to your homes to-day, to *resent even any insult you may receive*.’—*Evid.*, pp. 72, 73.

It is one of the charges against Lord Roden that he did not use his influence with the Orangemen to return by the new road. This his Lordship was disposed to have done, but Mr. William Beers, the county grand-master, over-ruled his inclination, alleging for it that the Orangemen would not consent to take a different road, and that the new road would be in fact the most dangerous. Both these reasons seem to have been just, and there was also another which influenced the leaders. Many of the lodges were from the north side of the old road, and these must necessarily have passed over Dolly’s Brae; and if the general body had once been ‘*split*’ into sections, moving different ways, and without the combined protection of the Military and Police, danger to all would have been imminent—indeed certain. But there was another reason, which was more powerful still with the higher authorities. They knew what the old road was—they had passed it safely—Dolly’s Brae was occupied by the troops—the position of the Ribbonmen in the old road was less formidable than the position they might have taken up in the new road: and, finally, every military eye saw that the new road, if an attack were really intended, was much the more dangerous of the two. Here we meet another of Mr. Berwick’s serious misrepresentations; he says:—

‘The magistrates, who were there assembled at the hill Dolly’s Brae, all *agree* that it would be most dangerous to allow the Orange party to come *back* the same road.’—*Report*.

No doubt some of the magistrates *at first* thought so, but there is no proof that any of them *continued* to be of that opinion, and Mr. Berwick altogether *suppresses* the following impartial and experienced judgments:—

‘*Mr. Tabuteau*.—If the Orangemen had gone by the new road there would have been a chance of a collision, for the Ribbonmen could then
have

have come down on them from the other side of the hill (Magheramayo).’—*Evid.*, p. 15.

‘*Mr. Shaw.*—The new road is circuitous—like an arch—round the other; the new road is commanded by hills on both sides.’—p. 20.

‘*Mr. Hill.*—The Orangemen having passed Dolly’s Brae—the bone of contention in the morning—my opinion is, that as the new road is more surrounded by hills than the old one, the *Orangemen would have been more exposed if they had come that way in the evening*, if the others had been determined to attack them.’—p. 40.

Captain Sydney Darling, of the 9th Regiment, who made a military survey of the locality, says:—

‘In a military point of view, the new road is much better commanded from the other side of Maghermayo hill, and it is, therefore, much the more dangerous road; the old road is the shorter and more direct way; considering it probable there would be an attack, I should say *the old road is decidedly the safer of the two.*’—p. 33.

Mr. Berwick not only *suppresses* these conclusive opinions, but he endeavours to attenuate and explain away the equally decided advice of Mr. Morgan, the priest, that the procession should return the same way, he ‘offering to ride at the head of it.’ We should now have little reliance on Mr. Morgan’s advice, but it had a great weight with all the magistrates on that day; and this advice and offer, connected with all the rest of Mr. Morgan’s conduct, is so remarkable that Mr. Berwick’s travesty of the Priest’s opinion is as unpardonable as his suppression of the other evidence we have quoted.

On this accumulated testimony there can be no doubt whatever that, putting out of question the disgrace to the Queen’s authority of abandoning a highway because an illegal body had chosen to array themselves upon it, the old road was in every view the safer; that Lord Roden was very right in not persisting in the advice he was at first inclined to give; and that nothing can be so utterly groundless as Lord Clarendon’s assertion that the determination of returning by the old road was ‘*the cause of the disaster.*’ His Lordship could not have read the *evidence* of his own deputed officers; he relied, we suppose, on Mr. Berwick’s Report, which, in what it tells and what it suppresses, is equally unfaithful.

After two hours of rest and refreshment at Tollymore, the Orange procession renewed its march homewards; they proceeded over Dolly’s Brae much in the same order in which they had before passed, except only that the dragoons, who had, during the day, put up at Castlewellan, were rather taken by surprise, and were not ready to *precede* the march, as before, and therefore followed it. The Castlewellan Orangemen thought it

their duty to accompany the visitors over the Brae ; but that having been quietly passed, the Castlewellaan lodges and some others of the same neighbourhood returned back to their own homes,—a sure proof that the Orangemen neither meant nor expected mischief, or those trusty friends and allies would not have thus separated from each other.

The remaining body had, however, still to endure the provocations and abuse of the Ribbon women who crowded the roadsides :—

‘ Nothing,’ says Mr. Berwick, ‘ occurred to excite them but the taunts of a number of women collected on the roadside, who told them “ *they were prisoners, and would catch it before they came to Magheramayo hill.* ” ’—*Report.*

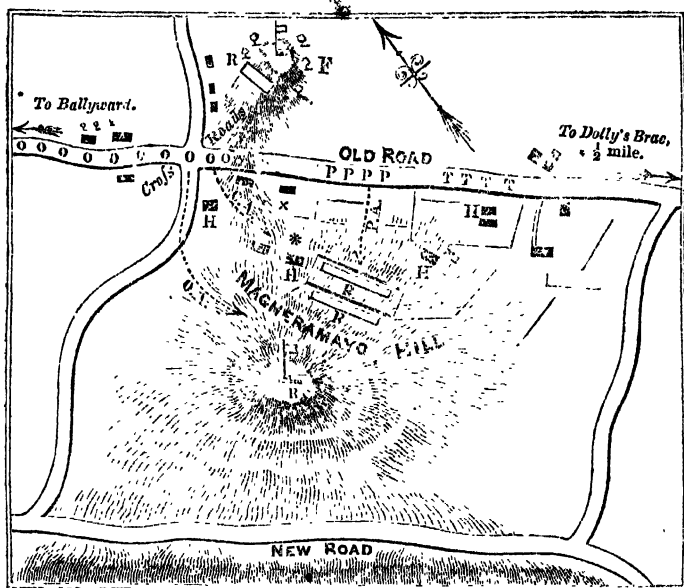
To these taunting expressions Mr. Berwick does not condescend to affix any precise meaning, but they are very important ; these women were clearly aware of what was coming ; they must have well known *why* their friends had taken the new position on the hill ; they looked upon the Orangemen, pressed forward by the police and troops behind, and commanded by the Ribbonmen on the hill in front, as *prisoners* ; and told them—not in a spirit of prophecy, but with an evident foreknowledge of what was about to happen—that ‘ *they would catch it* ’—that is, be attacked when they should reach Magheramayo. This alone, if there were no other evidence, would explain the Ribbon manœuvres, and the menace that the Orangemen would catch it ‘ *from the hill* ’ shows for what special purpose that remarkable position was taken. The position, indeed, was so judiciously chosen, in a military point of view, that Mr. Hill, as soon as he came in sight of it,

‘ Immediately said, “ Some old pensioner or somebody must have been at work here ; that position is a very formidable one.” ’—p. 35.

It appeared afterwards that the evolutions of the Ribbonmen on the morning in which the experienced eyes of Major Wilkinson and Lieut. Terry had detected command and discipline, and this disposition at Magheramayo, were made under the orders of one Lennon, who had been dismissed from the Police service, and was now a known leader of the Ribbonmen under the title of *Captain Lennon* ; whether the idea of the position at the hill was his own, or prompted by Mr. Morgan’s advice to them to ‘ *clear away out of the valley, but not to go home,* ’ it was certainly a very able one. But Captain Lennon’s personal valour was not equal to his strategy (if his it was) : for he ran away, to the great indignation of some of his party, very early in the conflict.

The following diagram (contracted from a hasty sketch of Captain Darling’s, prefixed to the Evidence) will give our readers a less

less imperfect idea of the position of the parties at the moment of the conflict than mere words could do :—



R R R R Ribbonmen's positions.

O O O Orange procession.

P P P Police.

- - - P A Attack by the Police.

- - - O A Two attacks by Orangemen.

H H H H Houses whence the Troops and Orange men were fired on.

F Forth and grove occupied by the Ribbonmen.

T T T Troops.

* x Squib fired hereabouts.

⌘ Two fast shots fired hereabouts.

The Ribbonmen, or, as Mr. Berwick, with a remarkable courtesy, calls them, '*the opposing party*,' or, as Mr. Terry, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Corry more truly call them, the '*rebels*,' were '*strongly entrenched*'* in two lines (R, R) on the side of the high hill of Magheramayo, one as it were on a terrace above the other, a little obliquely to the road and commanding it from a considerable height; the immediate front of each line was protected by a strong stone wall, and these were flanked by two or three small houses and their inclosures occupied by detachments of their body, from some of which (H, H, H) both the troops and Orangemen were fired at. • A smaller body occu-

* We use Mr. Berwick's term; but it seems from the evidence that they could not have been what is usually called *entrenched*, though they were strongly posted and protected behind stone walls and houses.

pied the summit of the hill, where there was a flag. On the other, or north side of the road, was a 'forth' (old fort) or earth-work, now planted with fir-trees (F), which was also occupied by another party of Ribbonmen (R), whose fire commanded both the old road and the cross-roads which occur thereabouts. Here was also a flag. In short, the whole position was chosen and all its points were arranged and combined with a degree of skill that surprised the military authorities, and, defended by resolute men in a good cause, could not have been turned or taken without great loss even by a very superior force.

We suppose that in any other country in the world the magistrates would have endeavoured to disperse such an assemblage by legal means, but here they might entertain some not unreasonable doubt as to how far their doing so would be approved at the Castle ; and the Irish magistrates are forced, from the circumstances of the country, to pay a more implicit deference to the wishes of the existing government than can be well understood in England. They, and especially the Stipendiaries, could hardly, as prudent men, have failed to ask themselves, What a Government with so many Roman Catholic advisers might have said, if the dutiful flock which Messrs. Morgan and Mooney had *fed* and *blessed* had been ignominiously dispersed as rebels, or at least rioters ? The sharpness with which Lord Clarendon has since turned round on both the local and stipendiary magistrates seems to justify a reasonable suspicion that their conduct — if questioned — was not likely to receive a very indulgent construction. But these respectable gentlemen had another and better motive than any apprehension of the displeasure of the Castle. They could not have believed, *à priori*, that in the face of such a force of police and troops, to say nothing of the Orangemen, the Ribbon party could be mad enough to commence an attack, and they well knew the Orangemen would not do so. They therefore thought, that as the day was well-nigh spent, and as twenty minutes would put the hills between the parties, it was better to allow the law, which had been suffered to sleep all the morning, to slumber a little longer. In short, they acted, as we confess we should, under the circumstances of *that* moment, have been inclined to do, on honest Dogberry's recipe for keeping the peace—to take no notice of the malefactors, and thank God that they were well rid of such disorderly knaves. This feeling was strongly confirmed by the two Priests coming towards them from the hostile party at the moment they came in sight of this position, and assuring them that '*there was no danger—that all was peace.*'

Major Wilkinson, as he descended at the head of the troops from Dolly's Brae, and was about to ascend Magheranayo,

' met

‘ met Mr. Mooney, who said, “ Oh it ’s all right—all will be peace—there will not a shot be fired.” ’—*Evid.*, p. 5.

Mr. Tabuteau—

‘ As we went on we met the two Roman Catholic clergymen, one of whom said as he passed us, “ There is no fear—all will be peace.” And I certainly had great confidence in their influence with the party on the hill.’—*Ibid.*, p. 13.

These words were scarcely uttered by the Priests, who were then riding *away* from the people with whom they had been so busy all day!—*away* from their own residences!—and to the *rear* of the procession which they had promised to head!—when the promised peace vanished in the smoke of the Ribbonmen’s fire.

This critical apparition and equally critical disappearance of the priests (coupled with the *bread* and the *blessing*) are surely remarkable. To us it seems the key of the whole calamity. Mr. Berwick’s impartial Report does not so much as notice it.

The whole procession had passed over, and even the troops had evacuated Dolly’s Brac: all question about *Dolly’s Brac* was at an end. The Orangemen, says Mr. Berwick, were preceded by one party of police, and followed by another and by the dragoons.

‘ On arriving at the point of the road immediately under the brow of Magheramayo Hill, where the *opposing force* was strongly entrenched, the police, who were in front, drew up along the side of the road, and stopped to allow the Orange procession to march past, which they did without interruption. Unfortunately, *after the whole body had passed forward*, and while the police were in the act of forming again to follow them, a squib or blank shot was fired.’—*Mr. Berwick’s Report*.

It seems to have been but a few minutes after the two priests had passed *to the rear of the troops* that this ‘ *squib* or blank shot ’ was exploded on some spot of the hill (x) between the road and the first entrenchment of the Ribbonmen. Instantly after this squib two Ribbonmen advanced from the north corner of the first entrenchment, and, turning to the main line, as if asking or giving orders, ‘ *bang! bang!* ’ fired two shots (***) at the tail of the Orangemen, or at the head of the Police—it is hard to say which, as they were not far asunder—and then, ‘ immediately,’ followed a full volley from the whole Ribbon army on the *Police and troops*.

There is a great deal of evidence about this squib, and Mr. Berwick pronounces it *doubtful* from which party it was fired—there being, he says, equally trustworthy and credible witnesses on the opposite sides. We should think it a matter of little consequence, if it had by any accident come from the Orangemen, for it was but a *squib*, and by whomever fired was certainly not meant to hurt any one, and would therefore have afforded no justification for the ‘ *deadly volley* ’ of the Ribbonmen; but we can

can say confidently that Mr. Berwick's statement as to there being anything like a balance of trustworthy evidence is wholly unfounded. Not one witness of any kind says that he *saw* the squib come from the Orange party. Some, certainly respectable witnesses, who only *heard* it and did not *see* whence it came, '*thought*,' or '*had an impression*,'—these are their strongest terms,—that it *might* have come 'from the road;' but on the other hand, *every* witness, all belonging to the troops and police, who both *heard* and *saw* it, swear positively and distinctly that it came—that *they saw it come*—from the hill, that is, from the Ribbonmen. We should be willing to put the trustworthiness of Mr. Berwick's Report on this single issue. Mr. Berwick also says, that as to the 'two first shots' contradictory evidence was produced, but that the weight of evidence appears to him *to favour the opinion* that they were fired by the Ribbon party.' (*Report*.) Now we will take upon ourselves to say that the kind of hesitation which he shows in coming to this opinion was entirely groundless; that the Ribbon evidence thus alluded to is altogether worthless and undeserving the slightest notice; and that the fact thus hesitatingly assented to is as decidedly clear and unquestionable as the fact of Mr. Berwick's own existence. The ambiguous forms of expression he chooses to adopt in these and similar cases all through his Report are of little importance to any one who will wade through the mass of evidence; but with ordinary readers they have a tendency to distort and pervert the real state of the case in favour of '*the Opposing Party*.'

No one, we repeat, who weighs the evidence can doubt that the squib came from the rebel side of the road, and the most probable explanation of it is that it was exploded by one of the Ribbon party stationed in advance of the main body to watch the procession, and meant either to give a *signal* or to afford an *excuse* for firing. But why a signal should be fired at all, or, above all, why have been delayed till the Orangemen had passed the main Ribbon position, is an enigma. Was it a signal that the two Priests had passed through the advancing column and were beyond the reach of the fire? Did the signal-man wait till Mr. Mooney, who had just before '*visited the hill for a moment*,' was out of reach? The evidence as to the otherwise unaccountable retreat of the Reverend gentlemen suggests this solution, but affords no details by which we can test it. All that is certain is, that the signal came from the Ribbon side, and that it was expected by them, for *instantly* after it their fire began.

Nor can we very satisfactorily account for the subsequent volley —not at the Orangemen—that would have been, under the circumstances, mad enough—but what insanity could have prompted
the

the Ribbonmen to fire on the Police and troops? Yet all the witnesses are unanimous in describing the attack as specially *upon them*.

Major Wilkinson.—‘The Orangemen passed over Magheramayo hill, and the Dragoons were just going over the crest of the hill, when bang—bang—bang went the shots in all directions; the gentlemen on the hill fired at us, the shots ploughing up the ground and flying about us in all directions.’—‘There is not the slightest doubt that the shots from the hill were fired at *us*—the Orangemen had all passed forward at the time.’—*Evid.*, pp. 5, 7.

Major Dalrymple White.—‘The party on the hill fired a volley straight down: the balls came whizzing over our heads.’—*Ibid.*, p. 9.

Mr. Tubuteau.—‘At the time the police took the hill they were in imminent danger.’—*Ibid.*, p. 15.

Mr. Fitzmaurice.—‘On my oath I believe the fire from the hill was intended for the police.’—*Ibid.*, p. 45.

Lieutenant Terry.—‘I am sure they fired at us; there was no one else to fire at.’—*Ibid.*, p. 32.

Captain Darling.—‘The balls came whizzing about our ears: the fellows used a great deal of powder, as much to a half-ounce ball as we use to an ounce ball. I saw several cartridges.’—*Ibid.*, p. 32.

Mr. Hill.—‘I should think the first *two shots* were fired at the tail of the Orange procession. There is no doubt the *volley* was levelled at *us*.’—*Ibid.*, p. 35.

And finally, Mr. Berwick’s own *Report* admits, as we have seen, that—

‘The whole body of Orangemen had passed forward when, unfortunately, the squib was fired.’

We can make no better conjecture than that the Ribbonmen were blinded, if not demented, by political passion and religious bigotry, and that, the signal having been given (from whatever cause) a little too late, they had fired down at the body below them, not exactly distinguishing who they were, with a vague hope—not diminished perhaps by the *blessing* of the Priest—of killing a few *heretics*—no matter whether in *orange*, *red*, or *blue*—and then escaping (as they did), with little loss, over the back of the hill. At all events, it was a fresh instance of that species of stupid and cruel insanity that seems to direct all Irish insurrections, which had just before prompted the Ballingarry rebellion, and which our rulers may be well assured will never be corrected by such a system of palliation, truckling, and falsehood as we have been of late practising. Is this a people to whom Mr. Labouchere, as the organ of her Majesty’s Government, ought to have wantonly preached up the right of carrying arms? If these were capable of sober thought, what could they have hoped—what expected, even though blessed by Archbishop M’Hale himself—but to be killed in the fight or hanged for murder?

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Though the first volley had fortunately done little or no mischief to the police or troops, their position was perilous in the extreme. The cavalry could not act against the stone walls which both bordered the road and covered the Ribbonmen's lines. Captain Cubitt's company of the 9th had not yet joined, nor indeed would it, we presume, have been safe to risk the infantry in an irregular scramble, as it must have been, over these broken grounds and solid walls. There was a moment of hesitation. Mr. Fitzmaurice cried, 'Take shelter, men, and be steady.' Mr. Scott, with a candour that becomes the honest part he took in all this transaction, confesses that at the order to take shelter, 'the police crouched down beneath the fence, and I did so along with them; but seeing Mr. Hill and Mr. Fitzmaurice up, *I was ashamed* and got up also.'—*Evid.*, p. 24.

Mr. Francis Beers at this critical moment exclaimed to the Police, '*Stand to your feet, and don't be afraid.*' Mr. Fitzmaurice said, '*Our only chance is to take the hill.*' Mr. Hill, whose gallantry, temper, and judgment were worthy of a more glorious field, immediately volunteered to do so with a party of police, and, having received the ready assent of the magistrates, dashed over the fences, accompanied by Mr. Beers and supported by Mr. Fitzmaurice, and charged up the hill (P. A.)—forty skirmishers against twelve hundred entrenched desperadoes—in a style that commanded the admiration of the magistrates and troops below—the troops being merely spectators, for, strange to say, it was not till after this that the infantry was ordered to load.

Mr. Tabuteau.—'I saw Mr. Hill charging up the hill, which he certainly did in very gallant style; when the police were about half-way up the hill I first observed that the party on the hill had broken; some of them retreated, and came down parallel with us; scattered shots then came down among us; I ordered the infantry to load.'—*Evid.*, pp. 13, 14.

Major Wilkinson.—'The police did their work capitally. It is not according to etiquette for the military to fire unless ordered by the civil authorities. But, had not the police fired, *we*—[*Her Majesty's troops*—]should have been *slated* most unmercifully!'—*Ibid.*, p. 8.

This seems a strange *etiquette* that the troops in Ireland have been taught by their timeserving and pusillanimous governments, that they are not to fire even in self-defence, but to stand passive under the fire of unprovoked rebellion to be '*unmercifully slated.*' We do not say this under an idea that anything better could have been done than the movement by the Police—for neither the infantry nor cavalry could have been at the moment safely employed, but we quote it as a striking instance of the anomalous and painful position in which the forbearance of the Government

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towards every form of sedition and rebellion in Ireland places all Her Majesty's loyal subjects, and particularly Her Majesty's troops.

But even the gallant advance of the Police would probably have been foiled by the strength of the position, and by the superior numbers of 'the Opposing Party,' and God knows with what consequences, but that the Orangemen, loosely estimated by Mr. Berwick at 'about 100 or 200,' who had not yet passed the hill, immediately returned the Ribbonmen's volley, and then broke (in two lines, OA, OA) over the fences and between the houses transversely at the entrenchment, thus taking them in flank while the Police advanced in front, and putting the issue out of all doubt. 'I think,' says Mr. Tabuteau,

'I think that, if it had not been for the fire of the Orangemen, forty police could not have cleared that hill.'—*Erid.*, p. 15.

The fire from the rebel lines had been at first very heavy on the advance of the Police, but under the double attack they were seen to waver, and at last gave way. As soon as Mr. Hill saw the Ribbon line break, he ordered the police to cease firing, and was instantly obeyed: one stray shot only was fired afterwards: it seems that the fire of the Orangemen ceased also as soon as the fire from the houses had been silenced. Mr. Hill found behind one of the fences eighteen pitchforks, seven pikes, ten guns, and a large quantity of ammunition. The greater body, of course, carried off their arms. The troops, who had no doubt borne their inactivity with some impatience, now advanced (still fired at from one of the houses) and assisted the Police in securing the prisoners and in pushing forward the rear of the Orange procession, in order to prevent any renewal of the conflict—for the Orangemen were greatly exasperated, and particularly at being fired at from the houses; the main body of the Ribbonmen, though they had so precipitately abandoned Magheranayo, had reassembled on another hill at no great distance, and others appeared on the neighbouring hills, apparently watching their opportunity.

During and towards the close of the conflict several houses, from some at least of which both the troops and Orangemen had been fired at, were stormed and 'wrecked,' and some set fire to; and it was in the attacks on two or three of these houses, situated near the south angle of the cross-road and in the line of the Orange attacks (see the sketch), that the most regrettable accidents of the day seem to have occurred.

The *ascertained* loss in the conflict is surprisingly small, considering the sharpness and vivacity of the fire; but it may be accounted for by the first and most serious volley of the Ribbonmen having been so ill-timed and ill-aimed, while from the responsive

responsive fire of both the Police and Orangemen they were protected by their entrenchments and the adjoining houses and enclosures. Mr. Berwick's impartiality brings forward half a dozen cases of alleged enormities inflicted by the Orangemen on the 'opposing party;' but of the *previous* or subsequent effects of the Ribbonmen's fire, not a word!

The known loss on the Orange side was, as we are informed, two men dead of their wounds, and about a score of *men and children* wounded—the latter belonging to the rear of the procession, and who, in the suddenness of the Ribbonmen's unexpected fire, had not time to get under shelter, as the police and some of the gentlemen did at first. After *them* Mr. Berwick did not, it seems, think it his duty to inquire; and his Report, which enumerates all, and grossly exaggerates some, of the casualties on the Ribbon side, would leave us under the impression that the Orangemen had suffered no injury.

It would not be surprising if the indignation of the Orangemen for such an unprovoked and murderous attack had in some instances degenerated into unjustifiable excesses. Everybody who has seen or read anything of war must know that such are the constant accompaniments and consequences of every conflict, and particularly amidst straggling houses, themselves objects of attack and defence, and a dense and excited population. Our happy island has fortunately had little of the sad experience of war and of its inevitable calamities, but even here—in Manchester or London—the most ordinary riot is never dispersed by force of arms that we have not to regret some lamentable accidents to unoffending persons—a woman standing at her door, a child looking on, and so forth—and on every such occasion the cases of this class of sufferers have been seized on as the theme of factious, sometimes even of treasonable agitation. After a severe struggle the best-disciplined troops in the world have been guilty of deplorable excesses. Even the brave and generous will be hurried on by 'the hot blood' beyond discretion and temper.

'Who can be wise, amazed—temperate and furious—

Loyal and neutral—in a moment? No man!'

We confess that, much as we deplore whatever did occur on this occasion, we are surprised that Mr. Berwick's zeal and astuteness was not able to collect, after such a tumultuous conflict, more and, above all, *better authenticated* topics of charge than he has produced. There was so much to be regretted in the real course of events, that Mr. Berwick should have been the more on his guard against exaggeration; and it is peculiarly unlucky that his indignation, besides the essential blemish of being one-sided, has
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the additional one of taking the wrong side—as we think anybody must be convinced of his having done who will compare the tone and spirit of his Report with the preponderating tendency of the Evidence.

We have not room to enter into all the details of these cases—it would be of six or seven criminal trials; but a slight glance at the evidence will enable us to show that none of the cases are stated with perfect accuracy, and that some of them are grossly exaggerated. We shall first give Mr. Berwick's statements, and then our own short observations.

'While the attack on the hill was going on above, I lament to say that the work of retaliation, both on life and property, by the Orange party, was proceeding lower down the hill, and along the side of the road, in a most brutal and wanton manner, reflecting the deepest disgrace on all by whom it was perpetrated or *encouraged*.'—*Rep.*

The distinction between the fight *above* and the '*retaliation below*,' which conveys an idea that the outrages were committed in a spirit of vengeance and at a distance from the heat of the action, is unjustifiable. All these casualties occurred within the range of the rebel shot; so clearly so, that some of them were supposed to be inflicted by the Ribbonmen's own fire. And what, we must ask, does Mr. Berwick mean by saying that they 'reflect the deepest disgrace on all who perpetrated or *encouraged* them.' No doubt they would; but who *encouraged* them? What does that insinuation *mean*? There is not, that we can discover, a colour for it against any one. Mr. Berwick must be called upon to explain that which unexplained looks like an insidious calumny.

'One little boy, ten years old, was *deliberately* fired at, and shot, while running across a field.'

'A boy was shot running across a field'—perhaps a distant one;—Mr. Berwick suppresses that it was *the* field in which the fight was going on—and that the boy was in the direct line of both fires. The word '*deliberately*' is foisted in by Mr. Berwick.

'Mr. Fitzmaurice stopped a man in the *act of firing* at a girl who was *rushing from her father's house*.'

Mr. Fitzmaurice's evidence says nothing of the '*act of firing*:' it only says a man '*ran at a girl*'—a very different thing; and whatever the real act may have been, it is clear that Mr. Berwick's statement is incorrect. If some savage *actually fired* at a girl, Mr. Berwick says too little—if he only *ran at her*, he says too much. '*Rushing from her father's house*' may be true; but it is Mr. Berwick's embroidery; it is not in Mr. Fitzmaurice's evidence.

'An old woman of seventy was murdered.' 'Another old woman was severely beaten in her house. While another, who was subsequently

quently saved by the police, was much injured, and left in her house, which had been set on fire.'

It is nowhere, that we can find, proved how or by whom the injuries to the women happened; but, however inflicted, they all occurred in the storm of the two or three houses near the cross-roads from which the Orangemen were fired on, and which were the outposts of the rebel position. The poor woman that was killed was of the name of *Traynor*, and, as it seems, an inmate of the house of the man *Traynor*, who our readers will recollect (see p. 251 *ante*) was wounded and taken prisoner, and who was identified as having grossly abused the Orangemen in the morning, and threatened '*to have three or four of their lives before night*' (*Evid.*, p. 68). This would be no justification of the injury to the woman, but it accounts for the firing from that house and the necessity of attacking it; and it is remarkable that this *Traynor* declared that his wound was inflicted *by his own friends on the hill* as he was standing in the rear of the house (*Evid.*, p. 80). Mr. Berwick should at least have stated the critical position of the houses where these accidents happened.

'The skull of an idiot was beaten in with the butts of their [the Orangemen's] muskets.'

The idiot (called by the Ribbon evidence an idiot boy) was a man of forty, and the only witness who speaks as to the cause of his death is Mr. Fitzmaurice, whose '*impression was that he was shot through the head by the Ribbonmen from the hill.*' (*Evid.*, p. 45.) It is probable that he was mistaken for an Orangeman, for it turns out that the poor creature had walked with the procession all day.

'An inoffensive man was taken out of his house, dragged to his garden, and stabbed to death by three men with bayonets, in the sight of some of his family.'

This was a man of the name of *King*, whose house was next to *Traynor's*, near the cross-roads, and the chief outwork of the rebel position; and if it had not been stormed, the Police could probably not have cleared the hill; and it would have followed, of course, that her Majesty's troops would have been '*unmercifully slated.*'. It would seem from the evidence, as far as we can understand it, that every one of the injured persons (except the idiot) were of the names of either *King* or *Traynor*—a strong proof that no violence was done beyond what occurred in the attack of those rebel outposts. Of the value of the evidence upon which Mr. Berwick so confidently states the case of *King*, we can give no better test than that of the principal—indeed, as to the mode of death, the *only*—witness:—

'*Bridget*

' *Bridget King*.—I am sister to Pat King, who was killed : my husband [observe she is on oath] *would have been killed also*, but I sent him (out of the way) that morning. Some of the Orangemen *shut the door, and then broke it* : they took an egg that was lying in the window, and shot off the neck of a hen and *threw the neck* in through the window. They pushed Pat King down the house. He was in the room when they came in, praying for his soul. My daughter was in the house, but no other man than Pat King. No shot was fired out of the house that day. The house was so full of them Orangemen, that I could not see what they did to him. I got out of the house, and then saw Pat King on the garden ditch. One of them knocked him down with a stone, and they then dragged him into the loaning (lane) and stabbed him. When they had murdered him, they saw me lying on my mouth and nose, over my child. One of them said, "There she is, the Popish w---e ; pop at her." *The gun* was fired at me, and *two others threw stones* ; but I escaped, thank the Lord. Then another struck me on the shoulders with a pair of tongs. The house was then set on fire.'—*Evid.*, p. 82.

This evidence of murder and arson, with its episodes of stealing an egg, killing a hen. &c., was sufficiently apocryphal ; but on cross-examination the lady grew warm, and her testimony more animated. It was no longer *one* shot and a blow of the tongs ; it grew, like Falstaff's men in buckram :—

'The *four* of them presented their guns at me ; *they were as close to me as you are* [about two yards off], and *they all fired at me* ; but, thank the Lord, *they all missed me*. (Sensation.)'—*Ib.*

When Mr. Berwick told the story of 'the inoffensive man stabbed in presence of his family,' he ought not to have omitted to state that the story was attested by such a miraculous witness ; and that the man's death, however produced, occurred at one of the hottest points of the contest. Though it is clear that Mr. Berwick himself believed that this and several other equally tutored witnesses were perjured, he adopts as much as suits his purpose of their evidence, but gives none of the circumstances, which utterly, and even in his own reluctant opinion, destroy its credit. If, as we sincerely hope, these matters are ever brought to a really judicial test, we can confidently say that we would rather be in the shoes of Mr. Francis Beers than in the slippers of Mr. Berwick.

After Mr. Berwick has exhausted his terms of vituperation and his arts of garbling on the Orangemen, he at last produces a fraction of their defence in the following awkward way :—

'It was *alleged* by the Orange party that shots had been fired at them from under cover of some of these houses.'—*Report*.

As if there were no other evidence of that *all-important* fact of the

the firing from the houses but the biassed excuses of the Orange culprits themselves. Mr. Berwick chooses to suppress the evidence of the Queen's magistrates and troops:—

Major Wilkinson.—‘Shots were fired down on the 9th from houses.’—*Evid.*, p. 5.

Michael Cleary (Major Wilkinson's servant).—‘A party of the 9th were sent into a house to disarm a party who had fired at them from it; a man with a gun came out of the rear of the house; he snapped the gun at me,’ &c.—*Ib.*, p. 11.

Mr. Tabuteau.—‘I took a small section of the troops, and with Captain Darling ordered them to dislodge the people from a house whence shots had been fired at us.’—*Ib.*, p. 14.

Mr. Scott.—‘Had to pass a house on the hill (toward the close of the action). They fired at me from it.’—*Ib.*, p. 25.

Mr. Fitzmaurice.—‘Parties running down the hill were firing at the Orangemen, and parties running from the houses also fired on them.’—*Ib.*, p. 41.

Lieutenant Terry.—‘Some of the rebels retreated to the cottages, whence they fired at the troops.’—*Ib.*, p. 32.

James Weir.—‘Saw a shot fired out of Buck Ward's house, and saw a wounded [Orange] man lying on the road immediately afterwards.’—*Ib.*, p. 108. [He died of his wounds.]

Rev. E. Brooke.—‘An old woman who was injured [sister, it is supposed, of the woman that was killed—certainly either a Traynor or a King—see preceding observations on the injuries to the women] came to me for assistance. I said I heard shots had been fired out of her house; she replied, “How could I help the people coming into my house and firing out of it?”’—*Ib.*, p. 94.

Not one of these witnesses is an Orangeman. They are all impartial, most of them official evidences; and yet Mr. Berwick has the courage to represent the fact of firing from the houses as a mere ‘*allegation of the Orange party.*’

If we had space to enter into a minute comparison of the accusative portion of Mr. Berwick's Report with the whole of the evidence, we could show that there is hardly an item of it that is not liable to contradiction, and none not liable to suspicion. But we think that the observations we have found room for are pretty decisive as to the impartiality of Mr. Berwick and the value of his Report; and with them we close our, we fear, too tedious account of the *battle of MAGHERAMAYO*. The victory on the field remained to her Majesty's loyal subjects and forces; while, in the Council-chamber, her Majesty's ministers seem disposed to transfer the triumph to Mr. Berwick's ‘*OPPOSING PARTY.*’

After Mr. Berwick had, with no great difficulty, arrived at the foregone conclusion that the Orangemen must be in the wrong, he proceeded to lend his official assistance in a charge made against some of them before the Castlewella bench of magistrates. This proceeding

proceeding was stranger than all the rest. A Government inquisitor goes down, holds a court, hears evidence on oath, examines parties—magistrates and others—who attend voluntarily in, we think, mistaken deference to Lord Clarendon's Commission, which we believe to be as illegal in principle as James II.'s High Commission; and then, on the evidence thus collected, this Commissioner proceeds, in the character of an advocate, before the magistrates at petty sessions, most of whom were personally, and some of whom he himself thought were criminally, implicated by his investigation. It is important to notice that informations were not actually tendered—but the magistrates were required to decide upon a point of law as to the legality or illegality of the Orange procession—raised by the Crown Solicitor and supported by Mr. Berwick as an advocate. Satisfied with the received opinion as to the law concerning processions, as sanctioned by the practice of a century and by the recent acts of Mr. Berwick's own employers—and, above all, knowing that the Government had in its own hands the supreme power of trying the doubtful question by indictment or information in a higher court—the Magistrates decided against the views of the law propounded by the Crown Solicitor and Government Commissioner, and thus virtually declined to grant Mr. Berwick's application. Whereupon, the Government, instead of appealing to the higher tribunal to decide the doubtful point of law, have taken the case into their own arbitrary hands; and because the Earl of Roden on this occasion voted with the majority of his brother-magistrates, they have—*accumulating* this judicial act with his private conduct in Tollymore Park on the 12th of July—deprived him of the commission of the peace in two counties—that in which he had so acted, and another to which he happened to belong. And all this they have done on the assumption—that the Orange procession of the 12th of July, 1849, was *per se* illegal, and that all those who took the most innocent part in it, or who even accompanied it to preserve the peace, or who so far countenanced it as not to shut their park-gates against it, were guilty of a punishable offence. Now that assumption we totally, and in the teeth of Mr. Berwick and Mr. Attorney-General for Ireland, deny; and we deny it, not on our own judgment nor on the higher authorities of the law only, but, as we have already shown, on that of the Government itself; and the argument *ad hominem* is a sound one against those who set themselves up as authorities. But we shall take a larger view of the subject.

The first proof that party processions are not *per se* illegal is that stated by the two Secretaries in July, 1846, namely, that the Processions Act—passed, not to *declare*, but to *render* them illegal
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—was suffered to expire: but to this it may be answered, True; but the legal effect of the statute was not to alter the common law relating to all and any popular assemblies, which might be or might not be legal according to *circumstances*—but only provided that *under any circumstances*, and without the process of examining the circumstances, certain party processions should be *ipso facto* illegal. This construction we are willing to admit, but it does not impugn all that we contend for—namely, that, when the Act had thus expired, party processions became not merely not illegal, but wholly unknown to the law, and were therefore in the condition of any other assemblage whatsoever, and only liable to become illegal from strong collateral circumstances. Now, let us see how an innocent assemblage may become an illegal one. Let us take the definition given by the Chairman of the Newry Quarter Sessions on the trial of some Ribbonmen in the preceding month of June, quoted and relied upon by Mr. Berwick and Lord Clarendon—that at common law a meeting becomes unlawful—

‘under such circumstances as are calculated to excite terror and alarm in the minds of reasonable, firm, and courageous men; and it is for the jury to draw the conclusion, from a due consideration of the appearance of the meeting, and all the circumstances belonging to it, whether it be calculated to excite such terror and alarm.’”

We accept this definition, which, in the case to which it was addressed, was sound and legal, but wholly deny that it applies to this case. Did this assembly at Ballyward ‘excite terror and alarm in the mind of any reasonable, firm, and courageous man?’ Did it even excite terror and alarm in *any* man’s mind—in the minds of many hundred women and children, who accompanied it as a party of pleasure? Lord Clarendon and Mr. Berwick lay great stress on the procession being armed, as if that alone was enough to excite alarm and constitute illegality; and it may tend to create such an impression among those who do not remember that these meetings have *always* been, in greater or less proportions, armed, not either for offence or defence (though, no doubt, capable of being applied to either), but because firing in the way of *salûtes* and *feux de joie* has always been one of the essential features of such celebrations, long before there was any opposition to or jealousy about them. The hundred processions of the 12th of July all over Ireland began and kept up and concluded their exhibitions with firing—a mode of rejoicing known in all countries and practised on all occasions, from the Park and Tower guns on the Sovereign’s birthday, down to the pistol-shots, squibs, and rockets of minor rejoicings. We find from the Irish papers that a similar celebration took place on the same day in Lord Massereene’s park,

park. near Antrim, but on an infinitely larger scale of what Lord Clarendon and Mr. Berwick would call formidable illegality than that at Tollymore. There were no less than 140 Lodges, and it was calculated that there were from 50,000 to 60,000 persons congregated in the park; there were banners, music, platform, marquees, on a grand scale, and *thousands of shots were fired all day long*, amidst the universal good-humour of *all classes and denominations*. Belfast supplied 34 Lodges, and a Belfast paper tells us—

‘that some of the brethren were up at four o’clock in the morning, and, by the *discharge of musketry*, celebrated the dawn of their much-admired anniversary. At eight o’clock they assembled at the Linen Hall, and, to the music of the fife and drum, proceeded direct for the rendezvous at Antrim, from which they returned at six o’clock in the evening. It is calculated that not less than from 80,000 to 100,000 persons—equal to the entire population of Belfast—were congregated to witness the return of the processionists; and it is most gratifying to be able to add that, notwithstanding the assemblage of *so immense a number of all parties in religion and politics*, not the slightest disturbance occurred.’—*Banner of Ulster*, 13th of July.

Similar demonstrations, similarly attended by magistrates, occurred, as we have said, all over the country, with similar results. We select a report from Cavan:—

‘Several processions of loyal Orangemen took place in the county Cavan on July 12, 1849, which were attended by *many hundreds of Roman Catholics* and others in their best apparel, *who joined in their cheering*, and manifested the kindest feelings towards them, and in many instances *the Roman Catholic farmers sent out large tubs of milk to the Orangemen*, the day being very warm and the roads dusty. *All these processions were partly armed, for the purpose of firing rejoicing salutes.*’

Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that of those hundred assemblages the *only one* in Ireland at which firing was expressly prohibited, and where even shouts and the ordinary expressions of popular pleasure were repressed, was *this of Ballyward!* The insulting rumours which had been spread induced the leaders of this procession to be scrupulously careful to avoid giving any handle, any excuse for a disturbance of the public peace. This custom of carrying fire-arms on such occasions is of so long standing and of such universal practice, that the law would take notice of it as negating any ‘reasonable alarm,’ or any special danger to the public peace. In Dalton’s ‘Justice of the Peace,’ an old book, but of high authority, we find a curious passage, clearly indicating the indulgence of the common law to the use of arms in such celebrations:—

‘The assembly of people and their use of *harness* [all warlike instruments—

struments—*Law Dict.*] upon *Midsummer Night in London*, being only for disport, is lawful, though it be with a great assembly of people and in armour.’—p. 322.

And this is also stated, and *with a particular view to these very Irish rejoicings*, as the common law of Ireland, in ‘*A Justice of the Peace: by Sir Richard Bolton, sometime Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland*, ed. 1750 :’—

‘So the assembly of people and their use of arms *upon usual days in Dublin and other cities and towns*, being only for disport or exercise of arms, is lawful; and though it be with a great assembly of people and in armour, yet it being neither *in terrorem populi*, nor to do any act with force or violence against the peace, it is lawful.’

No doubt in a meeting of dubious aspect arms might increase terror, and so help to give an additional character of illegality; but arms do not in themselves constitute illegality, and a meeting without arms that should create alarm would be equally illegal. And is it not really the extravagance of inconsistency that the contrary doctrine should be now advanced by the same Government that volunteered Mr. Labouchere’s celebrated proclamation to the Irish people (little needing any such incentive) of their restored right to carry arms? We say nothing here as to what ought to be the law—whether the Arms and Processions Acts should not be renewed—but we do assert that the existing state of the law justifies neither the glosses of Mr. Berwick nor the acts of Lord Clarendon. In fact, Mr. Berwick has made a most extraordinary blunder—a regular Irish bull—in *his* application of the legal maxim propounded by the Newry Chairman. Mr. Berwick has only mistaken *pro* for *con*—plaintiff for defendant—the culprit for the magistrate—the innocent for the guilty. The law says that the creation of a reasonable alarm will constitute an illegal meeting—true; but it is the assembly *creating* such an alarm that becomes illegal, and not the persons against whom the violence is threatened. There is not, we repeat it, a pretence that any one felt the slightest alarm from the Orangemen, though some alarm might be felt for them. Most of the magistrates and officers swore that they felt no alarm at all; those that admitted any alarm said it proceeded solely from the Ribbonmen; all agreed that no danger whatever was apprehended from the Orangemen; and the witness who *on this point* may be considered as the highest authority, Mr. Morgan, the priest, swears decidedly that his only solicitude was for the safety of the Orangemen from the possible attacks of the Ribbonmen. The Newry Chairman applied the maxim correctly to the *party creating an alarm*. Mr. Berwick—by what process of mind we will not venture to guess—counterchanges the liability and transfers it from the guilty creators of the danger to its

its innocent object. No man will deny that the Orange procession, like any other assembly of people, might by collateral circumstances become illegal. A congregation assembled in church might become illegal, and liable to be dispersed, if it should be excited to commit any unlawful act: so a procession of charity children might become illegal, if excited to pelt the passengers and break windows as they went; but if, while they were coming peaceably from church and just about to depart to their own homes, an undoubtedly illegal assemblage of other people—an hundred Irish paviors, for instance, taking offence at the religion or orange waistcoats of the poor children—should post themselves behind the rails of St. Giles's churchyard and assault them, would that make the children's procession retrospectively illegal? And would the parish-beadles, who had marched by the side of the children, or the rector, who after church had treated them with cake and ale—would they have been guilty of the subsequent riot, and liable to summary punishment? Mr. Berwick's law would say *yes*; common law and common sense say *no*.

But let us put a real and almost a parallel case. The late Queen Caroline's Funeral was announced to proceed in a particular line of road—a riotous mob declared it should not pass that way, and drew themselves up on a *Dolly's Brae* of their own at the top of Oxford Street—a violent collision was announced and prepared and took place—lives were lost; and factious juries—as Mr. Berwick would, no doubt, have advised juries to have done in the *Magheramayo* case—returned verdicts of manslaughter and murder against parties in the procession. Did that make the Funeral an illegal procession, or was the magistrate, Sir Robert Baker, who marched at its head, dismissed for conducting it in the face of this opposition? No; but, poor man! he was dismissed for having been over persuaded or frightened into a compliance with the illegal pretensions of 'the opposing party.' Where is the difference in principle between the two cases? The Protestant procession was at the outset as clearly innocent as the Queen's Funeral—a portion of it was armed—so was the escort of the Funeral, but neither intended to use their arms; and the Orangemen gave a conclusive pledge of that intention by being accompanied by their wives and daughters. It is said they had notice of an opposition, and yet went on; but so had the conductors of the Funeral notice of a predetermined opposition: nay, more, they were served with a formal protest from the Queen's executors against both the removal of the body and the line of march. A magistrate, duly authorised, preceded both processions. Both were attacked—both were compelled to repel the attack; two lives of the assailants were lost in both cases—inquests and in-

vestigations were held. In the *Funeral* case, the magistrate who yielded to the mob and took the '*New Road*' was dismissed. In the Ballyward case, the magistrate who kept to the appointed road has now been dismissed, and, if Mr. Berwick's suggestions were to be carried out, might be tried for his life.

We have thought it important to establish the distinction between Mr. Berwick's blunder and the Newry Chairman's sound opinion. But if we were content to accept, as Lord Clarendon has done, Mr. Berwick's mistake of black for white, we should still be entitled to repeat the question—why the Lord-Lieutenant, the chief Magistrate of Ireland, told neither the local magistrates who asked his advice, nor the stipendiary magistrates sent down at their request, that such a meeting would be illegal? He gave them no orders to warn the people to abstain from it, nor, if the people should be obstinate, to prevent it. If, then, the neglect of the magistrates on the spot, in not having felt this legal alarm and applied the legal remedies, be a crime deserving dismissal, it belongs assuredly in the first and highest degree to the chief Magistrate, who was not only guilty of the very same neglect, but prepossessedly led all his subordinates into their error.

But the case is even worse than this. The accounts which the Government received were more alarming than the circumstances presented to the eyes of the magistrates on the morning of the procession; the apprehensions stated to the Castle were those of general alarm; while, to the magistrates on the spot, the lawful object—the orderly demeanour—the pacific professions of the Orangemen, and the company of their 'respectable' wives and children, gave an impression—which turned out to be well founded—that nothing was to be feared from *them*. If Lord Clarendon had dismissed or reprimanded all the authorities for not having at once dispersed the *Ribbonmen*, who were 'collected,' as Mr. Berwick states, 'confessedly for a lawless purpose, and dangerous in the last degree to the public peace' (*Report*), we should have understood such severity—though we should also have disapproved of it; for the magistrates undoubtedly acted to the best of their judgments and thought they were following up the unmistakeable policy of the Government.

As the dismissal of the Earl of Roden and the Messrs. Beers is grounded solely on the alleged illegality, *ab initio*, of the Orange procession, which was assuredly not more illegal than the one hundred others that took place on the same day, and which have produced no such consequences on the numerous magistrates who assisted at them, we might rest the case on an alternative that we think nobody will dispute:—Either the procession was—like the *two or three hundred* others that have passed unquestioned

tioned since the expiration of the Act—strictly legal—or, if not, at least the illegality has been so recently discovered and is still so very questionable, that the magistrates should not have been punished until the legal proceedings (which we presume the Government mean to take) had established Lord Clarendon's new view of the state of the law; and even then they could not be justly punished by an *ex post facto* application of a law that they knew nothing about.

But we go even a step further, and say, that even if the procession were as clearly illegal as we are satisfied it was not, the evidence acquits Lord Roden and Mr. Francis Beers of any share whatsoever in the supposed criminality.

Lord Roden is an Orangeman, but he happens to be an enemy to these processions—not as illegal, but impolitic. He had nothing to do with the organization of the Ballyward procession, but merely allowed it to march through his park—not imagining that there was any danger of collision at Dolly's Brae—not having ever heard that Dolly's Brae was 'a bone of contention'—which we do not believe that it ever was till the Ribbonmen chose to make it so for this occasion. It appears that his Lordship was induced on the two last anniversaries to overcome his objection to these processions by his desire to support the Irish Government, which, in the rebellious state of the country in the spring of 1848, was, or at least so Lord Roden understood, desirous of having the countenance and support of these loyal demonstrations. Was the like of this ever before heard? Lord Roden disapproves of processions, but consents, in accordance, as he supposes, with Lord Clarendon's wishes, to countenance them, and then, because something unlucky happens to the procession of 1849, long after it was out of Lord Roden's reach, Lord Clarendon turns round and punishes him as a criminal accessory to what he understood to be his Excellency's own policy.

Lord Clarendon's whole course has been nothing but inconsistency. His letter to the Chancellor marks with peculiar emphasis, and as if it were a *prima facie* proof of criminality, that Lord Roden and the Messrs. Beers were Orangemen; he even designates Mr. William Beers contemptuously as being '*what is called a District Grand Master.*' His Excellency had forgotten that in the danger of 1848 he had been glad to acknowledge, in a very different style, the support of very small districts of this institution, to be a member of which is now the main count in his indictment against the magistrates. We do not here allude to his or his agents', Captain Kennedy or Colonel Phaire's, negotiation with the Dublin Orangemen—that we reserve for a separate consideration; but we find that in the month

month of March, 1848, an address had been presented to Lord Clarendon by the Orangemen of Portadown district, of the reply to which the following is a copy:—

‘*Dublin Castle, March 18, 1848.*

‘**SIR**,—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge, with thanks, the address of the *Loyal ORANGEMEN of the Portadown District*, and to assure you that his Excellency receives, with much satisfaction and with confidence, the declaration of their loyalty to the Sovereign, of their attachment to the constitution, and of their determination to uphold the authorities in the maintenance of peace and order.

‘I have the honour, &c. **CORRY CONNELLAN.**

‘*Mr. Wilson Flavelle, District Secretary of the Loyal Orangemen of the Portadown District.*

Here we find no suer at ‘*what is called* the District Secretary.’ And again, five days later, we find him acknowledging with thanks the address of another *District*:—

‘*Dublin Castle, March 23, 1848.*

‘**SIR**,—I am directed by the Lord Lieutenant to acknowledge the receipt of an address of the ORANGEMEN of the district of Annahoe, in the county of Tyrone, transmitted by you on their behalf on the 21st instant: and I am directed to assure you of the satisfaction his Excellency has felt at the expression of their loyalty and attachment to the throne, and to convey his thanks for their kind expressions as regards himself. I have the honour, &c., **T. N. REDINGTON.**’

These acknowledgments are not only amusing for their inconsistency with his Excellency’s present views, but they are important from being addressed to lodges which were, no doubt, stimulated by his Excellency’s approbation to take a more active share in the demonstrations of both 1848 and 1849: and whose spirit and feelings must have been communicated by natural process to those adjacent and more extensive districts over which Mr. William Beers presides as ‘*what they call* Grand Master.’

Another charge against Lord Roden is, that in his speech to his visitors he did not advise the procession to go home another way. This we have already answered in the course of the narrative—and have here only to add a remarkable fact;—Lord Clarendon complains to the Chancellor of the omission in Lord Roden’s speech to the people of any good advice as to the road to be taken—but his Excellency makes a worse omission—for he omits to state that the speech did contain good advice most earnestly delivered to maintain order and the public peace—to show kindness and even forbearance towards those who might be of adverse opinions—and above all, *on returning to their homes that night to restrain themselves from resenting even any insult they might receive.* Lord Roden is censured because he did not volunteer,

volunteer what everybody acquainted with the facts, except Lord Clarendon and Mr. Berwick, thinks would have been bad advice, and the good advice really given is *wholly suppressed*.

The third and only other point that touches Lord Roden is this. When Mr. Berwick and the Crown Solicitor attended at the Petty Sessions of Castlewellan to tender informations against some of the parties to the procession, the Bench (as we have seen) refused the informations; and Lord Roden's magisterial concurrence in that refusal is charged as the climax of his grave offences. As this is evidently the charge on which Lord Clarendon mainly or altogether relies *ad captandum* public opinion, we shall give in his own words his laborious endeavour to exhibit Lord Roden as a corrupt or biassed magistrate, sitting in judgment in his own case and procuring the acquittal of his accomplices:—

‘His Excellency has learned from the official reports made to him that Lord Roden attended on that occasion in his magisterial capacity—took part in the proceedings—made a speech on the subject—and voted with the majority of the magistrates in refusing to take informations. The proceeding on the part of his Lordship appears to his Excellency deserving of grave observation. Lord Roden had, on the 12th of July, as above stated, identified himself to a certain extent with the proceedings of the armed assemblage of Orangemen who came to his demesne, and it *involved him in the responsibility attached to them*. He was aware that his conduct in this respect had been *publicly arraigned*; much of the evidence given before Mr. Berwick tended directly to implicate him as abetting and encouraging the proceedings of an *unlawful assembly*, and he was *himself examined as a witness* in the course of the inquiry.’

To this we reply, first, that if it were all true, the proceeding by an Under-Secretary's letter (the *form* is here part of the *substance*) to the Lord Chancellor is not the legal and constitutional mode of proceeding. Misconduct of a magistrate is properly cognizable in the Court of King's Bench. Such is the clear opinion of Lord Hardwicke, the greatest of our Chancellors, in the leading case, *ex parte Rook*, 2 Atkyns 2. And after such a case should have been heard in the King's Bench, the affidavits inculcating the magistrates might be laid by that court before the Lord Chancellor to enable him to exercise his own discretion as to the removal of the magistrate (Lord Kenyon, *Rex v. Joliffe*, 200 *Term Reports*). No doubt, political or personal disqualifications are properly judged of by the Lord Chancellor directly, as they could seldom, if ever, be fit subjects of legal trial; but *then* the whole discretion and responsibility ought to rest with the Chancellor alone—he ought not to act under the dictation of a Lord-Lieutenant—nor, above all, without himself perusing the evidence.

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There is a recent case, coming under the last of these heads, remarkable for its analogy to the present one, and still more remarkable for the contrast and condemnation which it affords to Lord Clarendon's proceedings. Sir Edward Sugden, when Chancellor of Ireland, in 1843, dismissed several magistrates for having attended Repeal meetings; but *then* it was the Chancellor himself—the head of the law—the constitutional depository of the prerogative power of the Crown—who did it *proprio motu* and on his own responsibility. Now Lord Clarendon, by a mere Under-Secretary's letter, desires the head of the law to execute not his own judgment, but Lord Clarendon's, on the magistrates. Sir Edward Sugden's proceedings created a great outcry from the Whig party in both houses. Lord John Russell, then in opposition, and very astute at picking holes, suspected that the Lord-Lieutenant had unconstitutionally interfered with the Chancellor, and, hoping to get at that fact, asked

'Whether it was stated by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whether in thus acting *he followed the desire or had attended to the recommendation of the Lord-Lieutenant?*'—*Hansard*, vol. lxix. p. 982.

Sir James Graham, unluckily for Lord John's design, was able to answer

'No. It was in the discretion of the Lord Chancellor to *act upon his own judgment in such a matter as this, and not under the direction of others*. But, he added, on the part of her Majesty's Government, that the step taken was approved of by them.'—*Ibid*.

When Sir James Graham puts the same question to Lord John Russell next session, what will his Lordship say?

But the unconstitutionality of this dictation to the Chancellor was aggravated by a still more surprising and indeed almost incredible fact that exhibits this great officer as a mere tool. Mr. Berwick's *Report* was communicated to him, but *not*, it seems, *the Evidence!* and, on the *very same day* on which Lord Clarendon's communication was received, the Lord Chancellor—with a haste as unusual in his office as unseemly under the circumstances, sent to Lord Roden a copy of the Lord Lieutenant's letter, with an evident desire to free himself personally from the responsibility of the ungracious act:—

'*I regret to be under the necessity of informing your Lordship that, in accordance with his Excellency's recommendation, I have directed the necessary warrants to be prepared for superseding you in the commissions of the peace for the counties of Down and Louth.*'

So, the highest judge of the land, who does not decide the most trivial question of property but on affidavit and, in all serious cases, a personal perusal of the evidence, exercises his highest penal authority on the 'recommendation' of the Lord Lieutenant—
without,

without, as it appears, ever looking at the evidence on which it is founded. We shall be curious to hear what Lord John Russell will say to this flagrant proof of an enormity, the very suspicion of a minor shade of which excited his patriotic jealousy in 1843.

But the case of the Repeal magistrates suggests other topics of great importance both as to the constitutional question and, *ad homines*, as to the conduct of the present Ministers, who, if they were consulted by Lord Clarendon, will have much ado to defend themselves; and if they were not, will have still more to do to relieve him from their own anticipated censures and condemnation.

We need hardly remind our readers that several leading members of the present Government, Lords Lansdown, Clanricarde, and Cottenham for instance, took prominent parts in those debates on Sir Edward Sugden's dismissal of the Repeal magistrates, complaining loudly that the act was wrong and *unconstitutional because the magistrates had not received sufficient notice* not to attend such meetings. Notice, it could not be denied, they had received, but it was contended that 'it was not a *proper and sufficient notice, as the meetings had been of long continuance and attended by magistrates without their conduct having been a subject of censure.*'* The very case of the Orange meetings.

The opinion of Lord Cottenham, now Lord High Chancellor of England, touches a remarkable point of the present case:—

'His noble friend had stated that the alarm which prevailed through the country and which had been produced by these meetings, made it the bounden duty of the Government to dismiss all magistrates who should attend these meetings. He would not enter into the discussion of this part of the case now, but he begged to say *that if it was so, the Irish Government had been guilty of a gross dereliction of duty; because these were meetings not of yesterday, but of long standing, which had been attended by magistrates, and which magistrates had not been dismissed.*'

It really seems as if these ministers had been driven by a strange fatality thus to anticipate their colleague's malpractices, and pronounce *de bene esse*, as it were, his clear condemnation.

Poor Mr. Redington, too—the very hand by which Lord Clarendon committed the obnoxious act—puts himself forward to inquire of the then Secretary of State, Sir James Graham—

'Whether any communications had been made through the official organs, such as the lieutenants of counties, by the Government here, or by the *Lord Chancellor in Ireland as the responsible officer*, what

* See their respective speeches in 'Hansard,' vol. lxx. p. 1156; vol. lxxix. p. 1091; vol. lxxix. p. 1069; vol. vi. p. 1080. The passages are really curiously coincident with the present question.

were the crimes or what were the measures in which if they took part they should be liable to dismissal from the commission of the peace.'—*Hansard*, vol. lxix. 983.

Let us put the same question to Mr. Redington in the present case. His answer must be 'No!' and truth would require his adding, 'I did indeed officially communicate with them, but I *misled* them.'

'Why' (we in the present case may ask, as Lord Clanricarde did in the former) 'have they not been brought to a regular trial and convicted of their delinquency?' They were not even asked what they had to say for themselves. In the case of the Repeal magistrates, Lord Chancellor Sugden invariably wrote to them first, giving an opportunity of explanation. The Castlewellan magistrates were never apprised of any charge against them, nor even asked for an explanation of their conduct. And Mr. Berwick's Report was to all intents and purposes an *ex parte* statement upon which no Chancellor ought to have acted without first giving the parties an opportunity of explanation.

After all, if those magistrates had been guilty of a mistake of the law or error in judgment, into which they had been led by the Government itself, and in which the Government's Stipendiary magistrates were equally involved; if there had been anything to complain of in their conduct—they were not treated according to the law of England as laid down by an authority which few will venture to reject—by Lord Tentarden in the *King v. Borron*. After a compliment to the unpaid magistracy, the Chief Justice said that in any proceeding against a magistrate—

'the question has always been not whether the act done might, upon full and mature investigation, be found strictly right, but from what notion it had proceeded, whether from a dishonest, oppressive, or corrupt motive, under which description fear and favour may generally be included, or from mistake or error. *In the former case alone they have become the objects of punishment.* To punish as a criminal any person who in the gratuitous exercise of a public trust may have fallen into error or mistake, belongs only to the despotic ruler of an enslaved people, and is wholly abhorrent to the jurisprudence of this kingdom.'—3 *Barnewell and Alderson*, p. 433.

But in truth Lord Roden and his brother-magistrates needed no such indulgence, for we believe their conduct was altogether strictly legal as well as prudent. Lord Roden attended at the Sessions, and voted with the majority of his colleagues upon a matter of evidence strictly within their cognizance. The law was laid down by Mr. Berwick, but the application of the law to the evidence belonged to them. And why was Lord Roden not to do so? Because his own conduct had been *arraigned* in another branch
of

of the same transaction. But where or how arraigned? If by *arraigned* Lord Clarendon means censured in the newspapers; his Excellency was peculiarly disqualified from sitting in judgment on the case, for his own conduct has been much more violently and infinitely more justly '*arraigned*' as to this very transaction than Lord Roden's, and he is much more '*identified*' with the procession than Lord Roden, for he permitted it to take place, though he was apprised of the danger, and now tells us that he knew it to be illegal. But Lord Roden it seems was a *witness* in the case—if he was a *witness* he could not have been *arraigned* as a party—but in truth he was neither *arraigned* nor a *witness* in any legal acceptance of the terms, and even if the conduct of the Orangemen at Magheramayo had been criminal, Lord Roden would have been no more in any way or degree responsible for it than any indifferent person; indeed, rather less, if less be possible, as he had with paternal earnestness exhorted the processionists to return home in good humour and peace, and 'even if insulted not to resent it.'

We have not space to follow the minute shades of calumny and injustice with which the two Messrs. Beers have been persecuted and visited: but we must say one word on a charge most invidiously made by Mr. Berwick against Mr. William Beers, most victoriously refuted by him, and, as we think, most unfairly reproduced by Lord Clarendon. At a dinner given to Mr. William Beers a week after these events, but arranged some time before them, that gentleman, on his health being drunk, made a speech in which, says His Excellency, he alluded—

'in very unfeeling terms, expressive of exultation at what had occurred as a triumph achieved by the Orange body over an enemy deservedly punished,—language which, although Mr. William Beers, in his examination before Mr. Berwick, *declared that he never meant to convey the sentiments attributed to him, but, on the contrary, felt regret for what had occurred, yet was calculated very much to shake all confidence in the administration of justice by him, and to increase the party exasperation which then prevailed.*'—*Letter to the Chanc.*

Here we see Mr. William Beers is still made responsible for a malignant interpretation of words, which he disclaims. But what were the words and facts as proved before Mr. Berwick? Mr. Beers in his speech congratulated the meeting 'on the universal harmony which had marked the celebration of the 12th of July by the Orangemen, on which the only blot—if blot it be—was the affair of Dolly's Brae.'—'What!' exclaimed the opposite counsel, 'do you not call the murder of an old woman and an idiot boy a blot?' A long and angry examination of Mr. Beers ensued, of which the summary on his part was as follows:—

'Certainly,

‘Certainly, I should have called it, and do now call it, a very serious blot, and, as a man of humanity and a gentleman, I deplore it as much as any man; but I was not, when I spoke, aware of those facts. The meaning of what I said was that the affair of Dolly’s Brae was the only blot on the general harmony of the celebration of the 12th of July—but that it was no blot *on the character of the Orangemen*, inasmuch as they were neither the instigators nor the originators of the affray.’—*Evid.*, pp. 66, 67.

This explanation, so obviously the just one, and so entirely blameless, thus given to Mr. Berwick, was repeated on the 2nd of August by Mr. Beers, in answer to an official inquiry of the Lord Chancellor’s, and seems to have been satisfactory to him, for nothing more is heard of the matter till above two months after, when on the 6th of October we find Lord Clarendon reproducing the original calumny to the same Lord Chancellor as a ground for the dismissal of Mr. William Beers.

With respect to Mr. Francis Beers, we must say that the whole of his personal conduct—his original interference at the Castle—his temper and discretion during the procession, his firmness in the action, and his humanity after it, deserve the highest commendation, instead of the mark of censure which Lord Clarendon has set upon him. His only offences are the having ratified the permission given by his steward to the procession passing over his lawn, where he had invited all the magistrates to assemble to preserve the peace, and his putting on, during the halt at Tollymore Park, an Orange badge, which he took off as soon as he had left the Park and resumed his duty as a magistrate—thus drawing a distinct line between his private and his public character. And it seems to us that his strenuous exertions with the Orangemen for the preservation of the peace were likely to be more effectual from his having, *in private*, worn their colours. These were surely no delinquencies. We were, till we came to the very close of the evidence, utterly unable to account for the dismissal of a gentleman whose whole conduct, from first to last, was so becoming, and we will even say so distinguished—for no one exposed himself to more danger; but towards the close of the inquiry it became evident that for some unexplained reason Mr. Francis Beers is an object of intense hatred with the Ribbon party, and that some most extravagant perjuries were committed by several Roman Catholic witnesses against him. Mr. Berwick himself negatives those calumnies—Lord Clarendon does not notice them;—but we declare that, if *they* were not the cause of Mr. Beers’ dismissal, we cannot discover what was. We have little doubt that it has been announced to and received by the ‘Opposing Party’ as a propitiatory sacrifice of Mr.

Mr. Beers to their special vengeance; and we are sorry to find in the recent *increase of disturbance, outrage, and terrorism* by Ribbonmen in the *Dolly's Brae district*, a confirmation of this apprehension. There is something so inordinate, so extravagant in the punishment, or what is meant for punishment, of this gentleman, that we must make room for a few passages of the evidence—not on which, but—in the teeth of which he was dismissed—an additional proof of the injustice as well as illegality of the Chancellor's acting without the evidence.

Mr. Beers states that he had been *thirty-five years* a magistrate—that he had as a magistrate gone out with and protected a Ribbon procession on the 17th of last March, exactly as he did this procession of Orangemen, not as believing those processions to be illegal, but to prevent possible mischief. On both occasions he had the Riot Act in his pocket, to be read if occasion should arise. He was an Orangeman, but had not been in a lodge in that country, he thought, for twenty years; and he had come down, on this occasion, from his residence in Dublin at the invitation of the Government officer to assist him in keeping the peace.—pp. 62, 114.

All the other witnesses of *both sides* testify to the propriety of his conduct.

Mr. Scott deposes that—‘ Mr. Beers said that he was going there (to the procession) only as a magistrate.’

Mr. Hill—‘ Mr. Beers, Mr. Fitzmaurice, Mr. Tabuteau, and Mr. Scott met at my house on the evening of the 11th, to make arrangements to preserve the peace. Mr. Beers walked with me at the head of the police as a magistrate, and not as a leader of Orangemen. He did not join the Orangemen, but remained with me, and acted as a magistrate, being exposed to the fire as well as myself.’—pp. 39, 40.

Mr. Fitzmaurice—‘ While the procession passed, Mr. Francis Beers begged them not to fire a shot even in fun, and they said they would not.’—p. 43. ‘ Mr. F. Beers appeared as anxious as the other magistrates to preserve the peace, *if not more so.*’—p. 45.

Mr. Morgan, the Priest—‘ I saw Mr. Francis Beers striking and pushing the Orangemen back to prevent a collision. He exerted himself to prevent anything disagreeable. I did the same with my flock.’—p. 50.

Traynor, the wounded Ribbonman—‘ Mr. Francis Beers saved my life that day.’—p. 81.

In short, the whole course of the evidence proves that there was not, that day, one magistrate more innocent of any offence, or more active in his efforts to keep the peace, and do his impartial magisterial duty, than Mr. Francis Beers.

These proceedings against the magistrates excited, from the first, considerable surprise; even the *ex parte* statements of Lord Clarendon

Clarendon and Mr. Berwick afforded no reasonable colour for such extreme measures—but when, from an examination of the evidence and other circumstances, it appeared that in truth there was no other tangible cause for their dismissal than the mere fact of being Orangemen, a much less indulgent feeling than surprise prevailed; and we confess we cannot wonder that it rose to indignation in the minds of those who knew that, in the preceding year, Lord Clarendon had secretly solicited and obtained the support of the Orangemen against the impending insurrection, and had even, through official and unofficial but confidential agents, supplied them with arms or money to buy arms. Lord Clarendon was perfectly correct in his appreciation of the principles of the Orangemen, and not only justifiable, but praiseworthy for having invited to his assistance, against treason and rebellion, hearts so loyal and hands so powerful. This merit, however, Lord Clarendon has now not only repudiated, but absolutely denies; upon which the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland joins issue with his Excellency, and has published the details of the transaction, which we are bound to say do establish beyond all doubt, and indeed we now add all controversy, first, that the arms were supplied, and supplied to Orangemen; secondly, that it is impossible, on general grounds, to suppose that so serious a grant should have been made at that critical time without his Excellency's express sanction: and, thirdly and finally, that a number of collateral details and incidental circumstances prove to complete and conclusive conviction, that his Excellency was personally consulted on, and a party to, every step of the negotiation.

This exposure, for such it no doubt is, is too long to be extracted *in extenso*, and too consecutive a series both of facts and inferences to be separated; but as it has been printed in all the newspapers, and is now published in a separate shape, we need only recommend it to the attention of any of our readers who have not looked at it as closely as its curiosity and importance almost equally deserve. The result is this, that the negotiation was carried on with Major Turner, Master of the Horse to his Excellency, and the money for the purchase of arms was issued by Captain Kennedy, who was understood to be employed by the Government to make arrangements for the military defences of Dublin. The Lord Lieutenant's newspaper organs cannot deny this—but they state that Captain Kennedy, from a mere spirit of individual generosity, volunteered to contribute the money, 600*l.*, totally without his Excellency's participation or knowledge, and they add, by way of throwing suspicion on the facts they cannot deny, that Major Turner is dead and Captain Kennedy gone to India.

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The first assertion, as to Captain Kennedy's private generosity, is incredible in itself, and, as we think, positively disproved by a train of circumstances. Captain Kennedy, no doubt, stated that he had raised the money by a *private subscription*, but this was evidently—as it has been since shown to be—a mere cloak, the use of which only indicates more clearly the secret source whence the money must have come. The innuendo about Major Turner's death and Captain Kennedy's absence is not more fortunate; for Major Turner was merely named as the medium of communication between Lord Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Enniskillen, Grand Master of the Orangemen of Ireland, both alive and capable of explaining what that communication was; and as to Captain Kennedy, though he is absent, *literæ scriptæ manent*—cheques for 600*l.* to Mr. David Stuart, who had no possible concern with any such matters except as *Grand Master* of the Dublin Orangemen, and two letters, one of them to the *Grand Orange Secretary*, ordering the supply and specifying the quantity and quality of the arms.

The arms accordingly were ordered at Birmingham and came to Dublin, but by some accident one of the cases containing thirty stand was seized and detained at the Custom-House, upon which *another Government* department, the Chief Commissioner of Police, interfered to release them:—

‘ August 9, 1848, *Lower Castle-Yard.*

‘ The police have directions not to interfere with Mr. David Stuart while conveying 30 stand of arms from the Queen's stores to his residence, No. 60, William-street. E. BROWNE, Commissioner.’

And again, after the arms had been distributed to the Orangemen, the Police, in their searches after unlawful arms, seized those of some Orangemen, upon which the *Grand Secretary* wrote in his *official* capacity to the Commissioner of Police to claim them—and they were restored; and to put the knowledge of who the claimants were out of all doubt, the claim was made on a paper officially headed—‘ *Orange Institution* ’—and it was on the face of that paper that the Commissioner of Police wrote his order for the re-delivery of the arms. And, to complete the chain of evidence, the Orange report states (pp. 26, 27)—and the statement has not been, and we therefore suppose cannot be, denied—that Sir Edward Blakeney, commander of the forces in Ireland, and, by his direction, General Bainbrigg, commanding in Belfast, made arrangements with deputations from the Orange districts of the county of Antrim for calling out, arming, and officering, in case of an outbreak, the Orange lodges of those neighbourhoods.

All this is perfectly intelligible—perfectly proper—but what

we cannot understand is Lord Clarendon's solemn denial of having had any share in the transaction. To the best of our judgment, and with a predisposition to give the most implicit credit to his personal assertions, we were forced to confess that there is a mass of evidence direct and circumstantial of these things having been done with his knowledge and consent that would satisfy any tribunal in the world; and so we believe the case is looked at by men of all parties in Ireland—so it is certainly treated by every newspaper of every side that we have seen, with the single exception of the 'Dublin Evening Post,' the original organ of the universally discredited denial. If, as we fear, Lord Clarendon has got himself into these humiliating difficulties by a desire to conciliate the 'opposing party,' he has sadly failed, for there is no term of abuse with which the press in that interest does not visit his unfortunate—diplomacy we choose to call it, rather than use the coarser terms with which every voice and every press in Ireland groans.

While these things were going on, the Queen's visit approached. Our readers know generally, but not in their details, the various arts and artifices by which her Majesty's name and presence were misused to cast discountenance and even insult on the whole Protestant interest in Ireland—but one of those tricks has been lately revealed by so curious an accident, and it gives so remarkable an indication of the mingled artifice and audacity with which the Popish party endeavour, and too successfully as it seems, to pervert the Government to its own purposes, and it is also so connected with the subject that we have in hand, that any view of Lord Clarendon's treatment of Lord Roden and his brother magistrates would really be imperfect without it. And we notice it the rather because we find that Lord Cloncurry, in that strange Autobiography which is the subject of a preceding article, says that he was permitted by Lord Anglesey (when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland) 'to form a sort of private cabinet, to which his then Excellency frequently referred for counsel and assistance. In this extra-official council, of which I was not at first a very willing member, were included Mr. George Villiers (now *Earl of Clarendon*), the late Right Hon. Anthony Blake, and Mr. W. H. Curran, now a *Judge of the Insolvent Debtors' Court!*' (Per. Rec., p. 332.) We regret to find Lord Clarendon in such company, but it is useful to know in what school the noble Earl has learned to deal with non-official and secret counsellors; and it must be admitted that the anecdote we are about to relate is strikingly characteristic of the academy in which it now turns out that Lord Clarendon was initiated into Irish misgovernment. The affair itself may seem a slight and slender thread,

thread, but it is a clue to a whole labyrinth of very dark and dirty intrigue.

One evening, as Lord Roden, who had come up to Dublin to pay his duty to her Majesty, was sitting in the Sackville Street Club, a stranger, who did not give his name, called and gave his lordship a letter—an original letter—stating it ‘had been found on the road.’ The stranger also said he had given a copy of it to the *Warder* newspaper before he had brought it to Lord Roden. The following is a copy subsequently published by the *Warder*:—

‘*July 21st, 1849.*

‘My dear Connellan,—I trust I shall be pardoned for mentioning a suggestion—I make it from my sincere anxiety that no chance accident should in any way damp the enthusiasm with which the people are ready to receive the Queen.

‘Lord Roden is looked on as the cause of the late lamented affair in the north. His daughter-in-law so immediately after coming in attendance on Her Majesty would be of “*mauvaise augure*.” I know the people of Dublin would feel it so. Could not Lady Jocelyn get toothache, or some other great malady, to entitle her to sick-leave for the time, and allow some other less dangerous name to appear in the Queen’s suite?—Ever, dear Connellan, most sincerely yours, C. FITZSIMON.

‘Corry Connellan, Esq., &c.’

Mr. C. Fitzsimon is son-in-law of the late Mr. O’Connell, and was for a short time a joint of his Parliamentary tail—he, however, was very soon provided with a more comfortable and permanent position in the office of Clerk of the Hanaper. Mr. Corry Connellan was private secretary to Lord Besborough, and has been continued in that office by Lord Clarendon.

Lord Roden, with high-minded delicacy, enclosed the original letter at once to Lord Clarendon, never imagining, as we have heard it stated, that Lord Clarendon could have acted upon its suggestions, or indeed had ever seen it—as he concluded that Lord Clarendon would have rather, in the first instance, communicated such an extraordinary suggestion to himself (Lord Roden), particularly as they were private friends. In a few days Lord Clarendon wrote to Lord Roden, stating that he had sent the identical letter to the *Duke of Bedford*, entering into a long explanation of his conduct, and wishing to know how the letter—the identical piece of paper—had come into Lord Roden’s hands, ‘for the duke was under the impression that he had returned it back to Ireland.’ It appeared afterwards that his Grace had, on the receipt of the letter, gone to Lord Jocelyn, and, without showing the letter, endeavoured to persuade Lord Jocelyn that it would be better for Lady Jocelyn not to go to Ireland. Lord Jocelyn, suspecting perhaps some snake-in-the-

grass, is said to have answered, 'If you think so, tell her so, for *I won't.*' Whether any other steps were taken we know not; but the Court was *not* deprived of one of its fairest ornaments, and Lady Jocelyn accompanied the Queen.

When one considers the august and exalted stations of the parties whom Mr. C. Fitzsimon thought that he and Mr. Corry Connellan might so unceremoniously dispose of, indignation overcomes contempt. The whole affair was evidently a plan of a Popish junto to turn her Majesty's visit into a party triumph, to affront Lord Roden, and then trumpet that '*it was the Queen's own doing.*' We understand Mr. Fitzsimon's views and tact in this matter, but we confess we cannot comprehend how Lord Clarendon should have for a moment lent himself to such an impertinence, which, to say nothing of the *Queen* and the noble lady so irreverently introduced, we should have thought that he must have felt as an insult to himself.

The story was published fully in the Newry Telegraph of Saturday the 20th of October, accompanied by some strong expressions against Lord Clarendon. On Tuesday the 23rd of that month, an article not more dignified in its style than correct in its facts appeared in the Dublin Evening Post—the avowed organ of the Irish Government—bearing internal evidence of being at least dictated by Lord Clarendon; giving a version, inaccurate to say the least of it, of his Excellency's reason for sending the letter to the Duke of Bedford, and also of the letter itself, and accusing, with great bitterness, Lord Roden of having acted in a manner unworthy of a gentleman and a man of honour. It even insinuated that Lord Roden was accessory to the *stealing* of the letter; for the article had, in *large capital letters*, 'THE LETTER WAS PURLOINED,' adding significantly that '*Lord Roden must know how it came into his possession.*'

The version of the story, as given in the Dublin Evening Post, was—

'The letter was sent to the Duke of Bedford in order that he might put Lord Jocelyn on his guard;'—and that 'the *letter* was merely written by a gentleman of high honour to inform the Government of a fact—which *they knew before*—that one of the disgraceful modes of annoying the Sovereign was *to offer an affront* to Lady Jocelyn, on account of her relationship to Lord Roden.'

It is to be presumed that the author of the Evening Post paragraph wrote in haste, and had forgotten the precise terms of the letter thus essentially misrepresented; but now that the letter *itself* has been published, we see clearly that it was not written to inform Government that there was any intention to 'offer an affront to Lady Jocelyn'—nothing like it—but that her accompanying

panying the Queen would be *de mauvaise augure*—a bad omen—that the people of Dublin, Mr. Fitzsimon knew, would so take it, and that it would ‘damp their enthusiasm’ towards her Majesty.

We need not point out the difference between an insult to Lady Jocelyn, and ‘an ill omen’ as to what Mr. Fitzsimon and his party expected from the Queen’s visit. Nor could it be more correct to say that the letter was sent to the ‘Duke of Bedford to put Lord Jocelyn on his guard.’ Why to the Duke of Bedford?—a nobleman, no doubt, of excellent sense, high honour, and every way amiable character, and who, we dare say, received the communication with at least surprise—but why, we ask, was the letter sent to *him*? He is no relative of either Lord or Lady Jocelyn. If the object had been to put Lord Jocelyn on his guard, the letter would have been better sent to Lord Roden, or—if there should be any reluctance to give *him* pain on such a subject—to Lord Palmerston, a cabinet minister, and step-father to Lady Jocelyn, and who would certainly have been, next to his own father, Lord Jocelyn’s most natural adviser. It is but too probable, then, that this statement was not true, and that the letter was sent to the *Prime Minister’s brother*, not for Lord Jocelyn’s information, but for Lord John’s.

Lord Roden, the moment he saw the paragraph in the Newry Telegraph, wrote to its editor, requesting him to state that the article was put in without his Lordship’s knowledge. The editor in consequence stated in his next paper that Lord Roden knew nothing of the authorship of the article. The Dublin Evening Post took no notice of this. On Friday, the 26th of October, the Dublin Evening Mail published part of a letter, dated Tollymore Park, 24th of October, from Lord Roden to a friend in Dublin, who was present when Lord Roden first saw the article in the Telegraph, saying how annoyed he was by that article, and that he knew nothing about how the Newry paper got the story. And on this occasion the Evening Mail attacked Lord Clarendon for not publishing in the Dublin Evening Post, where the reflections on Lord Roden had appeared, his disclaimer of the publication.

On the following day, Saturday the 27th, the Evening Post published the letter from the Evening Mail—admitted it was clear that Lord Roden had in no way furnished the article—but did not retract the offensive observations; on the contrary, virtually repeated them, and left it to the public to judge whether Lord Roden’s conduct was right or not. Lord Jocelyn then wrote to Lord Clarendon, in what terms we are unable to say, but obviously as considering him as the author of the article, and, no doubt, asking for an explanation. A correspondence ensued in which Lord Clarendon, as we have heard, did not deny the authorship of the offensive article; and at last a public apology appeared in
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the *Evening Post* of Tuesday, the 20th of November, after nearly *one month's* delay, acknowledging that the writer *then* knew that Lord Roden was not the author of the article in the *Newry Telegraph*—which, in point of fact, Lord Clarendon must, as above stated, have known within three or four days after his abusive article appeared; and yet he not only did not retract, but virtually repeated his attack. It seems then that Lord Jocelyn's interference induced him *reluctantly* to do what he ought to have done *voluntarily* a month before. His Excellency's friends in Dublin now say that he sent the letter to the Duke of Bedford merely to show what sort of people he had to deal with there, and how unpleasant his position was. It is a pity that this version was not thought of before another was put on paper to Lord Roden, and in the *Evening Post*. It is now too late to give a new colour to the matter. The story speaks for itself. The personal part of the affair is of no consequence to us, but it is of great importance to know the system on which, and the tools by which, the Irish Government is conducted in its relations to the Protestant community.

The details necessary to establish the absolutely inoffensive and, we may confidently add, meritorious conduct of the Protestants during all these transactions, have run to a length that prevents our adding more than a few general words to endeavour to awaken the friends of the Protestant Religion and Constitutional Monarchy of this Empire to the fact that on this mountain-pass of Magheramayo their own battle has been fought, and that the consequences of that affair may be more important than at first sight could be supposed, if they are to be fashioned by the hands of Lord Clarendon and his privy council of Monahans, Berwicks, Fitzsimons, Corry Connellans, and, for aught we know, Currans and Cloncurrys.

We confess that we shall look with considerable anxiety and jealousy at the legislative measures, for the ultimate promotion of which we have a strong suspicion that the Castle share of these proceedings may have been—if not got up—at least industriously adapted and applied. No rational and loyal man can, we think, have any objection to an effective Arms Act such as we have always advocated, and which we believe to be in Ireland a public necessity. But the old Irish Arms Act was a blunder—a farce; if we are to have, as we ought to have, a restraint on abstract liberty, let it at least be such as to afford us the compensation of efficacy and security; let it not be such a law as will disarm the loyal and leave their enemies in full and secret possession of the means of assassination and rebellion.

As to a Processions Act, our opinion is not quite so decided;

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or, perhaps we should rather say, more reluctant. Lord Roden and other high authorities have advocated it, and the bias of our own opinion is in that direction; but it is an opinion of which we confess we are half ashamed, as Mr. Scott was when he found himself crouching for a moment from the rebels' fire. He stood up! We wish we could stand up too. Our first impulse is to ask why should we be called upon to give up, at the bidding of a dissentient faction, a practice, a right that seems, as it were, *instinctive* in human nature, the celebration of anniversaries?—the proud or the grateful commemorations of events connected with the safety or the glories of a people—days of national deliverance or of national triumph—'days,' says Holy History, 'that should be remembered and kept according to their writing and according to their appointed time in every year, throughout every generation, every family, every province, and every city, that those days should not fail nor the memorial of them perish with their seed.'—(*Esther* ix. 28.) And why are the Irish Protestants, the Irish Royalists, to be forbidden remembrances and memorials which 'in every family, city, and province' they have celebrated for a hundred years? Why? because, forsooth, the commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne and the expulsion of bigotry and despotism with King James *hurts the feelings* of those who have an hereditary wish that the issue had been the other way, and that the House of Modena, heirs of the crown by blood, had not been extruded by the House of Hanover, possessors of the crown by law? And must Ribbonmen and rebels be tolerated because friends of the Constitution are permitted to assemble? Even the present Ministers will not admit that doctrine. In 1848 Smith O'Brien endeavours to make a Popish rebellion; Lord Clarendon evokes a Protestant demonstration against it. Feargus O'Connor invades London with 10,000 Chartists; Sir George Grey confronts and swamps him and his movement with 200,000 special constables. We know that all these counter-demonstrations of loyalty were very unpalatable to the 'opposing parties;' but would that be a reasonable ground for censuring them for the past, or prohibiting them for the future?

These considerations create no small reluctance to measures that thus confound the loyal and the disloyal, and that, though they cannot prevent bad men from conspiring, forbid good men to associate against them. But after all, in a balance of difficulties, seeing that we have not, and fearing that we cannot have, a Government strong enough to protect these Protestant processions, or even to allow them to protect themselves, we had rather have them prohibited at once by an exceptional legislation, than left to be, as that of Ballyward was, a snare to our magistrates and a trap to our people.

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There is another consideration that weighs with us; we have a strong constitutional objection to political associations that have any tendency to impede the authority of Government, or in any way to supersede the regular action of the law. We know that Ribbonism, and all the other secret societies of Ireland, are associations against the law, and that the Orange Institution is in aid of the law and for self-protection. But in a well-constituted state the law should not require the organized co-operation of individuals, and a Government is not worthy of the name when its subjects are reduced to the necessity of a private system of self-protection. Such an organization *ought to be* superfluous for any good, and is but too likely to afford a precedent for bad purposes. The necessity that undoubtedly existed for a system of self-protection amongst the Irish Protestants is much diminished by the establishment of the Police; and if that force can be kept sound and loyal, it should, and in the nature of things will, supersede private associations for self-defence. To that force the close attention of the loyal and influential in Ireland should be especially directed. The murderous aggressions so frequently committed on it by rebels and Ribbonmen sufficiently attest the present spirit of the body and the confidence that the friends of law and order may place in it. It cannot altogether prevent individual outrage; but while it continues sound, it supersedes, we think, the necessity of any private or class system of self-defence.

These considerations, though in principle essentially distinct from the question of anniversary celebrations, are in the present state of Ireland so practically connected with them, that we cannot well separate them, and we are therefore—we again say reluctantly—compelled to concur in the expediency of forbidding what are called party processions altogether. We fear that there is no alternative—that it is another of those downward steps which the violence of factions and the weakness of successive Governments drive us to—and that all that the friends of the Constitution in Parliament are now in a position to do is to endeavour that the measure shall be the slightest possible deviation from the constitutional rights of a Protestant people, and as effectual a restraint as can be framed on the open violence and secret machinations of rebellion and treason.

ERRATUM.

Page 60, lines 17, 18, *dele* 'are, as we have already shown;' and *after* 'parties' *insert* 'will have been wholly done away.'

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Opere di Giacomo Leopardi*. Edizione accresciuta, ordinata, e corretta, secondo l'ultimo intendimento dell'autore, da Antonio Ranieri. Tomi II. Firenze. 1845.
2. *Di Giacomo Leopardi* Volume Terzo. Studii Filologici, raccolti e ordinati da Pietro Pellegrini e Pietro Giordani. Firenze. 1845.
3. *Di Giacomo Leopardi* Volume Quarto. Saggio sopra gli Errori Popolari degli Antichi. Pubblicato per cura di Prospero Viani. Firenze. 1846.
4. *Epistolario di Giacomo Leopardi*. Raccolto e ordinato da Prospero Viani. Tomi II. Firenze. 1849.
5. *Poesie di Giacomo Leopardi*. Napoli. 1849.

GENIUS, unless guided by a malignant spirit, has an indefeasible claim to our sympathy in its reverses, and in its achievements to our fervid admiration: nor is there any more touching, any more instructive lesson, than such as are afforded by its failures in the attempt to realise, out of its own resources and without the aid of Divine revelation, either intellectual contentment or a happy life.

In the writings of Leopardi there are other sources of pathetic interest: the misfortunes of his country, both its political and social, and its religious misfortunes, and his own personal difficulties and calamities, have stamped their image indelibly upon his works, and may be traced, not only in the solemn and impassioned verses, or in the mournful letters, of which they are more or less directly the theme, but in the tone which pervades the whole.

We believe it may be said without exaggeration, that he was one of the most extraordinary men whom this century has produced, both in his powers, and likewise in his performances, achieved as they were under singular disadvantage. For not only did he die at thirty-eight, almost *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, and at the time when most great men are but beginning the efforts which have stamped them with that character; but likewise, 'Heaven's unimpeached decrees' in his case nearly—

'Made that shortened span one long disease.'*

* From Mr. Canning's Verses on the Death of his Eldest Son.

By the time he was seventeen, he had destroyed by the ardour and intensity of his studies, the very foundations of health and strength. From that year forward he was an invalid, with intervals of remission, progressively growing shorter, and very frequently under acute pain or most severe nervous depression; and his sight fell into so deplorable a state, that for more than a twelve-month from March, 1819, he was totally unable to read, and nearly so to write. The life thus wasted by disease was moreover frightfully oppressed by melancholy—not a melancholy *ad libitum*, gentle and ladylike, but one that was deeply seated both in physical and moral causes. He writes at eighteen: *A tutto questo aggiunga l'ostinata, nera, orrenda, barbara malinconia, che mi lima e mi divora, e collo studio s'alimenta, e senza studio s'accresce*; and, as we shall see, advancing time brought with it no alleviation. With a life thus limited, and only the first moiety of it available in the ordinary degree for study, Count Giacomo Leopardi amassed great stores of deep and varied learning, proved himself to be possessed of profound literary judgment, exquisite taste, and a powerful imagination; and earned in his own country the character summed up in the words of one of his editors, as *sommo filologo, sommo poeta, e sommo filosofo*.

He was born on the 29th of June, 1798, at Recanati in the March of Ancona, the eldest son of Count Monaldo Leopardi, himself in some sense a man of letters, but of temperament and opinions the most opposite to those of Giacomo. He had for his tutors two priests, who instructed him in Latin and in the elements of philosophy; but he had no teacher or adviser of any kind in his studies after his fourteenth year, and it is plain that he had outstripped his nominal guides long before it. A French writer asserts that he began Greek at eight, his tutors rendering him no aid, but with the grammar of Padua in his hand. He continues with *naïveté*, and we doubt not with truth: *l'enfant jugea cette grammaire insuffisante, et décidé à s'en passer, il se mit à aborder directement les textes qu'il trouvait dans la Bibliothèque de son père*.^{*} We are involuntarily reminded of Hermes, respecting whom it is recorded in the Homeric hymn that—

ἦφος γεγὼνός, μέσῳ ἤματι ἐγκιβάρειεν,
ἐσπίριος βοῦς κλέψεν ἐκὼν βόλου Ἀπολλῶνος.

He says himself that not later than when he had just completed his tenth year, he commenced the course of study which he calls *matto e disperatissimo*, not only without a teacher, but without the faintest suggestion for his guidance, without encouragement,

* Revue des Deux Mondes, Sept. 15, 1844.

without sympathy. Yet at sixteen years of age he had become master, not merely of the whole range of the literature properly termed classical, but of a large portion of the works of the later Greek and Latin authors of different schools—and he was also extensively conversant, at least in certain departments, with the works of the Fathers of the Church. That is to say, he had not merely read and understood these authors, but he composed in 1815 a work entitled *Saggio sopra gli Errori Popolari degli Antichi*, and forming the fourth volume of this collection, which showed that he had a mastery of their contents and a facility in the use of them, such as few men of any generation have attained even in their mature years.

In the meantime the study of other languages was not neglected. In his own tongue, above all except the Greek, he was training his exquisite critical faculties, and was growing to be profoundly acquainted with its scholarship and one of its very best prose writers. But he also gathered as he went along a knowledge of French, English, Spanish, German, and Hebrew. The volumes before us contain evidence that he composed with ease, at any rate in the two first of these languages. In or about his eighteenth year, his critical collections in MS. amounted to six or seven large volumes; and though it is unsafe in general to measure by quantity, any reader of his works will be aware that he was absolutely incapable of writing trash. In 1817 he heard that some literary foreigner, whose name is not mentioned, had sent him word that he might become a great philologist. Before that time he was solely sustained and stimulated by that inborn consciousness of genius which lives and works long before it speaks, and by a presentiment of greatness from which modesty was by no means excluded. Thus he writes in September of the same year to Giordani:—

‘Sure I am that I have no disposition to live in the crowd: mediocrity frightens me to death: my wish is to soar, and to become great and immortal by genius and by study: an enterprise arduous, and perhaps for me visionary—but man must not be faint-hearted nor despair of himself.’

May his words be as a spark to light up similar aspirations in the breasts of English youth, but under better auspices, with better safeguards, and for a happier end.

To estimate aright the magnitude of his efforts and successes, particularly with regard to Greek, the literary atmosphere, so to speak, in which he lived must be taken into account. From the volumes before us it would appear that this noble study, so widely spread in some countries of Europe, is not only neglected, but is

within a few degrees of utter extinction in Italy. Giordani, in giving his reasons for not reprinting a remarkable work of Leopardi's, states that 'in Italy it would be rather hopeless than simply difficult to find a competent printer for a work almost wholly Greek; and to find so many as five readers for it quite impossible.' The errors in the Greek typography of the volumes before us, and even of the *errata* appended to them, give some colour to the statement. Another of Leopardi's editors, Pellegrini, assures us that not only the works but the names of the German philologists were unknown throughout Italy at the time, and seems to speak of a thorough knowledge of Greek as being still next door to a miracle there. There is probably exaggeration in these testimonies, and it is fair to observe that the very work to which Giordani refers was twice printed at Rome, while the *Chronicle of Eusebius*, on which it was a commentary, proceeded from the Milanese press. Leopardi himself, however, writes from Rome to his father in 1822, that all learning except such as is archaeological was utterly neglected in that city, which it is plain is very far from being the literary capital of Italy; and adds, 'the best of all is, that one does not find a single Roman who is really master of Latin and Greek,' though he has met with some learned foreigners—*ben altra cosa che i Romani*. The most pungent evidence of all perhaps is, that when preparing the Preface to his 'Saggio' in 1815, the boy takes care to apprise his readers, that he has translated exactly from the original into Italian all his Greek citations, putting those from the poets into verse. He dealt with them as in this country a writer would deal with citations from the Sanscrit; and it is scarcely too much to say, that in order to estimate aright the energy of character and of intellect required for such efforts as his, not merely in Italy but at Recanati, we must conceive a child among us scarcely yet in trowsers, setting himself to Sanscrit, and acquiring it without a master in less than half the time that the most promising pupils would generally spend upon it, with all the apparatus and all the inspiring associations of learned society and of suitable establishments to assist them.

His literary life divides itself into two great periods: the first of them occupied by his philological labours and by translations from the classical poets, the second chiefly by poetry and philosophy. The division is not minutely accurate; but his first poem of any note was written in 1817: he only published three of his odes before the year 1824, and he had then written but little poetry; he had for some years before that, from the state of his sight as we suppose, almost entirely ceased from his philological labours,

labours, and had already designated them as the studies of his boyhood. And all his efforts in philosophy belong to the later division of his life, which begins about the last-named year.

The earliest composition among his published works is the 'Essay on the Popular Errors of the Ancients,' dated in the year 1815, and written therefore in his 17th or early in his 18th year. It is remarkable not only for the quantity of erudition, classical and patristic, which he had even then accumulated—his editor has appended a list of near four hundred authors whom he cites—but for the facility with which he handles his materials, and with which also he philosophises upon them. Homage is emphatically rendered in this work to the Christian religion: the youthful author tells us that unbelief had generated worse prejudices than had ever sprung from credulity, and that the name of philosopher had become odious with the sounder part of mankind; he declares Christianity to be the second mother of our race, and asserts that the true Church had ever condemned superstition, against which she is the true and the only bulwark. And yet we see a baleful shadow projected even at this early period over his future, where he eulogises Voltaire as 'that standard-bearer of bold minds, that man so devoted to reason and so hostile to error.' The time was too near at hand when he would be prepared to subscribe that scoffer's words:—

*O Jupiter, tu fis en nous créant
Une froide plaisanterie.*

But what strange idea and stranger practice of education must prevail, where the admiration of Voltaire as an apostle of true reason grows up peacefully in the mind of a boy, side by side with the admiration of the Church of Rome as the unsparing foe of superstition!

The only specimens of original composition in Greek verse (in Latin there are none) which these volumes afford, are two Anacreontic odes, written in 1817. We doubt whether they justify the panegyric of Giordani, *Per verità neppure esso Anacreonte le potrebbe discernere tra le sue proprie figliuole*. They would, we suppose, when cleared of some inaccuracies, probably due to defective typography, be termed good exercises at Eton, but no more; and this is among the easiest descriptions of Greek composition. More remarkable, we think, were his translations from the Greek. In 1815 he published a complete translation of Moschus, with a learned and acute discourse prefixed to it, containing among other things a severe criticism upon the affected and licentious manner of certain French translations of his works and those of Anacreon. He was, however, at all times a sharper critic to himself than to any other author. He says, while yet a youth,

youth, *Sono io di tal tempra, che nulla mi va a gusto di quanto ho fatto due o tre mesi innanzi.* And he soon became dissatisfied with this work, which, nevertheless, appears to be extremely well executed.

In 1816 he went on to publish a translation of the first Book of the *Odyssey*; and in 1817 the second Book of the *Æneid*. He was himself sensible of the great difficulty of translating Virgil, and his own effort must be admitted to be a failure; the spirit of the original evaporates in the operation, and the work is dead and flat.

Leopardi, however, had a most exalted conception of the function of a translator. He says he translated the second book because *he could not help it*; that after reading it, as was commonly the case with anything that he read and thought really beautiful, he was in an agony until he had cast it in the mould of his own mind:—

‘Perciocchè letta la Eneide (sì come sempre soglio, letta qualcosa è, o mi par, veramente bella) io andava del continuo spasimando, e cercando maniera di far mie, ove si potesse in alcuna guisa, quelle divine bellezze.’—*Op.* iii. p. 169.

And then he laid down a great principle:—

‘So ben dirti aver io conosciuto per prova, che senza esser poeta non si può tradurre un vero poeta.’

Every translation of a great work, to be good, must have great original qualities. We must not confound the subject by assimilating the work of the translator to that of the copyist in painting. In that case the problem is to construct an image of the picture, given the same materials. But in the case of pure mental products the material form is the language, and the very condition of the work is that this be changed, as the workman must reproduce in another tongue; and in proportion as the original to be rendered is a great one, the union between the thought of the writer and his language is more intimate: at every step as the translator proceeds, he feels that he is tearing asunder soul and body, life and its vehicle; so that in order to succeed in his task, he must, within certain limits, create anew.

To create anew was Leopardi's idea of translating, and such he very clearly showed it to be in his later efforts of this description, which are prose translations from Xenophon, Isocrates, Epictetus, and others; executed in the latter part of his life, and only published after his death. It is evident that while he was engaged upon them, the idea and aim of reproduction predominated over that of mere representation. And so far as we have been able to examine them in close comparison with the original text, we have found them not sufficiently
precise

precise in their character—their secondary character, as we readily admit—of copies, to satisfy a scholar of the English type: but admirable in their force and spirit; and, if viewing them with a foreign eye, we may presume to say so much—although only re-echoing the judgments of native and skilled Italians—faultless as compositions; bearing that stamp of freshness and of power, which realizes Leopardi's idea of a translator's function in its normal state.

We have other evidence, however, how deeply he had drunk in early life at classic fountains. In May, 1816, he wrote, and in 1817 he published, in Italian blank verse, a Hymn to Neptune, which was purely his own, but which purported to be a translation from a recently discovered manuscript. We quote the following passage as a specimen:—

I Tessali Petreo

*Diconli, ed altri Onchestio, ed altri pure
Egeo ti noma e Cinade e Fitalmio.
Io dirotti Asfaleo, poichè salute
Tu rechi a' naviganti. A te fa voti
Il nocchier, quando s' alza nel mare
L' onde canute, e quando in nera notte
Percote i fianchi al ben composto legno
Il flutto alti-sonante, che s' incurva
Spumando, e stanno tempestose nubi
Su le cime degli alberi, e del vento
Mormora il bosco al soffio (orrore ingombra
La mente de' mortali), e quando cade,
Precipitando giù dal ciel, gran nembo
Sopra l' immenso mare. O Dio possente,
Che Tenaro e la sacra Onchestia selva
E Micala e Trezene ed il pinoso
Istmo, ed Egea, e Geresta in guardia tieni,
Soccorri a' naviganti; e, fra le rotte
Nubi, fa che si veggan il cielo azzurro
Ne la tempesta, e su la nave splenda
Del sole o de la luna un qualche raggio,
O de le stelle, e 'l soffiar de' venti
Cessi, e tu l' onde romorose appiana,
Sì che campin dal rischio i marinui.*

If we are not mistaken in our view of the thoroughly Hellenic tone and basis of this composition, it is one going far to warrant what he said of himself, that the Greek form of thought was more clear and vivid in his mind than the Latin or even the Italian.

It would appear, from a statement of his own, that the Roman world was completely taken in by this pretended discovery, and the

the keeper of the Vatican Library would have it that the original manuscript must have been filched from that great repository.

We can dwell but little upon his philological achievements, although they constitute one of his most durable, and also his most innocuous, titles to fame. For notwithstanding that we have six pretty substantial volumes before us, all filled, or nearly so, with his productions, and everything that they contain is remarkable, there is among them no paper relating to classical philology or criticism so considerable as to give a full impression of his marvellous powers. It is with some reluctance that we refer to the cause. It appears, however, that in the year 1830, when he had left, and, as it proved, for ever, his father's house, his health being ruined, and his circumstances narrow to the last degree, he made over the whole of these papers—*lavori immensi*, as he himself calls them, *ingens schedularum copia*, according to the receiver himself—to Mr. De Sinner; and it is plainly declared that he did this with the expectation—which he founded upon his communications held with Mr. De Sinner in person—that they would shortly be given to the world, and would minister alike to his fame and his means of subsistence.* But in 1832, he says that they send him from France, Holland, and Germany memoirs, translations, and laudatory articles, but no remittances. Nay, it appears that even to this day no one of all those manuscripts—except certain *Excerpta* printed at Bonn in 1834 by way of *promulsis*—has seen the light through the medium of their foster-father; and in the catalogue of his works at the end of the third volume we read with regret some thirteen times the words *inedito presso il De Sinner*; these titles comprising all his philological papers of moment, except one which he had published many years before. Nor is this singular state of facts ascribable to the negligence of the Italian editors: for we are distinctly informed that application was made to Mr. De Sinner for aid to their edition of the works from the materials in his possession, and that he neither gave the papers nor assigned any reason for withholding them. We trust that there is a good defence to be made to this indictment; but the first aspect of the case seems to betoken an urgent necessity for either the vindication of such conduct or its amendment.

In the year 1814, at the age of sixteen and two months, he placed in his father's hands, as the latter has noted in a memorandum on the manuscript, his *Revision and Illustrations* of the text of Porphyry *De vitâ Plotini et ordine librorum ejus*; and even this early production appears to have afforded valuable aid to the labours of an older scholar, Creuzer, upon Plotinus. It

* Op. VI., p. 152. Egli, se piacerà a Dio, li redigerà e completerà, e li farà pubblicare in Germania, e me ne promette danari e un gran nome.

was followed in the same year by his 'Commentary on the Life and Writings of Rhetoricians of the First and Second Centuries of the Christian era,' and by a 'Collection of Fragments of Early Fathers and Historians of the Church before Eusebius,' with his own notes.

But we will pass on from these, which remain unpublished, to his 'Annotations on the Chronicle of Eusebius,' which had been just edited by Mai from the Armenian version. They were written at twenty years of age, and printed in 1823, and it is their singular merit which has mainly engendered the existing dissatisfaction at the non-appearance of his other works of the same kind. The judgment of Niebuhr upon the author of this work, it has been properly observed, may suffice for those who have not the opportunity of examining it. He says, in a publication of 1823,

'The very learned persons, of the results of whose admirable labours I make use, are Bluhnius, now distinguished among legists, and Count Giacomo Leopardi of Recanati, whom I hereby introduce to my fellow-countrymen as already a conspicuous ornament of Italy, his native land, and who, I answer for it, will rise progressively to still greater eminence; I, who am attached to the illustrious youth not more for his singular learning than for his remarkably ingenuous nature, shall rejoice in all his honours and advancements.'—*Pref. ad Flavii Mero-baudis Carmina*, ed. 2, p. 13.

It is even more interesting to quote, as we are enabled to do on the best authority, the words of Niebuhr to his friend and successor the Chevalier Bunsen, when, upon hearing that the author of these *Annotazioni* was in Rome, he had with difficulty discovered his apartment. 'Conceive my astonishment when I saw standing before me, pale and shy, a mere youth, in a poor little chamber, of weakly figure, and obviously in bad health—he being by far the first—rather indeed the only real Greek philologist in Italy, the author of Critical Observations which would have gained honour for the first philologist of Germany, and only twenty-two years old.* He had grown to be thus profoundly learned, without school, without teacher, without help, without encouragement, in his father's sequestered house! I understand too that he is one of the first of the rising poets of Italy. What a nobly-gifted people!'

Until the occasion when Niebuhr saw him in Rome, Leopardi had never quitted his father's house at Recanati. While prosecuting his studies in the library of the house, and almost living there, he had to bear not only the negative evil of the absence

* Leopardi was at this time twenty-four, but only twenty when he wrote the *Annotations*.

of positive sympathy and aid, but the slights often due and always rendered to boy-critics and philosophers. From the editor of the *Biblioteca Italiana*, to which he first made the offer of some contributions, he could scarcely obtain any notice of his letters, and he gives a most lively description of the usual treatment *de haut en bas* he met with *tra questa vilissima plebe marchigiana e romana*:—

‘ After all I am a child, and treated like one: I do not mean at home—where they treat me like a baby—but out of doors:—whoever is acquainted with my family, when he gets a letter from me and sees this new Giacomo—if indeed he does not take me for the ghost of my grandpapa, dead thirty-five years ago, that bore this name—makes up his mind that I am one of the house-dolls, and thinks that, if he, a full-grown man (be he but a bailiff), replies to a chicken like me, he does me a favour: so he serves me out with two lines, of which one contains his compliments to my father. Thus in Recanati I am taken for what I am, a pure and sheer lad; and most people add the nick-names of *petit savant*, wiseacre, and so forth. So that if I venture to urge any one to buy a book, either he replies by a grin, or he puts on a serious face and tells me that the time is past; that when I am a little older I shall see; that he too at my age had this fancy for buying books, which went away when he got to years of discretion; that the same will happen to me. And then, being a boy, forsooth, I cannot lift up my voice and cry, “Race of asses! if you think I have got to grow like you, you are much mistaken; for I will not leave off loving books until sense leaves me off, which you have never had at all, so far from its having come to you when you ceased to like books.” ’

This, however, was one of his rare and short outbreaks of vivacity—for which indeed it is quite plain that he had all the natural materials in plenty, but they were crushed both by the real weight of his calamities and by the magnified powers with which his acute sensibilities invested them. He never, says Viani, could hold long the strain of merriment. A distinguished person who knew him well, and, like all apparently who so knew him, loved him well, during his later years, assures us that he never saw Leopardi either laugh or smile. His friend and editor Ranieri states that he never sought compensation for mental sorrow, or tried to benumb its sting, by the brute force of sensual enjoyment. So that in every meaning he could have adopted the motto—

Ich gehöre nicht den Freuden an.*

Whatever may be thought of the real causes of his unhappiness, it will be plain to all readers of his works and letters that nothing little and paltry ever found a place in his mind or would have given him a moment's care. An intense sensibility and craving

* Goethe, *Bride of Corinth*.

for love and for the signs of love is visible throughout, and with it a real modesty and trustfulness, a genuine indifference to wealth and luxury, a spirit too lofty, perhaps too proud, for anything so poor as vanity. We take this exemption to be more clearly shown in no way than by the absence of anything like soreness of feeling about the defects of his personal appearance, while he was aware in full of the disadvantage they entailed. Describing the effect of his excessive studies, he says:—

‘My appearance is become wretched, and in me all that large part of man most contemptible, which is the only part regarded by the generality, and it is with the generality that we must deal in this world. With these and other unhappy circumstances has fortune surrounded me—giving me such developments of the understanding that I might see them clearly and perceive just what I am, and of the heart that by it I might feel that joy has no part or lot in me.’

In this letter, written at nineteen, the reader will notice his great powers of expression, his tendency to philosophise, and a gloom as remarkable as his wonderful endowments. And from another passage in it, where he refers to another event that must happen, and had already happened in part, *una cosa più fieru di tutte*, we gather that he had already lost all hold of Christianity, and that he felt more acutely than any other evil the pain and shame of a continued exterior profession of it, as well as the fear of making the disclosure of his sentiments.

In addition to the *hiatus* in his works which we have already noticed, they are presented to us in a confused and irregular series, and there is nothing that assumes the name of a biography attached to them, while each of four editors has prefixed to separate portions some sketch of his own, and other piecemeal testimonies and panegyrics are given in different parts of the collection. Nothing can be more unfavourable to the formation of a just and careful judgment upon either the works or the life of the author.

In the absence, however, of a regular biography, the *Epistolario*, containing between five and six hundred of his letters, supplies, though with great lack both of connexion and of explanation, many records both of his life and studies, and is of high interest on various accounts. He seems to have been from the first a master, as in other things that he touched, so also in letter-writing. When only eighteen he addressed the following to Monti, with a copy of his version of the second *Æneid*. Its ideas of course must not be considered according to English manners, but *mutatis mutandis*:—

Recanati, 21 febbraio, 1817.

Stimatissimo Sig. Cavaliere,—Se è colpa ad uomo piccolo lo scrivere non provocato a letterato grande, colpevolissimo sono io, perchè
a noi

a noi si convengono i superlativi delle due qualità. Ne altro posso allegare a mia scusa che la smania incomprensibile di farmi noto al mio principe (poichè suddito le sono io certo, come amatore quale che sia delle lettere) e il tremito che provo scrivendo a lei, che scrivendo a Re non mi avverrebbe di provare. Ricevrà per mia parte dal Sig. Stella, miserabilissimo dono, la mia traduzione del secondo libro della Eneide, anzi non dono, ma argomento di riso al traduttore della Iliade primo in Europa, e al grande amico del grande Annibal Caro. Ed ella rida, che il suo riso sarà di compassione, e la sua compassione più grata ed onorevole a me che l'invidia di mille altri. Non la prego che legga il mio libro, ma che non lo rifiuti: ed, accettandolo, mi faccia chiaro che ella non si tiene offeso dal mio ardimento, con che verrà a cavarmi di grande ansietà.

Somewhat later he had, as we may perceive from the next short extract, perfected his power of turning a compliment—a power certainly never so becoming as in a man of generally bold and independent character, and in this instance most gracefully veiling a rebuke. It is addressed to Count Perticari, himself an author:—

Recanati, 30 Ottobre, 1820.

Sig. Conte mio carissimo e stimatissimo—Poco dopo la mia prima lettera, alla quale rispondeste graziosamente quest' anno passato, io ve ne scrissi altre due, alle quali non rispondeste. Ma non mi dolgo, che non volestè gittare in beneficio di un solo quel tempo che spendevate in vantaggio di molti.

His letters to his father are written in the language of conventional respect and affection, but under evident constraint throughout. In those to his brother, the Count Carlo, and to his sister, he is entirely free and unreserved, but they refer chiefly to matters of domestic concern, or of outward and minor, not always entirely pure, interest, and afford no measure in general of his powers or of his trials. It is in the letters to Giordani, the only *man* (July, 1819) that he knows (Op. V., p. 151), that he most fully pours out his whole soul, and displays the riches of his acquirements, of his critical taste, and of his constructive understanding. They abound, like those of Giordani himself, which are subjoined, with expressions of the warmest affection; and, indeed, the correspondence is carried on with the fervour and impatience of two lovers, and with a redundancy of attachment, breaking out into jealousies almost infantine, and slight quarrels just made in order to be mended; the stream only foams the more from being obstructed, and sometimes almost dammed up by the cruel, the abominable, the all-obstructing, all-devouring posts.

It is curious, too, to observe how the two minds respectively find their level according to their power, without strain or even consciousness. In the early part of these communications Giordani

dani cheers, encourages, and patronises his youthful correspondent. But about Leopardi's 22nd year he began (see, for example, Op. V. p. 163), quite without ostentation or assumption, to act the tutor, and, in the familiar phrase, pat his friend on the back. This man, however—we understand an ex-Benedictine who had receded from his vows—for many years had a monopoly of the rich commerce of his mind; and he was an evil genius to it, confirming all its negative and downward tendencies by his own very gross and scoffing unbelief.

There are other parts of this collection of letters which throw light upon Italian manners and habits in small things and great. It is amusing to find Leopardi recommending his brother to give up his moustaches when he had just reared them to perfection, assuring him that the English, and even the French, not only did not any longer wear them, but even laughed at those who did. There are also many letters relating to the search for fit matches for his sister, and then for his brother, Count Carlo, which was prosecuted with great vigour, not only in Recanati and the neighbourhood, but at Ravenna, Modena, Reggio, and Parma, with occasional references to Milan, Florence, and Rome. We must not judge of these matters wholly with an English eye, but must recollect that the facilities of locomotion in a country and the habit of resorting to capitals give facilities of choice, the want of which elsewhere requires more or less the intervention of third parties. The practical difference between Italian habits and our own seems, however, to extend further. There the matter is openly entertained, discussed, and arranged by the relations, with a sort of *veto* in the last stage to the person most concerned. What sort of *veto*, it may reasonably be asked? We should presume from these letters, more than a Royal, but somewhat less than a Presidential one. But in England the whole actual process, except the bare initiative of social introduction, belongs even to a daughter, with a *veto* to the parents: in short, the English daughter exchanges places with the Italian father.

Injudicious, though doubtless well-meant, attempts appear to have been made to press him into holy orders; and they were, most unwarrantably, continued even after he had given evidence conclusive to any dispassionate mind of his infidel opinions: for in 1824 he published the *Bruto Minore*, with its ominous appendix in prose, and some of his Dialogues were in print as early as January, 1826. In that month it seems that his father offered him a nomination to one or more benefices; and he accepted it on certain conditions, one of which was that he should be dispensed from saying mass after the first few days, though he had no objection to undertaking to recite prayers by himself instead. For this

this he pleaded his studies and the state of his eyes as an excuse. A subsequent letter, however, throws a strange light upon the current notions of church property, and exhibits to us a form of abuse perhaps more flagrant, but perhaps also more rare, than those which prevail in England. He writes to say he hears that patrons are sometimes allowed at Rome to suspend a presentation for six or eight years, and to apply the revenues in the interim—subject to the usual burdens (of provision for divine service, we presume)—for some honourable purpose. He then suggests that his father perhaps might make this arrangement with a view to his support, retaining all the time the same control over the money as over any other part of his income. In April, however, of the same year we find him finally declining ‘the benefices’ which his father still pressed upon him; and the nomination seems to have fallen on his youngest brother.

We have referred to his view of his own language. Every day he read it as a portion of his studies; and he early said (1817) that the man who had familiarised himself with the deeper resources of the Italian would pity those who were obliged to use any other tongue. It was to him *la lingua regina di tutte le lingue viventi, e delle morte se non regina certo non suddita*. Again, he is struck with the difficulty of translating the noble Greek word ἄθλος, represented sufficiently for our purpose by the English term *feat*.

Con qual parola italiana renderemo questa greca? *Traraglio* ha il disgustoso, ma non il grande e il vasto. Non pertanto io non m’arrischio di affermare che questa parola non si possa rendere in italiano, tanto poco mi fido di conoscere questa nostra lingua, sovrana, immensa, onnipotente.—Op. V. p. 50.

He was encouraged in this view of his own tongue by his friend Giordani, who writes to him, *non s’impara mai bene la lingua, che è sempre infinita*.

Accordingly, when he published his *Canzoni* in 1824, he appended to them a philological commentary, which has been republished in the third or miscellaneous volume of his works. It is directed steadily towards a particular scope, namely, that of enlarging the resources of the language, rarely or never by arbitrary invention, almost always by recurring to its classical authorities; he criticises with great severity the Della Cruscan dictionary, which imposes upon us foreigners by its bulk and pretensions, but is, we believe, lightly esteemed by Italian scholars. In the same spirit he betook himself to the reproduction of the style of the *Trecentisti*, whom he considered to approach most nearly to the style of the Greeks, and best to develop the close affinity which he conceived to exist between the languages, and
which,

which, indeed, is obvious in some points of Italian that are not represented in Latin—such as the highly diversified forms of diminution and augmentation, the employment of the article, the virtual possession of a middle voice, and the use of the verb infinitive with the functions of a noun substantive—though he must himself, when translating the *Odyssey*, have felt the want of a flexible quality in Italian to enable it faithfully to represent the Greek compound adjectives.

Under the name of a *trecentista* translation from an ancient MS. he published a fictitious account of the martyrdom of certain monks; and the imposition was successful even with the best judges of the style of that period. Not let it be understood that he inherited it from his father. On the contrary, he had been bred in the prevalent Gallicising taste. At the outset, he says, in April, 1817—being then only 18 years old—he had his head full of the new notions, and despised and trampled upon the study of Italian; his own original papers were like mere translations from the French: he wallowed in the reading which since he had learned to detest.* Thus by the native and matured force of his own taste and judgment, and without a guide, he had revolted against the bad rules of his early training, and framed a sound and true system for himself at an age when in ordinary minds, even with the aid of the best instructors, taste and judgment in letters are but beginning to dawn.

As we have seen, his first efforts were applied to philology; and it was not till he was seventeen and a half—rather an advanced period in his early-ripened mental life—that he gave himself to literature in its ordinary sense. It was probably not so much choice as necessity that threw him upon the former line of study. Not that he had great advantages for it, but the reverse. The merits of his father's library have apparently been exaggerated by Ranieri; it did not, for example, contain a *Xenophon*. Still it was a library, and it had no modern books; and being thus thrown upon the dead languages, and having for the most part to learn them by means of reading their authors, his acquisitive mind was naturally drawn to their speech and its laws.

We are inclined to trace to this circumstance the accuracy and beauty of his own diction and his admirable style. He had handled early and familiarly those among all the instruments for the expansion of thought, which are the most rigorously adapted to its laws, and had also deeply considered the mode and form of the adaptation. Yet it is certainly wonderful that he should have issued from these studies not only a refined scholar and philologist, but a powerful and lofty poet; as well as that he should

* Op. V., p. 23, p. 174.

have carried to maturity in the most fervid and impatient period of life pursuits which are commonly considered rather dry. But it is a cardinal truth, that no study whatever can be dry to such a mind when earnestly embracing it.

We should gladly have noticed his other labours in Italian, particularly his commentary upon Petrarch, to the merits of which very competent testimony might be quoted; but the expenditure of space warns us to pass on. We do it the more readily because even to do this would not be to do all, for besides the great things that he accomplished he had cast in the mould of Thought the plans of more and greater.*

When we regard Leopardi in his character of a poet—in which no Italian of the present generation, we conceive, except Manzoni even approaches him, and he in a different order, and perhaps but in a single piece—it is not difficult to perceive that he was endowed in a peculiar degree with most of the faculties which belong to the highest excellence. We shall note two exceptions. The first is the solid and consistent wisdom which can have no other foundation in the heart of man than the Gospel revelation: without which, even while we feel the poet to be an enchanter, we cannot accept and trust him as a guide: and of which Wordsworth is an example unequalled probably in our age, and unsurpassed in any age preceding ours. Nor let it be said that this is not properly a poetical defect; because the highest functions of the human being stand in such intimate relations to one another, that the want of any one of them will commonly prevent the attainment of perfection in any other. The sense of beauty enters into the highest philosophy, as in Plato. The highest poet must be a philosopher, accomplished, like Dante, or intuitive, like Shakspeare. But neither the one nor the other can now exist in separation from that conception of the relations between God and man, that new standard and pattern of humanity, which Christianity has supplied. And although much of what it has indelibly impressed upon the imagination and understanding, the heart and life of man, may be traceable and even prominent in those who individually disown it—although the splendour of these disappropriated gifts may in particular cases be among the very greatest of the signs and wonders appointed for the trial of faith—there is always something in them to show that they have with them no source of positive and permanent vitality: that the branch has been torn from the tree, and that its life is on the ebb. There is another point in which Leopardi fails as compared with the highest poets. He is stronger in the reflective than in the perceptive, or at any rate than in the more strictly creative powers. Perhaps these latter

* Op. VI., p. 126. To Colletta.

were repressed in their growth by the severe realities of his life. It is by them that the poet projects his work from himself, stands as it were completely detached from it, and becomes in his own personality invisible. Thus did Homer and Shakspeare perhaps beyond all other men: thus did Goethe: thus did Dante when he pleased, although his individuality is the local centre, to so speak, of his whole poem; which is only to say in other words that by this gift the poet throws his entire strength into his work and identifies himself with it; that he not only does, but for the time being is, his work; and that then, when the work is done, he passes away and leaves it: it is perfect in its own kind, and bears no stamp or trace of him—that is of what in him pertains to the individual as such, and does not belong to the general laws of truth and beauty. Thus all high pictorial poetry is composed: thus every great character in the drama or romance is conceived and executed.

It is the gift of imagination in its highest form and intensity which effects these wonderful transmutations, and places the poet of the first order in a rank nearer to that of creative energies than anything else we know. Next, perhaps, to him comes the great intuitive discoverer. These are the privileged children of Nature, who walk a royal road, and constitute the signal exceptions to that broad and general law of human knowledge: *Homo, nature minister et interpres, tantum facit et intelligit quantum de natura ordine re vel mente observaverit: nec amplius scit, aut potest.* (*Bacon, Nov. Org., Aph. I.*)

Leopardi, though he had abundance both of fancy and of imagination, either was not possessed of this peculiar form of the latter gift or had not developed it: his impersonations are beautiful, but rather after the manner of statues: they have just so much of life as is sufficient to put his metaphysical conceptions in motion; but we always seem to discover his hand propping them up and moving them on: they have not the flesh and blood reality: he is eminently a subjective poet, and the reader never loses him from view. But he is surely a very great subjective poet, and applies to his work, with a power rarely equalled, all the resources of thought and passion, all that his introspective habits had taught him: he has choice and flowing diction, a profound harmony, intense pathos: and he unites to very peculiar grace a masculine energy and even majesty of expression, which is not surpassed, so far as we know, in the whole range of poetry or of eloquence, and which indeed gives the highest evidence of its prerogative by endowing sentiments, now become trite and almost vulgar through use, with perfect freshness of aspect and the power to produce lively and strong impressions. Of this some

examples may be noticed in the extracts we are about to make. His gift of compression, in particular, is one which seems, not borrowed, for such things no man can borrow—they are marked ‘not transferable’—but descended or inherited from Dante himself.

Although it has appeared that his first poetical efforts were relatively late, yet they were as early as those of most poets who have acquired particular celebrity for juvenile productions, and they will bear, we imagine, favourable comparison with those of Pope or of Milton. Indeed, as their beginning and maturity were almost simultaneous, he is really no less remarkable as a youthful poet than as a youthful scholar and critic, and holds one of the very first places in the troop of beardless Apollos. Nothing to our minds can be more beautiful than his first effort; the piece entitled *Il Primo Amore*, in that purely and perhaps inalienably Italian measure, the *terza rima*. It is so even a tissue of harmonious thought and language, that we have laboured in vain to discover how to do it justice by an extract: but rather than pass it by altogether, we will quote the passage which begins by describing the superior and subtler force that drew him away from his first love, his studies:—

Nè gli occhi ai noti studi io rivolgea,
 E quelli m' apparian vani, per cui
 Vano ogni altro desir creduto avea.
 Deh come mai da me sì vario fui
 E tanto amor mi tolse un altro amore?
 Deh quanto in verità vani siam noi!
 * * * * *
 E l' occhio a terra chino o in se raccolto
 Di riscontrarsi fuggitivo e vago
 Nè in leggiadro soffria nè in turpe volto:
 Che la illibata, la candida imago
 Turbare egli temea pinta nel seno,
 Come all' aure si turba onda di lago.
 E quel di non aver goduto appieno
 Pentimento, che l' anima ci grava,
 E' l' piacer che passò cangia in veleno,
 Per li fuggiti di mi stimolava
 Tuttora il sen: che la vergogna e il duro
 Suo morso in questo cor già non oprava.
 Al cielo, a voi, gentili anime, io giuro
 Che voglia non mi entrò bassa nel petto,
 Ch' arsi di foco intaminato e puro.
 Vive quel foco ancor, vive l' affetto,
 Spira nel pensier mio la bella imago
 Da cui, se non celeste, altro diletto
 Giammai non ebbi, e sol di lei m' appago.

In the next year he thus apostrophises Italy: with respect to
 which

which we must observe that he was comprehensive and impartial in his repugnance to the yoke of strangers, and that he appears still more to have revolted from a French than from a German domination. We conceive that this Canzone, with the one which follows it, must at once have placed him in the first rank among the lyric poets of his country :—

O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi
 E le colonne e i simulacri e l' erme
 Torri degli avi nostri ;
 Ma la gloria non vedo,
 Non vedo il lauro, e il ferro, ond' eran carichi
 I nostri padri antichi. Or, fatta inerme,
 Nuda la fronte e nudo il petto mostri.
 Oimè quante ferite,
 Che lividor, che sangue ! Oh qual ti veggio,
 Formosissima donna ! Io chiedo al cielo
 E al mondo : dite, dite,
 Chi la ridusse a tale ? E questo è peggio
 Che di catene ha carche ambe le braccia :
 Sì, che sparte le chiome e senza velo
 Siede in terra negletta e sconsolata,
 Nascondendo la faccia
 Tra le ginocchia, e piange.
 Piangi ! che ben hai donde, Italia mia,
 Le genti a vincer nata
 E nella fausta sorte, e nella ria.
 Se fosser gli occhi tuoi due fonti vive,
 Mai non potrebbe il pianto
 Adeguarsi al tuo danno ed al scorno
 Che fosti donna, or sei povera ancella.

* * * *

O numi, O numi !
 Pugnan per altra terra itali acciari !
 Oh misero colui, che in guerra è spento
 Non per li patrii lidi, e per la pia
 Consorte e i figli cari,
 Ma da nemici altrui
 Per altra gente, e non può dir morendo :
 Alma terra natia,
 La vita che mi desti ecco ti rendo !

We cannot but think that in the strong indignation which prompted the following verses in the same year, from the piece ' On the Monument of Dante to be erected in Florence,' the master of all Italian poetry,

per lo cui verso
Il Meonio cantor non è più solo,
 Y 2

as he goes on to say, would have recognized a genius entitled to claim some kindred with his own :—

O Italia, a cor ti stia
 Far ai passati onor : che d' àltrettali
 Oggi vedove son le tue contrade :
 Nè v' è clii d' onorar ti si convegno.
 Volgiti indietro, e guarda, O patria mia,
 Quella schiera infinita d' immortali,
 E piangi, e di te stessa ti disdegna :
 Che senza sdegno omai la doglia è stolta :
 Volgiti, e ti vergogna, e ti riscuoti,
 E ti punga una volta
 Pensier degl' avi nostri e de' nepoti.

And again in this majestic burst :—

O dell' etrusco metro inclito padre,
 Se di cosa terrena,
 Se di costei che tanto alto locasti,
 Qualche novella ai vostri lidi arriva,
 Io so ben che per te gioia non senti :
 Che saldi men che cera e men ch' arena
 Verso la fama che di te lasciasti
 Son bronzi e marmi : e dalle nostre menti
 Se mai cadesti ancor, s' unqua cadrai,
 Cresca, se crescer può, nostra sciaura,
 E in sempiterni guai
 Pianga tua stirpe, a tutto il mondo oscura :
 Ma non per te !

In the *Bruto Minore*, published in 1824, he gave more visibly to the world his unhappy opinions, still, however, veiling himself by putting them into the mouth of the Roman hero. The following passage may, however, serve as a specimen of its high poetical merits :—

E tu dal mar cui nostro sangue irriga,
 Candida Luna, sorgi,
 E l' inquieta notte e la funesta
 All' ausonio valor campagna esplori.
 Cognati petti il vincitor calpesta,
 Fremono i poggi, dalle somme vette
 Roma antica ruina :
 Tu sì placida sei ? Tu la nascente
 Lavinia prole, e gli anni
 Lieti vedesti, e i memorandi allori ;
 E tu su l' alpe l' immutato raggio
 Tacita verserai quando, ne' danni
 Del servo italo nome,
 Sotto barbaro piede
 Rintronerà quella solinga sede.

In *Consalvo*, a dying youth—recalling, we need hardly add, the poet—abandoned by all but the object of his love, entreats of her the parting gift of an only kiss. The description which follows is surely a noble specimen of the power of the Italian language in blank verse:—

Stette sospesa e pensierosa in atto
 La bellissima donna : e fiso il guardo,
 Di mille vezzi sfavillante, in quello
 Tenea dell' infelice, ove l' estrema
 Lacrima rilucea. Nè dielle il core
 Di sprezzar la dimanda, e il mesto addio
 Rinacerbir col niego : anzi la vinse
 Misericordia dei ben noti ardori ;
 E quel volto celeste, e quella bocca,
 Già tanto desiata, e per molt' anni
 Argomento di sogno e di sospiro,
 Dolcemente appressando al volto afflitto
 E scolorato dal mortale affanno,
 Più baci e più, tutta benigna e in vista
 D' alta pietà, sulle convulse labbra
 Del trepido, rapito amante impresse.

From the serious poems we have quoted somewhat largely, yet insufficiently. We might, if space permitted, advert to *La Ginestra*, the Fragment xxxix, and others : but we pass on from them with the observation that the reader, opening them at hazard, will find no page of them without abundant beauties, though in some places they are scarred and blighted by emanations from the pit of his shoreless and bottomless despair. And this brings us to the threshold of the last and very painful portion of our task, some reference, namely, to the philosophical speculations of Leopardi.

Before entering, however, we must advert shortly to his principal production in satirical poetry. He wrote very early and then re-wrote a poem, rather imitated than translated from the *Batrachomyomachia* ; and he followed this up with an original sequel (in the *ottava rima*) which he brought to its abrupt ending immediately before his death in 1837. Perhaps the idea of it may also have been in part suggested by the Satirical Poem of Casti, *Il Poema Tartaro*, in which he attacks the Russians. It shows a facility in using the language for its end quite equal we think to that of Byron in *Don Juan* ; and some parts of the political satire for fineness and keenness might rank with that of Swift. He takes up the tale at the point where the mice, whose victory over the frogs had been converted into defeat and rout by the arrival of the crabs, rally and re-organise themselves, and he continues it in eight cantos, under the name of *Paralipomeni*.

meni della Batrachomiomachia, through their 'subsequent negotiations and war with their later and more formidable enemy. Nothing can be more successful than the passage in which the general of the crabs, in answer to the demand of the envoy of the mice, who wishes to know what right they had to interfere, states that they did it to preserve the balance of power, and goes on to explain the theory of political equilibrium. Again, the mice, having lost their monarch, proceed to elect a *constitutional sovereign*, and declare him not King of Mouse-land, but only King of the Mice.

Ma il novello signor, giurato ch' ebbe
 Servar esso e gli eredi eterno il patto,
 Incoronato fu, come si debbe:
 E 'l manto si vesti di pel di gatto,
 E lo scettro impugnò che d' auro crebbe,
 Nella cui punta il mondo era ritratto,
 Perchè credeva allor del mondo intero
 La specie soricina aver l' impero.

Dato alla plebe fu cacio con polta,
 E vin vecchio gittâr molte fontane,
 Gridando ella per tutto allegra e folta:
 Viva la carta e viva Rodipane!
 Tal ch' echeggiando quell' alpestre volta
 Carta per tutto ripeteva e pane:
 Cose al governo delle alte genti,
 Chi le sa ministrar, sufficienti.

Re de' Topi costui con nuovo nome,
 O suo trovato fosse o de' soggetti,
 S' intitolò, non di Topaia, come
 Propriamente in addietro s' eran detti
 I portatori di quell' aurre some:
 Cosa molto a notar, che negli effetti
 Differisce d' assai, benchè non paia,
 S' alcun sia re de' Topi o di Topaia.

It is well worth while to notice in the case of so great a poet his ordinary mode of composition, which he has described with reference to his Odes. He says that in designing and shaping his compositions he always followed on the instant a sudden suggestion of the mind; that it was then his practice to wait for another access of fervour, commonly a month or more afterwards: he would then set himself to compose, but so slowly, that he commonly occupied two or three weeks in finishing even the shortest piece. (Op. V., 316.)

Even at a very early period he seems to have had a spontaneous or ready-made philosophy for every subject. For example, in a letter to Giordani of May, 1817, he controverts a doctrine

doctrine of the latter with respect to art. Giordani had admonished young painters never without an overruling necessity to represent what was ugly, and then with tact and reserve: inasmuch as the proper business of art was with beautiful and winning, not with distasteful objects. No, says Leopardi, their office is to imitate nature *nel verisimile*. And he argues thus. The same general maxims, he conceives, that govern poetry must also hold good for painting. But in poetry, if Giordani were right, it must follow that Homer and Virgil had erred times without number; Dante above all, who had so often represented *il brutto*. Storms, deaths, other calamities are distasteful; but the poets are full of them. Again, tragedy must be radically, and of its own nature, bad. But in the tears, agitation, shuddering, caused by the perusal of poetry, there is real and keen delight, which springs from the vivid imitation and representation of nature, as it brings before us and fills with life what is distant or dead, or purely imaginary. Hence, while the beautiful in actual nature only gives a limited, that of art, having a power not bounded by fact and experience, gives an unlimited delight; and even what is ugly acquires the power to please, provided it be represented according to the *verisimile* or probable in art; for if there should happen to live a man of deformity beyond belief, he would not be a fit subject for painting.

There can be little doubt that Leopardi misled himself in this case by his analogy drawn from poetry to painting. He was here unconsciously upon the ground trodden so carefully, and, we presume, trodden once for all, by Lessing in his *Laocoon*. That great and poetical critic shows us how and why the master who produced the unrivalled group and Virgil are alike right, though the former has given to the principal figure a mouth not crying aloud—as Winkelmann had said *erhebt kein schreckliches Geschrei*—while in Virgil (*Æn.* ii. 222)—

Clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit;

the ground being that each follows with equal sagacity the law of the beautiful in his own art, which admits in poetry, for the mind, many things that it excludes in painting, for the eye. So that their material difference is the proof of their formal agreement. But although Leopardi fell here into error, it was a very common and natural error: there have been, until very lately, even if there are not now, eminent artists who would have supported him; and at the very worst his being on the losing side in such case can scarcely cause any deduction from our admiration of the passage we have rudely summed up, in which he shows he had a clear, consistent, and philosophical view of art, while he was yet a boy, had

had never wandered from the little town of Recanati, and probably had never seen a picture which could do any thing but misinform and mislead him. But, indeed, he showed at this early period, in all the subjects which he handled, his inborn capacity for philosophy, and it is no exaggeration to say that even his extended learning is not more remarkable than his general acuteness, depth, and continuity of thought.

It may seem strange that, if this description be true, his most strictly philosophical writings should present in the results at which he arrives so deplorable a picture. The principal of these are his *Operette Morali*, a series of dialogues, first published as a whole at Milan in 1827, though a portion of them had been previously printed; and his *Pensieri Morali*, not published till after his death. Of the former he gives us plainly to understand that they were his favourite work; and in publishing the latter (in 1845) his friend Ranieri has only fulfilled the scheme they jointly arranged towards the end of his life. But the opinions which he here brings out in stricter form are but too traceable in some of his poetry, and make the burden of no small number of his letters, especially, we must add, of those in which he writes with entire sincerity and freedom. It is plain that prudential motives often restrained him; as when he writes to Madame Tommassini with reference to one of his published papers, that he looks upon the Greeks as brothers, that he has said as much for them as he could, and enough, he thinks, considering that he was unable to give a free utterance to his opinions (*Op. VI.*, p. 10). The censorship, however, if it had power to annoy him, did not avail for any other purpose; and we think all those who peruse his *Operette* will join with us in putting the question, if the publication of works such as these is to be permitted, for what imaginable end is such a tribunal to be maintained?

To speak plainly, then, of his abstract philosophy of life and action, paganism is Gospel light and the Great Desert a *pays riant* in comparison with it. The falseness, misery, and hopelessness of life are the burden of his strain in the familiar letters of his early youth under his father's roof, as often as they become subjective. And as soon as the year 1819 he wrote to Giordani that he had not spirit remaining to conceive a wish, not even for death: he had indeed no fear of it in any respect, but it seemed so little different from life, from life in which now not even pain came to sustain him, but an intense weariness both exhausted him and tormented him as if it had been the extreme of pain, and drove him beside himself in his incapacity to feel that even his despair was a reality. In his happier moods he had just strength enough to weep over the miseries of man and the nullity of all things

things (V., 158, 160). This looks like mere rhapsody, and in ordinary cases one would say, it is a love-sick or brain-sick boy, and the very violence of the fit is the best assurance that it cannot last. But with him it was a settled and habitual tone of thought; and only on rare occasions throughout the whole course of his letters or his works will the reader find even a transient expression that is not in unison with it. In common life we are sometimes astonished and appalled at the power of the human frame to endure protracted nervous agony; and the records of this extraordinary man constantly suggest a similar feeling with respect to the capacity of the mind both to suffer and to heighten and inflame the causes of its torture. Doubtless, as regarded his practical life, there are deductions to be made from the extreme breadth of these statements. Even while he told Giordani that he could not *conceive a wish*, and even had ceased to understand the meaning of friendship and of affection, he also begged for letters, and said he would always love him. But what we have said is too strictly true of his speculative man—and although his speculations are in reality illogical and incoherent, and cannot be said to form a system further than as universal destruction is a system in a negative sense, yet speculation was in his case the master-key of life.

The child, he says, is happy, but happy only because he is blind. True life ends where manhood begins; none live longer, except those who continue to be children after they are grown up. Study has value because it is the most secure source of forgetfulness, and a more durable illusion than most others. The only exertions conformable to truth and reason are those founded upon the recognition *che tutto è nulla*, and, as we here arrive at the *apex* of all paradox in the shape of a contradiction in terms, it seems not easy to carry this part of the description further in detail. Pain, again, is cruel to us: but tedium, weariness, and disgust are even worse. Sometimes he tells us there is nothing real except pain. Sometimes that not even pain is real. Truth and reason are our implacable foes; they do nothing but reveal misery and hopelessness. Nature it is true resists, but then nature lies. As to a future state, it was a most mischievous invention; because before men thought of it, they might, at any rate, have an undisturbed hope of escape by death.*

If in his letters this be declamation, it is earnest and deliberate enough in his philosophical writings. It is impossible to escape from the natural conclusions by pleading the form of Dialogue: first, because the reasons of its adoption are patent; next, because in the *Pensieri*, to quote no other case, he passes out of that form

* Vol. V., pp. 160, 163, 164, 167, &c. &c. &c.

and speaks in the first person. There are places, indeed, where he seems as if he had been trying earnestly, though hopelessly, to keep a slippery hold upon some fragment of belief; but the end is, always and obviously, conscious failure. It is needless to quote; the dark and hopeless doctrine blackens nearly every page, and the marks of high and noble gifts with which it is mixed serve to make the gloom more palpable and thick. Those who desire, without the pain of traversing so dreary a course at length, to see his miserable no-creed summed up, will find it in the verses (a poem they can hardly be called) *A Se Stesso*, anticipating death.

Yet even in his philosophy he shows to advantage as compared with his friend Giordani, who is a mere railer at the world, and contends that life is detestable and insupportable to the good, and that its advantages are only for the wicked. Leopardi's reply is remarkable. It is not so, he says: for the best advantage of this world consists in its nobler illusions of glory, love, virtue, and the like, and such illusions as these never come to the bad (VI., 366). There are traces, indeed, here and there of that materialistic tendency which appears to characterise particularly the Italian mind when it has been in aberration: but they are partial and rare.*

It may be thought that, if such be the real character of Leopardi's philosophy, we should have done better to pass it by than to expose it to the reader's eye. But in the first place there can be no more futile, no more mischievous conception, than that faith is to be kept entire by hiding from view the melancholy phenomena of unbelief. And, secondly, the kind of unbelief which is really unworthy of any notice except simple denunciation, is that which attacks us through the sense of ridicule, or insinuates itself by bribing the passions. It is not so with Leopardi. His philosophy, and his frame of mind in connexion with it, present more than any other that we know, more even than those of Shelley, the character of unrelieved, unredeemed desolation. The very qualities in it which attract pitying sympathy deprive it of all seductive power. Antecedently to confutation by reasoning, it carries with it its own antidote. It was not a voluptuous, a scoffing, a frivolous, a wanton infidelity, but one mournful and self-torturing; one that, in hiding from view any consolatory truth, consumed all enjoyment, peace, and hope in the mind that harboured it. Unbelief was to him the cannon-ball:

'Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.' †

Religion took its flight from him like the fabled deities from

* Vol. II., p. 88. Il corpo è l' uomo.

† Coleridge's Wallenstein.

Troy,

Troy, when Destruction had begun, and in order that Destruction might proceed. There was left to Leopardi this melancholy distinction, that he has brought more nearly than any other person to uniformity, if not to consistency, the philosophy of nullity, misery, and despair.

In his poetry, indeed, he challenged death aloud :—

Me certo troverai, qual si sia l' ora
 Che tu le penne al mio pregar dispieghi,
 Erta la fronte, armato
 E renitente al fato :
 La man che flagellando si colora
 Nel mio sangue innocente
 Non ricolmar di lode,
 Non benedir, com' usa
 Per antica viltà l' umana gente :
 Ogni vana speranza onde consola
 Se coi fanciulli il mondo
 Gittar da me : null' altro in alcun tempo
 Sperar, se non te sola :
 Solo aspettar sereno
 Quel dì ch' io pieghi addormentato il capo
 Nel tuo virgineo seno.—*Amore e Morte*, I., 93.

But he was not commonly a Capaneus bidding defiance to the thunders of heaven, nor a Prometheus who drew moral strength from the great deeds that he felt he had done for man, but he resembled rather the Hercules of the Trachiniæ, or Philoctetes in Lemnos, when under the agony of his wound he

*made the welkin ring again,
 And fetched shrill echoes from the hollow earth ;*

or like Œdipus when he recoiled from the discovery of the terrible enigma, bowed his head to the strength of Destiny, and was driven by its tempest, homeless and hopeless, through the earth.

As, therefore, no case has ever existed in which the claim to pity and sympathy was stronger, so never was there one in which it could more safely be indulged. His scepticism, at least, did not stoop to baseness, did not drive its bargain with the passions : nor had he the presumption of those who, having hidden from their view the sun of the Gospel and created a darkness for themselves, light some farthing candle of their own in its stead. The place from which he had driven the 'sacred mother of humanity,' the Catholic faith, he would not attempt to occupy with any inferior scheme. In the vacant shrine he set up no idol. For common speculative liberalism, and for the opinions of the day, he had a contempt as energetic even as his revulsion from theology,

theology, and as deeply imprinted on his whole mental constitution.*

It is indeed true that scarcely any notice of Christian doctrine is to be found in his works. In one place, referring to the *Bruto Minore* and his prose comment upon it, of which the theme is the nullity of virtue, he says he has inserted the qualifications *umanamente parlando* and *non parlo delle virtù teologali*. But this is a thin and shadowy pretext. Probably his mind was averse both from polemical writing and from the whole subject matter of Christian theology: direct attacks, too, upon the Church would have brought him to open war with his father, and probably could not have passed through the press. But his doctrines as they stand cut off the stream even nearer to the fountain-head. His quarrel seems less with his Church (he tells us he observed *novenas* and *triduos* to obtain the grace of a speedy death †) than with Christianity; and not so much with Christianity as with the whole ground—not only of revelation but—of natural religion in its first and simplest elements. Wonderful as it may seem, his writings in their general effect go as near as human language well can go to evincing a total disbelief in God, the Soul, and Immortality. And yet there is a passage, even in his speculative essays, which bears a touching, would to God it were an intentional, resemblance to the great primordial idea of Christianity. It is the *Storia del genere umano*, and is as beautiful in language as in thought (I., p. 143). For a great part of the history of man, he relates, human life was consoled by his favourite characters, certain *Larve*, or Phantasms, under the names of Justice, Patriotism, Glory, Hope, Virtue, and so on, including Sensual Love. But men were not satisfied with these, and prayed for Truth. Truth drove the Phantasms away except one, the last and least of them, from whom some inferior and feeble solace continued to be derived. Terrible was the advent and the reign of Truth: even those who had loudly invoked now as loudly blasphemed it; but they could not escape; they were wretched, and their wretchedness was to last for ever. We will give the rest as it stands:—

Ora Giove, compassionando alla nostra somma infelicità, propose agli immortali se alcuno di loro fosse per indurre l'animo a visitare, come avevano usato in antico, e racconsolare in tanto travaglio questa loro progenie, e particolarmente quelli che dimostravano essere, quanto a se, indegni della sciagura universale. Al che, tacendo tutti gli altri, Amore, figliuolo di Venere Celeste, conforme di nome al Fantasma così chiamato, di virtù e di opere diversissimo, si offerse (come è

* See, for example, the 'Palinodia al Marchese Gino Capponi,' Op. I., p. 106.

† Op. VI., p. 195.

singolare fra tutti i numi la sua pietà) di fare esso l' ufficio proposto da Giove, e scendere dal cielo: donde egli mai per l' avanti non si era tolto, non sofferendo il concilio degli immortali, per averlo indicibilmente caro, che egli si partisse, anco per piccolo tempo, dal loro commercio. . . . Dopo il qual tempo, non suole anco scendere se non di rado, e poco si ferma: così per la generale indignità della gente umana, come che gli Dei sopportano molestissimamente la sua lontananza. Quando viene in sulla terra, sceglie i cuori più teneri e più gentili delle persone più generose e magnanime: e quivi siede per breve spazio: diffondendovi sì pellegrina e mirabile soavità, ed empìendoli di affetti sì nobili e di tanta virtù e forza, che eglino allora provano cosa altutto nuova nel genere umano, piuttosto verità che rassomiglianza di beatitudine.*—*Op. I., p. 161.*

What reality corresponding to this picture may have existed in his mind, lying deeper and more inward than his consciousness, it is not ours to inquire. Let it not be thought we have done injustice by citing a pagan allegory. The pagan parts of these compositions are the most cheering. When the reader passes from his *Dialogues* and *Thoughts* into the translations from Epictetus and Socrates, he will at once feel that he breathes in a fresher and purer atmosphere. There is one material passage only in all the works of his manhood—so guardedly did he shape his course—where he refers to our Saviour, and that is to notice a point of partial contact with his doctrine: for Christ, he says, was the first who distinctly denounced that scoffing hypocrite and servile tyrant, *the world*, and gave currency to the term in this signification: adding that perhaps the idea had not occurred to any one before, because meanness and fraud had not until that age attained their perfect maturity (II., 168).

We shall not dwell upon the sorrowful detail of his life. Virtual constraint kept him at Recanati till twenty-four; necessity, after he had left it, drew him back, and kept him there more than

* 'Hereupon Jove, pitying the extremity of our misery, asked of the immortals whether any one of them could bring his mind to visit, as they were wont of old, and to console these their offspring under their great wretchedness; such particularly as seemed to be in their own persons not deserving of the general calamity. Upon which, when all the rest were silent, Love, the son of Celestial Venus, bearing the same name with the Phantasm so called, but far different in quality and act, offered himself—as indeed he excels all the deities in compassion—to discharge the duty proposed by Jove, and to come down from heaven: from whence he had never moved before, as the company of the immortals, to whom he was dear beyond expression, could not endure that he should withdraw for ever so short a time from their society. . . . Since which it is still not his wont to descend, except rarely, and for short periods: both because of the general unworthiness of mankind, and because the gods are so very impatient of his absence. When he comes on earth, he chooses the tenderest and noblest hearts of the most generous and high-minded persons: and in them he reposes awhile: diffusing there a sweetness so strange and wondrous, and filling them with affections so lofty, and of such virtue and force, that they then experience what is utterly new among mankind, rather the substance than the semblance of happiness.'

once. When his spirit rose with some partial return of health and eyesight, he redoubled the labours to which he had to look for subsistence while living in Florence or Bologna, but which, in feeding the stream, destroyed the source. It was in 1828, as he states, that his strength finally broke down; but it was not until 1832 that he at length sought a monthly allowance (of less than fifty shillings) from his family: and he obtained it. His heart was set on Florence, but he feared its winters; and in the autumn of 1833 he went to Naples, and passed there, with his friend Ranieri, the short and sad and early evening of his days.

On the 14th of June, 1837, he died, and the event is related by his friend with a simplicity partaking of the character of nakedness, and leaving a painful sense upon the mind of a blank unfilled. 'Life was stifled at its very source,' he says, after describing the state of the heart, 'and he resigned his exalted spirit with a smile, in the arms of one who has never ceased to love and to lament him.'

In the ponderous preface to his ponderous book, *Il Gesuita Moderno*, Gioberti charges the Order of Jesuits, *inter alia*, with systematic lying for the purposes of piety, and with understanding pious purposes to be only and all those which are pursued through the medium of their Society. He has stated his case with great force both of information and argument, and his book might be compared to the heavy artillery advancing in the rear of the inimitable Provincial Letters, had not these last the singular property of being at once the weightiest and the smartest of all controversial writings. Our present intention, however, is simply to extract from the pages of Gioberti an instance of audacity, so far beyond all common efforts in that kind that it should be held up conspicuously to public notice. It is to be found in a letter written by a certain Father Scarpa of that Order. It was published in a journal entitled *Scienza e Fede*, though to which of these categories pure fiction belongs it would not be easy to determine. The article is entitled *The Last Sentiments of Giacomo Leopardi touching Religion*; and the editorial introduction is in these terms:—

'Since our distinguished countryman, the Padre Carlo Curci of the Order of Jesuits, related in his *Facts and Arguments*, in reply to Gioberti, that the author of the *Filippo Ottonieri* [one of Leopardi's *Opere*] had attained in his last days to a better knowledge of the end for which men are born into the world, and thus had changed from his former self, there have not been wanting men venturesome enough to deny this honour to our illustrious countryman, as it appeared to them to be a stain upon his memory. So strangely now-a-days are praise and abuse confounded! Hence this paper will serve both to restate the narrative of Curci, and to clear the reputation of Leopardi

Leopardi from the taint with which the opinions he formerly held had soiled it.'

The letter then runs as follows :—

'Most Reverend Father in Christ—In reply to your highly esteemed communication I have to say, that among the great consolations I have experienced during my apostolic ministry was numbered that of witnessing the repentance, and reconciliation to the Church, of that great genius, Giacomo Leopardi. And would that it had pleased God to grant him a longer life, inasmuch as we should actually have had him in our Society, as he intended and had confided to me. But God was pleased instead to call him to Himself shortly after his conversion.

'The circumstances were these. In the year 1836, while I was hearing confessions at the Gesù in Naples, I observed that this youth on several mornings placed himself opposite my confessional, looked fixedly at me for a time, as if he had wished to attract my eye, and then went away. One morning that he saw me disengaged from penitents, he approached me, and with a soft smile and refined deportment he addressed to me this sentence:—"Father, I should greatly desire to confess to you, because you have ravished me by the charming manner in which you receive your penitents;* but before coming to the act of confession I wish to have a long discourse with you apart." I led him into the parlour beside the sacristy, and here he opened to me explicitly all his heart and life; and thus much I am at liberty to say, partly because it will contribute to general edification, partly because it does not touch the matter of the confession. "I had," he said, "an excellent education in an Italian boarding school from my tenderest years, when I completed at fifteen my course of study in *belles lettres* and in philosophy. Having finished my education at this early age, I devoted myself to the study of the law, and consorting with companions liberal in matters of religion and in their general opinions, as well as by the constant perusal of impious books, chiefly those of the innovators and pretended philosophers of France, I became a perfect atheist: and so I have continued until now, although with occasional flashes of light upon my mind and strong impulses of my heart (to amendment). During this period, as I would not listen to the wise admonitions and corrections of my most pious father, I was put out of doors, and from that time I have wandered among various cities of Italy, and for between three and four years have been fixed in Naples. Here, having had the advantage of intercourse with a learned ecclesiastic" (he did not mention the name) "and having several times entered into discussion about religion, I began to get some light and to return to myself. Afterwards, not being able any longer to resist the impulses of grace, I determined to betake myself to some Father of the Company of Jesus to be further enlightened,

* We ought to subjoin the original of the passage, because to our minds this exaggerated and affected language, so unlike Leopardi, bears of itself the strongest evidence against the narrative. It is—*Padre, avrei a cuore di confessarmi a lei, perche mi ha rapito colle sue belle maniere in accogliere i penitenti.* What a dancing-master's speech!

although

although I had held that Company in great abhorrence through the great number of books against it that I had read."

'Hereupon he held various conversations with me, and having calmed his mind through my feeble instrumentality, strengthened by grace and by some good books I gave him to read, he reconciled himself to God by the sacrament of penance. He formed with me a friendship so affectionate, that several times he disclosed to me that he would gladly pass the residue of his days with me, as he said, showing the desire to enter into the Company, if the Lord should restore his health wasted by incessant application. He continued for four or five months subsequently to confess at intervals; I, too, went to visit and confess him several times at the Hospital of Incurables in a room hired there. Then he went away to Castellamare to drink the mineral waters, evincing great dissatisfaction at parting from me: and in that place he died of cholera, nor was I able to go and see him, on account of my having left Naples for Beneventum. My greatest regret when I afterwards heard of his death was not to be in possession of various papers that he designed to publish, as he had assured me, and which would have sufficiently made known his altered sentiments in respect to religion. Leopardi was thirty years old when he died; gifted with a soul full of sincerity, beauty, and greatness, of a good height, a most vivid eye, and a countenance amiable and refined, an enemy of vice, a friend of virtue, in matter of religion alone once astray, but afterwards thoroughly reclaimed. 21 May, 1846.—*Francesco Scarpa*.*

The answer need not be so long. Gioberti quietly proceeds to say:—

'The story put together in this letter is a tissue of lies and deliberate inventions, and a sheer romance from beginning to end.'

He then enumerates the falsehoods as follows:—

1. It is false that Leopardi was educated in a boarding school. He never was in one at all.

2. False that he took to the study of law. He never did.

3. False that he had companions from whom he drew his opinions. He studied in the solitude of his father's house at Recanati.

4. False that he was expelled from that house; to which, on the contrary, he frequently repaired to please his parents.—We must add here, that it appears from later testimony that, on the contrary, his father's resolution was to shut him in, not to shut him out; to keep him at home, while he was struggling to be allowed to leave it, and even at one time arranging measures for an escape by stealth, and (apparently) to purloin money with that view.

5. False that he was in the Hospital of Incurables.

6. False that he died in Castellamare; it was at Naples.

* Translated from the *Gesuita Moderno*, vol. i., *Discorso Preliminare*, p. cc.

7. False that he was thirty years old. He was nearly thirty-nine.

8. False that he died of cholera; his disease was dropsy.

9. False that in his last days he wrote in contradiction to his former opinions; since shortly before his death he arranged with his friend (and host or companion to the last) Ranieri, for the republication of his works, which took place accordingly.

10. False that he changed his opinions in his last days. He composed in his last sickness the *Paralipomeni*, where he exhibits them in all their nakedness, and dictated the conclusion of that poem two or three days before his death.

11. False that his eyes were vivid (*vivacissimi*). They were soft and pensive, says Gioberti; languid, says Ranieri; such, except in their suggestions, as Ariosto has given to Alcina: *pietosi a riguardar, a mover parchi*.

We will make up the dozen by adding—

12. False that he was of good or ordinary height (*statura giusta*). We are assured by those who knew him well in his later years that he was of very small stature. Ranieri says it was *statura mediocre chinata ed esile*. His friend Brighenti speaks of the great soul *sotto quelle apparenze meschine*. And lastly, he calls himself, in his twentieth year, *sciatello e sottilissimo*, and again declares his personal appearance to be *dispregievolissima*. Indeed there appears to have been something of positive deformity in his figure.

Gioberti published in 1846. The *Epistolario*, published in 1849 (Op. V., p. xi.), contains a passage referring to Scarpa's letter in similar terms, without any comment, from which we infer that the case of Gioberti stands unshaken. In truth, it would be absurd to suppose that the Company can shake it, because the chief part is grounded upon matters of fact known to the world; and the rest upon assertions sustained at every point, not only by the testimony of honourable men, but by the highest circumstantial evidence; so that the clumsiness of the imposture is even more astonishing than its wickedness. If this really be the case, as it seems, what are we to say of Scarpa? Except, indeed, what Manzoni has said of the informers during the plague of Milan: *diventando infami, rimanevano oscuri*. Perhaps he is but one of the *Larve*: we hope it may be so; but some pen must have traced the mendacious characters.

It remains then, we fear, unquestionable, that Leopardi continued to the last in that utter and dismal abnegation of the Christian faith which had come upon him before the middle of his life with his other heavy and yet minor calamities. He alludes, indeed, to a future state in a letter to a friend, whom, he says, he scarcely

hopes to meet except κατ' ἀσφ' ὁδὸν λειμῶνα (Dec. 22, 1836). In his letters to his father he habitually uses language that is only consistent & even decent in the mouth of a Christian. But the counter-evidence of his sincere, deliberate, and unbiassed declarations in every imaginable form, as well as the mode in which he speaks of religion when writing to Giordani and Brighenti, who had his confidence, is too clear to leave a shadow of doubt upon the melancholy truth of the case. Now, when we meet with an instance of this kind, in which the possession of God's choicest natural gifts of genius, knowledge, and feeling is combined with a blindness to His crowning mercy, whether we can or cannot account for the deplorable conjunction, it is wicked to deny, it is weak to explain it away; it is weaker still to attempt to get rid of it by attenuating the truth of revelation, in order to force it into a kind of resemblance to some sentiment on which an exaggerated and inflated sense is put, in order, as it were, to meet it half-way from the other side. This is to destroy what is really needful for us,—the integrity of the Gospel—in order to do what is not needful, and is commonly wrong—namely, to pass a judgment upon our fellow-creatures. Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single man of which other men can have such a knowledge, in its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment upon it. When St. Peter, after the prophecy of his own martyrdom, asked our Lord, with a natural curiosity, what should happen to St. John, our Lord replied, 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.' So let us not be inquisitive or solicitous to know the judgment to be pronounced upon our brethren, or to solve the enigmas of their destiny, but take heed to our own; and take particular heed that we do it no prejudice by proud or harsh feelings entertained towards them.

At the same time, it is right to observe that the conjunction, so paradoxical to us, between the moral and intellectual gifts of Leopardi and his blindness to the Christian faith, is in reality less startling than at first sight it may appear. We have seen the depth of his abiding sorrow; let us consider its causes, or such of them, at least, as meet the eye: poverty, domestic quietude, extreme ill health, attended with nervous depression, and the total suspension for long intervals of the use both of the power of thought and of the gift of sight, the medium of his studies—of those studies by which the fountain of his thoughts was fed. Genius, attended commonly with a highly acute and susceptible nervous organization, would, in all probability, render him not more, but far less, able to maintain the perfect equilibrium

brium of his mind, than one who had less weight to carry in his ever-labouring brain, a fire less intense burning within him. Nor do we attach a diminished, but an enhanced, importance to these considerations, from the circumstance that he has himself eagerly protested against the supposition that his sufferings affected his speculations. He writes from Florence on the 24th of May, 1832, suddenly using the French language, as if that he might be heard throughout the great theatre of the world :—

‘Quels que soient mes malheurs, qu’on a jugé à propos d’étaler, et que peut être on a un peu exagérés dans ce journal, j’ai eu assez de courage pour ne pas chercher à en diminuer le poids ni par des frivoles espérances d’une prétendue félicité future et inconnue, ni par une lâche résignation. Mes sentiments envers la destinée ont été et sont toujours ceux que j’ai exprimés dans *Bruto Minore*. C’a été par suite de ce même courage, qu’étant amené par mes recherches à une philosophie désespérante, je n’ai pas hésité à l’embrasser toute entière : tandis que, de l’autre côté, ce n’a été que par effet de la lacheté des hommes, qui ont besoin d’être persuadés du mérite de l’existence, que l’on a voulu considérer mes opinions philosophiques comme le résultat de mes souffrances particulières, et que l’on s’obstine à attribuer à mes circonstances matérielles ce qu’on ne doit qu’à mon entendement. Avant de mourir je vais protester contre cette invention de la faiblesse et de la vulgarité, et prier mes lecteurs de s’attacher à détruire mes observations et mes raisonnements plutôt que d’accuser mes maladies.’

It is not, however, simply to his maladies that we refer. Bodily indisposition, however severe and varied, has been and may be borne, but the great resisting force necessary to neutralize its attacks cannot, consistently with the laws of our nature, be applied in all directions at once; from some of them must be drawn the energy that is to be spent in others. Neither his home, his country, nor his church offered to the mind of Leopardi the support that the heavy pressure on it required; but each, on the contrary, appears to have been an ever-fresh blister to his sores. Exhaustion under bereavements such as these is no sign of a cowardly or a vulgar spirit. It may with some truth be said, that one whose mental action could remain undisturbed by them, would show an insensibility quite out of the common range of human nature, and diverging from it on the side of what is brutal, rather than of what is divine.

Under such fiery trials the commonplace and every-day Christianity of the lip will not suffice; a man will either go on to the faith which removes mountains, or he will go backwards into misery and despair.

As to his domestic relations, the attempt has been made by his editors to veil them with a delicate reserve; but it has been ineffectual, as it could not be uniformly sustained. It is too plain,

notwithstanding the mere *formulæ* of attachment (copious as they are) and probably the honest effort to cherish the dying flame, that between his father and himself there was from an early date a want of all real confidence, together with many active causes of irritation and estrangement. Though he was even fondly attached to other members of his family, yet his intellectual wants were in no degree, it would appear, met by them, for he was, from age, and yet more from precocity, too far in advance of even his next brother; and they seem to have had from an early date, with a warm reciprocal attachment, great differences of opinion. Until he was twenty-five he had to choose between something like imprisonment at home and dependence on himself for the supply of all his wants in the event of his leaving it, in a country where it was impossible to live by literature until he had made his reputation, and where he must starve while making it. The generous efforts made by Niebuhr and Bunsen to obtain public employment for him in Italy failed on account of his being a layman, and he had not physical strength to brave the German climate. At home, however, he was in possession of the comforts rendered necessary by his wretched health; yet his letters teem with passages showing how he detested it. There are, indeed, references to the climate which he disliked, but it was the moral and social atmosphere that he acutely hated. Once he calls Recanati a hermitage, but more generally a desert, a cage, a cavern, a prison, a dark hole, a Tartarus, a tomb. 'The March is,' he says, 'the darkest part of Italy, and Recanati of the March: its literature consists of neither more nor less than the alphabet.' It is true that he was ill satisfied with Rome, but whenever he got back to Recanati, though he certainly loved many members of his family, a sentiment of disgust at once returned upon him. Even while there he had not money to buy books or take horse exercise, though very needful for his health. In short, he felt the pinch of poverty, and that sharply. Nor was the scale of his wishes extravagant: from two hundred to two hundred and fifty crowns a-year was all that he sought in his most ambitious mood: twelve crowns a month was what in his extremest need he begged of his father. 'I will submit,' he said, 'to such privations, that 12 scudi shall suffice for me. Death would be better; but for death I must look to God.' In his last days, therefore, when he was at Castellamare, he could not possibly consult a physician, because it would have cost some fifteen ducats to have brought one from Naples. It appears, indeed, that the fortune of the family was at the time below its rank. Yet it also appears as if the daughter was to have a portion of forty thousand francs on her marriage. Giacomo was the eldest son. On the whole it
seems

seems probable that the *argumentum a crumenâ* was put in operation against his unruly opinions, and with no other effect than that of maddening them.

In considering, however, a case so remarkable, it will occur to the mind to ask whether the study of pagan antiquity is probably to be reckoned among the causes of his religious desolation? and the question is too nearly related to the dearest interests of England, whose choicest youth are trained almost from infancy to read and to digest both the thoughts and the diction of Latin and Greek authors, to be dismissed without notice; the more so as there is an opinion floating, so to speak, though it can scarcely be said to be current among ourselves, that the religious tendencies of our own system are questionable. In our view the answer may be said to lie in a single sentence, and it is this, that classical studies require the powerful corrective which Christian studies supply; that with this corrective they afford not only the most admirable discipline to the understanding, taste, and power of expression, but likewise the strongest secondary assurances of the truth and the need of the Gospel; but that without it they are full of danger. And the corrective lies not merely in the knowledge of Christian doctrine by rote; not merely in being acquainted, as we cannot doubt that Leopardi was in his youth acquainted, with its technical distribution according to the current theology; but in the true and living knowledge of it, in the application of the mind to Christian study with the same energetic tension with which pagan philosophy, history, poetry, and languages are studied. This application of the mind the practical system of the Church of Rome in Italy regulates and fetters even on the part of the clergy, dreads and utterly discourages on the part of the laity. 'Prove all things: hold fast that which is good,' is a precept which England has fearlessly accepted, and from the universal application of which she has not shrunk, alive to the serious dangers of her course, but bent upon its transcendent and inestimable advantages. It is, we believe, to this cause that we may refer the unquestionable fact that classical studies in this country are not found to have any sceptical tendency, and that the University of Oxford finds in Aristotle one of her most powerful engines of ethical, and indirectly of Christian, teaching. But then there must be real and vital activity of the mind upon the subject matter of religion, as there is upon the subject matter of pagan learning. Greece and Rome present to us great and masculine developments of our common nature, and wonderful triumphs achieved by them in every department both of mental and of practical effort: the mind cannot embrace them, cannot reap its reward in the appreciation of them, without the exertion

of

of its powers at their topmost bent. We should shudder for the consequences, if our Christian studies became shackled, dry, and formal, and if thought were to owe its richness, and taste its refined discernment,—and, above all, if mental freedom and enjoyment were to refer their recollections either wholly or principally to those heathen sources. And, too plainly, thus it was with Leopardi. It was not from the Genius of the Gospel that he had learned to mould the accents of his mind, to exercise the high prerogatives of his genius; it was on the mount of the Parthenon, and not of Sion; by the waters of Ilissus, not by the brook of Cedron. Homer and Hesiod, and Plato most of all, were to him for patriarch and for prophet; and to those works, which he latterly translated, we are persuaded that he went as with a sentiment of religion, as seeking for a Gospel in their generally high-toned though narrow morality, and recognising in them not only the beautiful dream of his imagination and the food of his powerful understanding, but the whole substance of his inner life. He exactly reversed the Christianised invocation of Tasso and enthroned the muse of Helicon again.*

Politics occupy the very smallest space in his works, and there is only enough to show that he was dissatisfied with the tone of the Legitimist party, to which his father belonged, while he was no friend to revolutions, which took the bread, scanty enough in his case, out of the mouths of literary men. As to religion, the way in which he commonly refers to it suggests that there must have been some most serious original error in the mode of presenting it to his mind. He seems not like a man casting it off, but like one who had never put it on. Sometimes we find its language used in that half-vague and half-jesting tone which suggests that he adhered to it by mere custom, and without more thought of a meaning than his less instructed countrymen when they use their favourite *Corpo di Bacco*. Sometimes, when it comes in connexion with some idea of pain, calamity, or death, it almost seems as if he had been taught it in the sense of those savage tribes who believe in a good spirit and a malignant one, but worship the latter only because the first, they say, will do them no harm, but the other must be continually intreated not to afflict, torment, or destroy them. This was not from unacquaintance with religious persons. *Con tutta la poca età*, he says at eighteen, *ho molta pratica di devoti*.† And without resorting to any invidious supposition, we may state that his father was known by his published papers to be a man of extreme opinions even in the Roman Church. We have before us a work of his, printed at Lugano in 1841, and bearing the title *La Santa Casa di Loreto*;

* Ger. Lib., I. 3.

† Op., vol. v. p. 31.

Discussioni Istoriche e Critiche del Conte Monaldo Leopardi. It would be impossible to give, except by much detail, an adequate idea either of the unsuspecting *bona fides* or of the anile imbecility, combined with a certain perverse ingenuity, of this pseudo-critical production. The old Count had no 'blank misgivings, questionings.' He had just reason enough to guide him to the perception that the current hypotheses concerning the *Santa Casa* must be false: but his lamp then went out, and, secure in the midst of murky Erebus, he sets up one which even the faintest twilight must have dispelled, namely, this, that the House of the Annunciation, which undoubtedly had disappeared from Nazareth in the first Christian ages, and which arrived in Italy, he conceives, about the middle of the twelfth century, lay concealed in some unknown place, by the special command of the Almighty, for the period of between a thousand and twelve hundred years before that miraculous event. Nor is this unexampled, he says, in the providential order of things: for as He was pleased to conceal Australia for six thousand years, so He might very well have hidden the *Santa Casa* for a fifth or a sixth part only of that time! And yet this same critical investigator—after reading the *Operette Morali*, which come as near to pure atheism as any work of the human mind can, and that not here and there, but in the grain—was content, it appears, to suggest corrections of it for the next edition, which the son freely promised to adopt!*

We have felt this publication to be really and painfully illustrative both of the domestic relations of a man constituted like Giacomo Leopardi, and of his violent reaction in the matter of religious belief. What a measureless interval must have separated at every point the mental framework of these two men so closely allied in blood! And what a repelling influence must the mind of the son have experienced in its early and ductile stages, from being accustomed to contemplate conscientious piety under the disguise, if not of these, yet of similar extravagances, and to identify it with them! Nor will our labour have been wholly without fruit, if it shall serve to bring into view the fearful dangers of that abuse of reasoning and contempt of history and of the laws of sound criticism which is so painfully characteristic of devoteeship in the Church of Rome, and which receives but too much of toleration, and even of encouragement, at the hands of her authorities, on account of the powerful agencies which by these means they are enabled to bring to bear upon the popular mind. There will thus be left upon the mind of the reader a deeper persuasion of the truth that the God of Revelation is also the God of Reason, that the laws of prudence and common sense

* Op. VI., p. 220

are laws of religion as well as of life, and that he who in one generation lifts up belief to the edge of a giddy precipice, does but prepare the way for another to dash it at a single stroke into the cold, and dark, and cheerless void ever yawning at its foot.

Yet another word before we close. We have endeavoured in these pages to do justice without fear, not only to the genius, but to the virtues of this great, and greatly unhappy, genius. The readiness in these slippery times to argue from every conjunction of high gifts and amiable qualities with unbelief against the authority of religion, constrains us to observe what we would willingly have passed by. Although he was, we believe, naturally as well as conventionally noble, there are things almost base in the letters of Leopardi—as when he writes to his sister, who it seems had shown a reluctance to an union with a profligate young man, in a tone not of admiration, not even of tenderness and sympathy, but of reproving argument, to tell her that all young men are profligate, that the one in question is now satiated, and will probably make a good husband, and that though he may be occasionally unfaithful, he will always maintain the appearance of fidelity. But further we must observe that, whether from an original fault of character or from a bad education, he had but little strictness in his view of the great cardinal virtue of truth. We may notice this in small things, as when he writes to his publisher to warn him that he had given a recommendatory letter to a friend for a translation from Tibullus, to which, as it was written under the friend's eye, no weight is to be attached. We may notice it also in far greater matters. On the subject of religion in his intercourse with his father, he was—the words are wrung from us—nothing less than systematically disingenuous. Eighteen days before his death (Op. VI., 235), he tells his father that the period decreed by God for his life is approaching, and hopes that he is going to eternal repose: but in a thousand places he had denied the doctrine of a Providence, and he was then, as Gioberti tells us expressly—and with this the account of Ranieri so far as it is in point agrees—composing the last canto of the *Paralipomeni*, which, going beyond even his wont, turns into sheer ridicule the doctrine of a future state, and of responsibility in connexion with it. But in lieu of all others, we will give another single instance. We have already quoted his memorable letter to De Sinner, who resided in Paris; it was written in French with a view, as is conjectured, to its being known. It was dated May 24, 1832. But on the 8th of July, 1831, he had written to his father that he could swear his works were mere poetry in prose, following one mythology or another *ad libitum*, as was allowed to poets, without being therefore called Buddhists, Pagans, Mahommedans, and so forth.

forth. And on the 29th of May, 1832, he told his father again that though he did not agree *precisely* in the principles of the latter, *his* principles had never been irreligious in theory or in fact. He apprises us elsewhere that no French or English journal ever reached Recanati, and it seems impossible to avoid supposing that he reckoned upon Count Monaldo's seclusion to secure him against discovery. It would be easy, but is also needless, to pursue the exhibition of this duplicity in detail. And what inference do we draw from these and like points established in evidence? Certainly not that we are to assume a liberty of denouncing him as a reprobate: not that we are to obliterate or forget the traces of goodness any more than the proofs of greatness which his works exhibit: but that we are to protest *in limine* against the title he attempts to vindicate for himself of a dispassionate inquirer, who has arrived by the full and undisturbed force of his intellect at given results. If disease, difficulty, privation, nervous depression so acted upon his mind as to sap there the foundations of virtue in some of its first elements, it is too much that we should be called upon to believe that in his renunciation of principles both lying at the root of all revealed religion, and sustained, as he admits, by the universal voice of Nature, he is to be estimated simply as a Pure Intelligence not swayed to the right hand or to the left either by the agony that tore, or the disgust and moral nausea that oppressed, his mind. But having said thus much, and having desired to say it gently, let us leave him with thoughts only of the pity which his great sorrows solicit, and of the admiration that his genius challenges. Some, indeed, may be disposed to regret that his editors have been unable to keep back the matter to which we have last adverted. Their performance of their task, though inspired with a devoted love, is certainly open to the remark that they have omitted either too little or too much. The gaps in the letters are most numerous, and are commonly so placed as to suggest that the missing passages relate to the most critical points of opinion, character, and life. But without doubt it was better for a generation like our own, which, even amidst the increase of religious feeling, seems insensibly to relax its grasp upon objective truth, and to decline into feebler conceptions of its authority, that the case of Leopardi should be stated with at least that degree of fulness in which we now possess it. Lest in our desire to do justice to feeling and to taste, and lofty genius finding for itself a way to martyrdom through privation and intense and unrepitting toil, we should have forgotten the verse with which he himself supplies us—

Deh quanto in verità vani siam noi!

Lest we should have become unmindful of the temptations, the infirmities,

infirmities, and the deep degeneracy of our race, and should have left a single reader predisposed even for one moment to the belief that any other waters than those which flowed from the bleeding side of the Redeemer can heal its plagues, any other wisdom than the 'foolishness' of the Gospel give it permanent, uniform, or consistent elevation.

Rapidly surveying the character of Leopardi as a writer, we cannot hesitate to say that in almost every branch of mental exertion, this extraordinary man seems to have had the capacity for attaining, and generally at a single bound, the very highest excellence. Whatever he does, he does in a manner that makes it his own; not with a forced or affected but a true originality, stamping upon his work, like other masters, a type that defies all counterfeit. He recalls others as we read him, but always the most remarkable and accomplished in their kind; always by conformity, not by imitation. In the Dorian march of his *terza rima* the image of Dante comes before us; in his blank verse we think of Milton (whom probably he never read); in his lighter letters, and in the extreme elegance of touch with which he describes mental gloom and oppression, we are reminded of the grace of Cowper; when he touches learned research or criticism, he is copious as Warburton, sagacious and acute as Bentley: the impassioned melancholy of his poems recalls his less, though scarcely less, deeply unhappy contemporary Shelley: to translation (we speak however of his prose versions) he brings the lofty conception of his work which enabled Coleridge to produce *his* Wallenstein; among his 'Thoughts' there are some worthy of a place beside the *Pensées* of Pascal or the Moral Essays of Bacon; and with the style of his philosophic Dialogues neither Hume nor Berkeley need resent a comparison. We write for Englishmen: but we know that some of his countrymen regard him as a follower, and as a rival, too, of Tasso and of Galileo in the respective excellences of verse and prose. Some of his editors go further, and pronounce him to be a discoverer of fundamental truths: an error in our view alike gross, mischievous, and inexcusable. Yet there are many things in which Christians would do well to follow him: in the warmth of his attachments, in the moderation of his wants, in his noble freedom from the love of money, in his all-conquering assiduity. Nor let us, of inferior and more sluggish clay, omit to learn, as we seem to stand by his tomb beside the Bay of Naples in the lowly church of San Vitale, yet another lesson from his career; the lesson of compassion, chastening admiration, towards him: and for ourselves, of humility and self-mistrust.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg and History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.*
By Leopold Ranke. Translated from the German by Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon. 3 vols. London. 1849.

IT was sagaciously remarked by Count Podewils, once Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs, in a paper drawn up for the information of Frederick II., towards the close of the first Silesian war, that 'the political history of Prussia had been one constant struggle between its natural alliance with, and its natural opposition to, Austria.' That aphorism may be said to form the subject of these volumes, and it is because they illustrate it by extensive and authentic researches that we regard Professor Ranke's last production as a valuable contribution, not only to the history of his country at the most remarkable period of her military greatness, but even to the political literature of the present day. Far from having lost their interest by the passage of a hundred years, the events and negotiations which are here described with elaborate care from original documents, are still closely connected with the incidents and tendencies of the policy of the Prussian monarchy. The analogy of situation is in many places extremely striking—more so, indeed, than M. Ranke could have surmised at the moment of composition. Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon, we must add, have re-produced the work with great firmness and precision of language, and have supplied to their author the attractions of a flowing and frequently a graphic style, without the smallest sacrifice of English idiom or of German minuteness.

The application to the purposes of history of materials such as those of which Professor Ranke has largely availed himself, is the greatest conquest of modern literature over the jealousy of politics. In his hands, and in the hands of historical writers yet more eminent than himself, the diplomatic records of former ages have acquired a new and most important utility. They are the daguerrotype of public events. With the assistance of the vast series of contemporary public correspondence which exists unbroken for the last two centuries in the archives of many European powers, it is possible to reconstruct from the life the entire web of events—and not of events alone, but of motives and even of thoughts. Interviews, which were shrouded in the gloom of night, disclose their mysterious purport to distant generations. The ciphers of cabinets give up their secrets. The ponderous locks drop off which Louis XIV. shut upon his secret treaty with the Emperor for the partition of the Spanish dominions. M. Mignet lays bare as much as Torcy or D'Avaux ever knew of the succession of Spain, and he is now preparing from similar sources
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his great history of the Reformation. M. Grimblot has told us the instructions of Marshal Tallard, and exhibited the confidential and uncouth caresses of William III. to his Portland. In our own language, two recent authors of eminent ability have endeavoured to shape their outlines of the court of James II. by the faithful contour of the Dutch Citters, to enliven it by the touches of Barillon or Bonrepos, and to elucidate it by the dispassionate commentary of Adda. M. Guizot is known to have drawn vast stores of information with reference to the Commonwealth of England, and especially of the foreign policy of Cromwell, from the correspondence of the French envoys in London, and from the archives of Simancas. In short, within the last fifty years, beginning with the successful investigations of Sir J. Dalrymple at Paris, a prodigious repertory of the most authentic materials of modern history has been laid open with increasing liberality to literary research. Politics have found a mode of repaying their debt to history. Every report which reaches the Foreign Office or the cabinet of the *Affaires Etrangères* may thus serve a more distant, but possibly a more momentous, object than its immediate purpose; and posterity will judge us more than we suppose from the most fugitive or obscure transactions of the hour. For in this vast sea of political life hardly anything totally disappears, and after many days he who runs may read the secrets of a reign.

If Professor Ranke be wanting in the picturesque and energetic qualities of a French narrator, or in the lucid compression of the great classical historians, he deserves the utmost credit for the judgment and fidelity with which he extracts an essence from an enormous mass of faded blossoms. His books lose something of their attraction from their fragmentary character. The raw material is seen through the workmanship. Some fortunate discovery will tempt him to dilate with extreme minuteness on a particular transaction, or to place the finished portrait of a single individual in the foreground, whilst the other parts of the picture are out of keeping, the distance confused, and many essential features of the scene omitted. Yet, in spite of these defects, few writers of our time have done more to throw light upon the abstruser institutions and relations of European States.

These merits and these defects recur to the greatest extent in the volumes before us. The title originally selected by the author—'Nine Books of Prussian History'—was probably meant to convey, though by a somewhat affected allusion, their fragmentary character. They scarcely aspire to the rank of a complete history of the monarchy which rose on the sands of Brandenburg. Yet a Prussian historiographer, writing with unlimited access to the archives of Berlin, which he further improved by protracted

protracted visits to the state-collections of Vienna, London, and Paris, has claims to our notice, from the positive additions he has been enabled to make to our knowledge of the eighteenth century, and especially to our acquaintance with the remarkable sovereign of Prussia, who became for a large portion of his reign the centre of the chief contests of Europe. But if Ranke's opportunities in the composition of this work were unusually great, so also were his temptations: and these temptations he has not resisted. The spirit in which he writes is not that of a critic or even an observer, but of a warm apologist. He is absolutely devoid of that sense of justice which makes even national predilections recoil from the defence of the most nefarious transactions of a less scrupulous age. The court of Frederick William I., which has been described as a pandemonium by his own daughter, and which unquestionably witnessed daily and nightly scenes of brutal sensuality and violence more adapted to the seraglio of Constantinople than to the closets of Potsdam, is made to assume the aspect of a decorous and patriotic government—whilst the character of Frederick II. has received embellishments and met with forbearance at the hands of the Professor, which that Prince himself disdained in his literary bequests to posterity and his unctuous correspondence with Voltaire. These, however, are minor peculiarities, and the object of this work is not exclusively to sketch the manners of the time or to portray the characters of Princes. It was undertaken with another aim, to which its author has sedulously adhered, sometimes at the expense of good judgment and good faith. That object has obviously been to exhibit in a single and connected view the progressive part which the dynasty of Brandenburg has taken in the decomposition of Germany; to describe and to vindicate the process by which it has gradually undermined the imperial house of Austria; to lay claim—but a most exaggerated and ill-founded claim—to an exclusive *German* spirit even in the heart of the French intrigues of the last century; and, finally, to leave on the mind of the reader an impression not unfavourable to the advancement of changes which our own time has been called upon to witness.

The house of Brandenburg never assumed a prominent or an illustrious place in the annals of mediæval Germany. It never participated, like the princely families of Swabia, of Saxony, or of Wittelsbach, in the dignity of the imperial throne. It was not until the year 1415 that the Emperor conferred the rank of an Elector and the dignity of Arch-Chamberlain of the Empire on Frederick VI., of Hohenzollern, Burgraf of Nuremberg, with a donation of the March of Brandenburg; and long before the prowess and policy of the Prussian princes had extended their
power,

power, at the expense of Saxony and of the Teutonic Order, the ascendancy of the house of Austria was virtually established in the conclaves and diets of the empire. It profits not to relate by what small fragments and by what minute successions the territory of the Brandenburg Electors was increased, any more than to enlarge upon the seventeen passages of arms in which Duke Albert, surnamed Achilles, carried off the prize of chivalry, without ever being thrust from his saddle by the doughtiest knights of that martial age. The history of Prussia begins with that of the Great Elector, who succeeded to power when his country was exhausted with the long contest of the Thirty Years' War, and who rescued northern Germany from the absolute ascendancy of the French and Swedish alliance, by the wisdom of his administration, as much as by his valour in the field. His grateful successor and descendant, Frederick II., has left us an elaborate parallel between the virtues of the Great Elector and the glories of his contemporary Louis XIV. In many respects the panegyric is not undeserved; but though Frederick William was the first who raised the state of Brandenburg to the dignity of an independent power, he laid no more than the foundation of the edifice, and it was left for his posterity to aspire to the part of a principal power in the affairs of Europe.

The negotiation which placed a regal crown on the brows of the Great Elector's son was not a mere concession to the vanity of an ostentatious prince; it was also the prize of an ambitious one. The house of Austria, pressed by the disputed succession of Spain, purchased at that price the accession of Prussia and a corps of 10,000 Brandenburgers to the Great Alliance. The more sagacious glance of Prince Eugene at once perceived, that whatever value that symbol of royalty might possess must be purchased at the expense of Austria, and he told the Emperor that the ministers who had advised such a measure ought to be hung. From that moment Prussia may be said to have played a part of first-rate importance in the affairs of Germany, and the eighteenth century began, as far as the internal concerns of that empire were concerned, under her auspices.

At that moment Professor Ranke extends the scheme of his work, and dilates with increasing satisfaction on the policy of his country, for the theory he writes to illustrate and to defend may then be exhibited in full operation. That theory may be found, though in a somewhat obscure form, in his own introductory remarks:—

'By the side of the great princes *who founded or extended the supreme power* in Germany [that is the Empire], history gives a place to other heroes whose undying glory it is to have opposed the former
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in their career. . . . The great sovereigns inspired the German nation with the consciousness of its own unity; on the other hand, those princes of the realm who opposed these monarchs defended the freedom of the national genius.'

In other words, whilst the tendency of the Empire and the policy of the heads of the Empire was to unite the elements of the German nation, the ambition, the selfishness, and the separate interests of each house of sovereign princes aimed at the control of antiquated institutions, and eventually asserted that degree of independence which dissolved the empire, and has bequeathed to Germany the divisions which still afflict her. Following out these tendencies, Prussia, in the eighteenth century, surpassed all her sister states in energy and in success. In many of the great struggles of Europe she openly espoused the course diametrically opposed to German and imperial interests; she acknowledged no law and no motive but the aggrandisement of her own princes, and aspired eventually to exercise over others some power resembling that supremacy which she had shaken off, trampled on, and well nigh annihilated.

'This system was the strongest expression of the territorial independence of a German principality; in order to maintain this independence it was necessary to assume a distinctive and unbending character.

'Although it is perfectly true that without the aid of Protestantism the Prussian monarchy would never have become powerful and independent, and likewise that it gained fresh consideration for the Protestant faith, nevertheless the aim and object of its existence was by no means of a confessional nature. The first German prince whose joyful recognition of the rising power of Brandenburg and Prussia has been recorded was a Catholic, the Elector Max Emanuel of Bavaria, who had been deposed and exiled by Austria. At Paris he expressed to the Prussian ambassador his satisfaction at seeing that there was one, at least, among the princes of the Empire who took measures for the maintenance of his own independence, adding, that he hoped that this would benefit them all, and more especially himself.

'Time alone could show what position this new North-German independence would assume towards the Emperor and the empire, as well as towards the other powers of Europe—whether, amid their dissensions, and the new questions which daily arose out of them, it would be strong enough to adopt and to pursue a line of policy consonant with its own nature, and vigorous enough to develop itself in a manner which should satisfy the growing exigencies of human life. Much had already been accomplished, but far more still remained to be done.'—vol. i. p. 177.

The period at which the Professor enters upon the minuter details of his collection was one of extreme uncertainty and danger to all the principal interests of Europe. The prospect of the extinction in Germany of the male line of the House of Austria by

by the death of the Emperor Charles VI. seemed destined to produce consequences not less momentous than those which had recently followed the extinction of its other branch in Spain. On the one hand, the whole policy of the Court of Vienna was sedulously directed to obtain from the other powers of Europe a full recognition of the Pragmatic Sanction, which was to transfer the succession of Austria to the female line in the person of Maria Theresa: on the other hand—such was the political morality of the age—the parties to those treaties were all aware of the frivolous and fraudulent nature of these compacts.

The first important treaty of the kind was that which not only formally terminated the long contest between Austria and Spain, but projected the reunion of the two reigning houses of those empires by the closest ties. The terms of the secret alliance of 1725 between Austria and Spain, ‘*contra el Turco y los principes protestantes*,’ have only been authentically disclosed in our own time. They turned upon the Emperor’s declaration that he was willing to marry his daughter Maria Theresa—whose right to the whole Austrian succession had just been diplomatically established—to the Infant Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip V.’s second wife. Spain recognised the Ostend Company, whose mercantile privileges were then viewed with peculiar jealousy by England and the Dutch; and the seizure of Gibraltar and Port Mahon—nay, even the restoration of the Pretender to the English throne—were contemplated. Another memorable instance of the base return it has commonly been the fate of this country to meet with from those continental states for whom she has most copiously put forth her valour and her wealth! By a curious link in European affairs, which M. Ranke has pointed out, Russia and Sweden adhered to this league of Spain and Austria, on condition that Austria should abet their designs of wresting from Denmark that portion of the Holstein-Gottorp territory which England and France had recently guaranteed to her, and which has become in our day a fresh subject of hostilities.

Such was the menacing aspect of affairs which first summoned the King of Prussia, Frederick William I., to take a novel and decisive part in the affairs of Europe by throwing himself, in opposition to Austria, into the alliance of France and England, which was about to be sealed by the treaty of Hanover.

King George I. was wont in his annual expeditions to Germany to meet his son-in-law and daughter, the Queen Sophia Dorothea, either in the hunting-grounds of the Altmark or in the formal pleasure-gardens of Herrenhausen. In the year 1725 Lord Townsend accompanied the English sovereign: that minister availed himself with address of the desire of the Queen of Prussia

Prussia to strengthen the connexion of the two families by a double marriage. He touched on the religious passions of the King, who was a stout Lutheran; and dexterously threw in the assent of England to the claims of Prussia on the succession of Juliers and Cleves. These means of seduction prevailed; and on the 3rd of September the tripartite treaty of England, France, and Prussia was signed. The treaty, familiar to the world in numberless editions, has, however, been first made public in its whole extent by M. Ranke. He says,—

‘That which rendered it so important to Prussia is a secret article which, in the original document, was inserted before the special ones, and has really been kept secret until now. In it both France and England promise not to permit the territory of Juliers and Berg, which was claimed by Prussia, to be sequestered at the extinction of the House of Neuburg, or to be made the subject of a formal lawsuit; neither would they suffer any wrong or violence to be done to his Prussian Majesty in the affair, but, on the contrary, endeavour to induce the contending parties to submit to the decision of some impartial power. Moved equally by general considerations and by the prospect of this private advantage, the King consented to sign the treaty.

‘Thus, then, in the general struggle which seemed on the point of breaking out all over Europe, Frederick William decisively joined the anti-Austrian party. This was indeed a bold step in policy, considering the turn which the affairs of Brandenburg had taken, and the obligations by which a prince of the Germanic Empire was bound to the Emperor.’—vol. i. p. 204.

No sooner, however, was this *decisive junction* concluded than Frederick William evinced that trimming and hesitating spirit which formed the distinctive mark of his political character. Between him and George I. there was no genuine cordiality. The idea of the humiliation of the Austrian house was not yet familiar to any German statesman. It was parricide to the Empire; it was destruction to the rights of all German sovereigns who were exposed to the attacks of foreign States. The Prussian government felt on reflection, that ‘the dissolution of that union of various states and provinces which formed the Austrian dominions must almost inevitably tend to the advantage and increase of France, and perhaps of England, as had formerly been the case with the Spanish monarchy; for there could be no one to resist their supremacy.’ The King said such an alliance reminded him of the fable of the stork and the frogs, for the strangers would have made themselves masters of the German Empire. He repented of what he had done.

One evening, in June, 1726, the King was sitting at a window of the palace, looking at the people walking up and down by the

water side, when he saw among them his old acquaintance Count Seckendorf, a general in the service of the Emperor. The King beckoned to Seckendorf to come in, and desired him to sit beside him. No man was better fitted than this personage to bring back Frederick William to the Imperial alliance. He had known the King long. He had indulged his personal tastes by sending him Italian truffles, Dresden fieldfares, and Heyduck grenadiers. He was a perfect master of the arts of negotiation in that age; and, in short, before he left the room, Frederick William exclaimed, 'My Lord General, on the word of an officer, I am far more of an Imperialist than of a Hanoverian.' Meanwhile the irritation of the English nation against the Austro-Spanish alliance vehemently and justly increased. Gibraltar was attacked. The speech from the throne on the opening of Parliament accused the courts of Madrid and Vienna of a design to restore the Pretender. The Dutch and English fell upon the vessels of the Ostend Company; and the Imperial ambassador quitted London. In this emergency the King of Prussia abandoned his allies; and within a few months signed a secret treaty with the Emperor, which was at first confined to a position of neutrality, but subsequently converted into an active, though temporary, alliance. The clouds which threatened the peace of Europe blew over, and at no distant period England succeeded by the treaty of Seville in detaching Spain from the Austrian interest: but the faith of this country in the cordial support of Prussia had been shaken, and was not to be renewed.

In 1732 George II. ascended the throne, and fresh causes of irritation soon sprang up; nevertheless the project of the English marriage was still cherished by the Queen of Prussia, and was still popular among the Whig party here. Sir Charles Hotham was dispatched to Berlin on this delicate negotiation, in which he had not only to conciliate the coarse and variable humours of such a sovereign as Frederick William, and to win the confidence of such a crown-prince as his son Frederick—the intended bridegroom of the Princess Amelia of England—but to dispute and overthrow the whole influence of Austria, which was opposed to the marriage, and ably defended by the minister Grumbkow and by Seckendorf. In these objects the British envoy signally failed, and his departure from Berlin was marked by an extraordinary and unpleasant occurrence:—

'A real and unconquerable difficulty, of which very few indeed had the slightest knowledge; was presented by the King's secret treaty with Austria, in which he beheld the principal security for the future extension of the power of his house. He was unwilling to engage in a connexion which was openly or covertly at variance with that alliance.

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His great desire was to see peace restored between Austria and England, in order to engage the latter to join in the guarantee of Berg. These were his motives for desiring a delay, the longer the better; with his ways of thinking, it was a great point—and, indeed, all that could be expected—that he consented to give the promise that his son should eventually marry the English princess. With this the other party should have been satisfied, and should have awaited from future vicissitudes the accomplishment of their wishes, or a change in the system of Prussia. But Hotham, just before his departure, imprudently took a step which was sure to cause fresh confusion.'

We should here explain that the Prussian envoy, Reichenbach, had lately been recalled from London, at the demand of the English court. M. Ranke proceeds:—

'On the 10th of July the English minister had an audience of leave, at which he presented his successor Guy Dickens. Everything passed off in the most favourable manner, and the King appeared in perfect good-humour, when Hotham pulled out a letter, which he asked permission to communicate, as a sequel to that correspondence of Reichenbach, so much complained of. It was in Grumbkow's handwriting, and in it he spoke with great contempt of the intercepting of private letters, practised by the English court. Grumbkow had written this letter on purpose that it might be intercepted and read. Hotham now presented it to the King, in the hope of overthrowing Grumbkow, in like manner as he had caused the recall of Reichenbach. But he must have been inexperienced in the arts of negotiation; if he had but reflected, he must have foreseen that, with so irritable a monarch, he would probably produce the very opposite effect. The request for the recall of an ambassador did not run entirely counter to European usages; Frederick William had suppressed his natural displeasure at it and had given way, but he was very differently affected by this attempt to overthrow his most confidential minister by the same odious means. It seemed to him evident that the English wanted to intrude into his private affairs, and to give the law to him in his own house,—the most exasperating idea that could possibly be presented to his mind. He threw the letter upon the ground, turned his back to the ambassador, and left the room.

'It was reported at the time that the King raised his foot against Hotham, as if he meant to insult him personally, and that he afterwards went so far as to ask his pardon: both are gross exaggerations.

'On the assertion of the ambassador that this incident concerned his court no less than himself, the King emphatically declared that the sacred person of his Britannic Majesty was in no way involved in an affair which exclusively concerned Sir Charles Hotham; but he did not choose to part even from him in anger. He sent to ask him whether he would accept it as a satisfaction if he were once more invited to the royal table. But Sir Charles's pretensions were far higher; he demanded that the King should grant him another audience, at which his Majesty should receive from his hands the letter which he had

thrown down, and should promise to investigate the affair. Had this been granted, it is true that he would have been found to be perfectly in the right; as it was not granted, he resolved to leave the court without taking leave. At this new provocation, Frederick William sent word to the King of England that this ambassador was not fitted, either by his sentiments or his manners, to keep up a good understanding between the two courts.'

The next important transaction which occurred in Europe was destined once more to turn the mutable course of Prussian policy. The recent treaty of 1728 between Frederick William and the Emperor, which had been declared *eternal*, did not survive the wear and tear of a single controversy—for that controversy concerned the ever-disputed election of a King of Poland. The death of Augustus II. opened the lists once more to Stanislas Leczinski against the House of Saxony: Louis XV. zealously espoused the cause of his father-in-law; and the King of Prussia, moved principally, as M. Ranke avows, by jealousy of the aggrandizement of a neighbouring German sovereign, refused to concur in the proposed declaration for excluding Stanislas from the throne. War broke out between France and Austria; but Prussia still held an ambiguous course. She sent her contingent of 10,000 men, and the Crown Prince in person, to join the Imperial army, but she retained the French ambassador at Berlin: as against the Emperor, the King urged that he was a sovereign prince; as against France, he pleaded his duties as an estate of the Empire. The Professor describes this situation as that of 'ambition in repose—the living representation of haughty independence.' He might more correctly have added that after Frederick William had deceived and abandoned each party successively, each party deceived and abandoned him. In the spring of 1735 Cardinal Fleury sent overtures of peace to Austria, which were only known at Berlin by their acceptance. The two points most distasteful to Prussia were mutually conceded by the other powers—another Saxon sovereign was seated on the throne of Poland, and Lorraine was alienated from the Empire, in exchange for Tuscany, and annexed to France. He stormed; he protested; but it was in vain. He stood defeated by men as treacherous and more able than himself.

'So dubious and obscure is human life, that there are moments in which almost every man who has pursued a definite object, feels as if the whole labour of his life were abortive. Such was now, and not without reason, the state of mind of the King of Prussia. His eyes filled with tears, called forth both by the smart of personal indignity, where he had shown devoted attachment, and by dissatisfaction with himself; for he thought that, had things been differently set about, the
result

result must have been, totally different. The bitterest feeling on earth is repentance where nothing can be mended. While in this mood, Frederick William's glance fell one day on his son, and he uttered the prophetic words, "There stands one who will avenge me!"

The portrait which Ranke has traced for us of this avenging hero in his earlier years, presents the strongest contrast to the Frederick II. of our associations with later history. It is like the effigy of that Princess Elizabeth who blooms at Hampton Court on the immortal canvas of Holbein, by the side of the ancient and faded sovereign, whose real greatness can hardly be traced through the grotesque apparel and affected demeanour of her maturer years. The King of Prussia is so inseparably wedded to his inflexible pigtail and his imperishable boots—the cynical smile of authority, incredulous alike of this world and the next, is so moulded on his features—that we can hardly transport our imagination back to a Frederick the Great over his copy-books or his toys. There, however, our Professor has unearthed his hero, and the commencement of that remarkable career is not the least strange portion of it.

Frederick William was by no means indifferent to the education of his son and successor. He prescribed a stern and simple course of instruction and of life. He insisted on arithmetic, economy, and Lutheranism; whilst he prohibited Latin and the genealogical mysteries which, in those days, were wont to enfold the cradles of royalty. Fencing lessons and a chapter of the Bible formed the morning task of the young prince; and he learnt to read in the *Theatrum Europæum*—a chronicle of religious wars:—

‘In February, 1719, General Finkenstien reports that the Prince [now in his seventh year], pursues his studies with industry. When the weather is fair, he goes to the stables, mounts his horse, visits the cadets, and shoots at a mark. A company was formed for him out of these cadets.

There are letters extant written by the Prince at this early age: in which, with the handwriting of a child, but in the expressions of an old captain, he gives an account of the state of his company, of which he regularly sent in a list; or he relates how far he has got in the *Theatrum Europæum*; it shows the sentiments this book had excited in his mind, that he sent his father a satire, which had appeared in his absence, against the Pope and the Pretender. In another letter he informs his father that the Queen can tell him of two or three handsome recruits, only she must not know that he has mentioned them; or he expresses his regret that he could not be present at a certain muster to see the King's fine troops. In a short time some of these men were sent to him for his company, and accepted by him with gratitude. His whole life was absorbed in military employments; a small armoury was fitted up for him in the palace, and furnished with every

every sort of weapon. "My cradle," says he somewhere, "was surrounded with arms, and I was reared in the midst of the army." He was already fond of the chase; he is full of delight at a pack of hounds with which he hunts hares. In October, 1720, he relates how he shot a partridge flying.—vol. i. p. 247.

The first persons who won his confidence or his affection were French volunteers or attendants. Duhan de Jandun fired his ambition, both warlike and political. As a set-off for these services it must be added, that the same instructor taught him to write French verses, and enchained the reluctant muse for half a century to the daily outrages of the royal prosodist. Whatever Frederick knew or admired was French in form, if not French in character; and as he grew to manhood the young Prince showed unequivocal signs of temper and disposition which led to the most cruel and scandalous scenes with his father. On one particular subject—and that assuredly of the highest importance—the nature of their differences was not what might, from the spirit of Frederick's later writings, have been supposed. The old King was a stout Protestant, but he entertained an invincible repugnance to the Calvinistic doctrine of election. Perhaps from a spirit of filial opposition, perhaps from that love of metaphysical researches which clung to him in early life and may be traced in the first letters to Voltaire, the Prince Royal conceived a strong attachment for this particular doctrine, which he thought grand, mysterious, and decidedly Scriptural. He read Basnage; he bullied the court chaplains: and the *philosophe* of Sans-souci began by hating his father for preferring Luther to Calvin. Professor Ranke has, however, passed too lightly over other and more powerful causes which had made an indelible impression on the boy's heart. The ferocious treatment of the Queen and of his sisters, whom he loved—the tormenting despotism of the King—the harsh brutality of the unsympathising father—had entirely estranged his affections; and at nineteen he formed that wild scheme of escaping from the Prussian dominions, which cost the life of his luckless friend Katte, and exposed himself to the rigour of a trial for a capital offence and to a harsh captivity.

In the following year a formal reconciliation was effected between the father and the Prince, but it was not until the close of Frederick William's reign that his son extorted from him "unqualified expressions of esteem and regard: of love there was little question between them, except at moments when the King was exceedingly drunk. That period of nearly eight years was, however, of essential service to the formation of the character and abilities of the future monarch. He devoted himself,

self, with a minuteness of detail which seldom falls to the lot of princes, to all the duties of rural and provincial administration; he became in the solitudes of Rupplin and the Remusberg a man of business and a soldier, awaiting only the moment which should give him a kingdom for his government and Germany for his field of battle. Nor were the speculative sciences which had early attracted his predilection neglected in those long and pleasant days of domestic ease, of privacy, and of friendship. The glowing Calvinism of his boyhood had indeed long since sunk under the arid metaphysical disquisitions of the age. But Wolff revived his belief in the immortality of the soul, and he contended—not without address—for the philosophy of his countryman against that which Voltaire had eagerly borrowed from Locke, Clarke, and the latitudinarian writers of the English school. It was at this period that the correspondence with Voltaire began, which has bequeathed to us a singular chart of the waywardness and cajolery of two of the most daring spirits of their age. Of the general correspondence of Frederick at that time unluckily few vestiges can now be traced. Military duty still formed a large and constant portion of the routine of his life. 'I drill, I have drilled, and I shall drill,' was Frederick's own account of it. But the tastes of the man and the duties of the prince were not entirely superseded by the functions of the corporal. He cherished the sportive friendship of him he named Cæsarion, played the flute, and bantered Voltaire; but beneath these pastimes ran a current of eager desires and the steady pursuit of knowledge and of greatness.

The Prince was still kept estranged from the court and from all affairs of state. The attempts occasionally made by the ambassadors to communicate with him were invariably repelled by himself; but in secret his eye was fixed with the most penetrating scrutiny on the stage which seemed but to await his entry from the scene of his compulsory inaction. In the posthumous collection of his works, which has just been republished at Berlin with all the honours of typography and an august patronage, there exists a very noticeable production entitled 'Considerations on the Present Political State of Europe.' This pamphlet was written and communicated to Voltaire in April, 1738; but it was not till 1788 that it saw the light. In spite of the stiffness of a pedantic form and a certain crudity in some parts, it would, if published, have disclosed to the world political penetration of no common shrewdness in a prince of twenty-six; and it still serves to indicate the leading features of the policy to which Frederick himself was about in two years more to give the impulse of his will and the strength of his armies.

The state of Europe in 1738 was, to the youthful eyes of Frederick, a violent and unnatural condition. His first expression of a political conviction served to denounce the high pretensions of the House of Austria. He assailed with especial vehemence the policy of Charles VI. for his alliance with the Empress of Russia, for his treaty of 1735 with France, for the alienation of Lorraine from the Empire, and for his conduct in the late succession of Poland :—

‘It is evident,’ he continued, ‘that the views of the court of Vienna tend to render the Empire hereditary in the House of Austria. To that end it has made the Pragmatic Sanction; it has solicited all the Princes of Germany—it has made an infinite number of separate treaties; so true is it that the House of Austria would seek in time to deprive the Empire of the right of election, to cement the arbitrary power of its race, and to change into the monarchical that *democratic government* [!] which has been from time immemorial that of Germany.

‘The permanent principle of Sovereigns is to *aggrandize themselves as much as their power permits*; and though this aggrandizement be subject to different modifications infinitely varied, either by the force of neighbouring states or by opportunity, *the principle is not the less invariable*, and sovereigns never depart from it: it concerns their presumed glory. In a word, they must increase.’*

Such were the objects which the heir to the throne of Prussia had before his eyes: such was the spirit in which the author of the Anti-Machiavel was prepared to follow in the career of his ancestors, and even to raise the standard against the Empire. Early in the spring of 1740 the health of Frederick William rapidly declined. He resolved (but only three days before his death) to explain to his son the political situation of the kingdom :—

‘On the afternoon of the 28th of May he was permitted to enjoy a few hours free from pain, which he devoted to this purpose.

‘In the presence of Podewils, who has left an account of this interview, the King described to his successor, in plain and concise terms, his actual relations with the different European powers. Podewils admired the clearness of intellect shown by the King, spite of his bodily ailments. . . . The sum of Frederick William’s doctrine was, that a King of Prussia should keep his attention fixed on two things—the elevation of his house, and the welfare of his subjects; that these two points should occupy his attention equally and exclusively, and that he should keep aloof from all alliances destined to serve the interests of foreign states. Podewils has not recorded the answers of the Prince; probably he only listened, and showed that he understood and approved what he heard. His be-

* Œuvres Philosophiques de Frédéric II., tom. viii. p. 15.

haviour gave the King the most perfect satisfaction. He had formerly expressed a fear that his son, when king, would put on a purple mantle, blazing with gold and jewels, and that he would only feel happy while strutting about with the crown upon his head and the sceptre in his hand. But he now perceived that the Prince not alone comprehended his own ideas of the nature of true power, but that he also shared them, and showed equal ability and good will to carry them out. When the interview was at an end, and the attendants came back into the room, they heard him praise God who had given him so excellent a son. At these words the Crown-Prince rose, and kissed his father's hand, which he moistened with his tears. The King threw his arms round his son's neck: "My God," he exclaimed, "I die content, as I leave so worthy a son and successor!"

'Not only had every trace of unkindness between them disappeared, but Frederick William had the satisfaction of feeling that he had not laboured in vain, but had founded a work which should endure—a feeling which may be looked upon as the last connexion of the immortal soul with earthly things.'—vol. ii. pp. 38, 39.

The courtly piety of our Professor has thrown a touch of human feeling into this closing scene, which we can only contrast with the doggerel in which the principal actor, Frederick himself, had thought fit to describe his father's last illness:—

'Aux portes de la Mort un père à l'agonie,
Assailli de cruels tourmens,
Me présente Atropos prêt à trancher sa vie:
Cet aspect douloureux est plus fort sur mes sens
Que toute ma philosophie.'

With more of poetry and with more of truth Voltaire replied, that if his dying father could read his heart at that supreme moment, he might thank Heaven for the future greatness of his heir, and murmur his own repentance for the use he had himself made of such a son. On the 31st of May, 1740, Frederick William expired.

The new sovereign, then entering upon the 28th year of his age, instantly assumed the sole and supreme authority of the realm. His first acts were dictated by a liberal and humane spirit: he abolished the use of torture, and published an edict of toleration; disbanded his father's costly regiment of giants, and increased the infantry of his army. Scarcely, however, had his envoys announced his accession to the courts of Europe, when another death occurred, and the great struggle of the age began. On the 20th of October, the Emperor Charles VI., the last male representative of Charles V., was gathered to his fathers. The succession of the Empire was opened; that of Austria was contested. The Austrian ministers themselves, in spite of their Pragmatic Sanction and all the recognitions laboriously obtained
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for it, were deeply impressed with the conviction that they were about to encounter a violent and formidable aggression. 'They saw in their mind's eye,' said the English ambassador, 'Hungary attacked by the Turks, Austria by the Bavarians, Bohemia by the Saxons, the Hungarians up in arms, and France at the bottom of all!' Worse than this was indeed before them: genius and audacity, the passions of conquerors, and the subtlety of cabinets were leagued against them; even their oldest allies had been shaken off. Yet the time was not yet come for the name of Austria to perish or to quail.

The chapter in which Ranke has discussed the effects of this important change in the affairs of Europe will reward the reader for a critical attention. But though we follow with interest the reasoning of the age, and acknowledge the ingenuity with which the worst actions may be defended, we cannot withhold the expression of something more than literary censure at the unvarying complacency with which the modern historian has adopted all the old sophisms of the court of Berlin. The attempt to justify the attack on Silesia by an appeal to the ancient and extinct claims of the Piasts was a mere fetch, which had never any positive value in the argument. The weakness of one party and the strength of the other was the whole cause of the war. Frederick's immutable principle of the aggrandizement of princes had yet to be put in operation by himself. Yet M. Ranke does not scruple to put his name to such reasoning as the following:—

'The chief argument for taking immediate possession of Silesia was that this province *might otherwise prove an apple of discord*, or be used to compromise the disputes between Maria Theresa and her relations, who were competitors for the Austrian succession. And was Prussia to allow this, we will not say to happen, but to become possible, when she manifestly wielded the most formidable power? What would succeeding generations have said of Frederick had he suffered things to take their course without intervention on his part? *He felt bound in honour to enforce his claims.*

"I give you," said he in one of his letters to Podewils, "a problem to solve: when a man has an advantage, should he make use of it or not? I have my troops and everything needful for war in readiness. If I neglect to use them, I hold in my hand a possession which I know not how to employ. Whereas, if I do make use of my advantage, people will say that I know how to use my superiority over my neighbours."—vol. ii. p. 123-25.

Acting on these principles—which might be pleaded for any robber or assassin—within seven months of the day on which Frederick mounted the throne, his troops crossed the Rubicon, without notice as without provocation; and as his movements had been cautiously concealed, a few days sufficed to make him master

master of the province, which was destined to cost him the labour of a reign effectually and definitively to retain.

All, however, was not lost. England once more took her stand—as she so often has done in times of critical peril—by the side of Austria. At the moment when Charles VI. was on his death-bed, surrounded by his children and his ministers, having just received the last sacraments, the English ambassador reached the presence of the expiring monarch, called aside the Chancellor to communicate the last dispatch from St. James's, and told him that 'the house of Austria was not lost, nor the order of things in Europe either, provided they would but show themselves men.'

The war which had broken out in the preceding year between Spain and England gave this country a direct interest in the events which were destined to control the policy of Europe. Into the causes of that war it is not our province here to enter, but Professor Ranke has succeeded in bringing to light a secret treaty, or first Family Compact, signed in the Escorial on the 7th November, 1733, in virtue of which the Spanish court united with that of France to destroy the naval supremacy of England. The existence of such a treaty being known only in the most recent times, had of course less weight than Jenkins' ears with the antagonists of Sir R. Walpole, but it may possibly justify the argument of our author that the popular instinct was not in that instance wholly misdirected.

The effects of this double contest soon defined more clearly the great alliances of the age. Although the Prussian minister in London had reported to Frederick that Lord Hardwicke had given a legal opinion in the cabinet not adverse to the claims and attack on Silesia, yet Parliament strongly declared itself in favour of the Pragmatic Sanction, and George II. went down to the House of Lords in person to express with the greater solemnity his readiness to afford the assistance which Austria demanded.

Meanwhile the Elector of Bavaria had laid claim to the Imperial crown. Frederick found himself pressed on every side by numerous enemies and uncertain alliances; and Cardinal Fleury, with that profundity and address which marked his combinations, succeeded by one stroke of policy in inducing the young and ardent King of Prussia to accept the French alliance, whilst the ambitious Elector of Brandenburg engaged to give his vote and influence to raise the Elector of Bavaria to the supreme dignity.

Such was the origin of that 'famous league, or rather conspiracy, of so many kings combined for the ruin of the House of Austria,'—to use the terms in which Frederick himself describes

scribes it, for they are the correct ones. M. Ranke would not have ventured on such forcible and accurate language, for although he appears to be endowed with a political conscience sufficiently sensitive to induce him to disguise and palliate the atrocious acts of violence and wrong he has traced to their source, he neither boasts of them with the hardened audacity of Frederick, nor repudiates and condemns them with the decision of a frank morality. The idea of a French alliance entered into by German princes for the purpose of waging civil war with effect in Germany, is especially distasteful to modern German nationality; and it is amusing to observe by what subterfuges the Professor endeavours to avoid the direct and natural construction of the alliance to which Frederick most willingly resorted. He is indeed constrained to admit that 'it is obvious that Frederick would never have obtained anything but for the armed interference of France' (vol. ii. p. 324). But this is qualified by the assurance that 'if he allied himself to France, it was because no other course was left open to him; as soon as this power endeavoured to establish her own supremacy in Germany, Frederick was the first to oppose it.' Our author even represents the proposals for the French alliance as proceeding from France to Prussia, not from Prussia to France, and he has allowed himself to be misled by Valori's dispatches into an erroneous account of the transaction. Frederick's own version of the matter is simpler and more straightforward.

'Of all the European powers,' says the King, 'France was beyond dispute the fittest to assist the Prussians in their enterprises; so many reasons rendered the French hostile to the Austrians, that their interest must lead them to declare themselves friends of the King. *This Prince*, to sound the matter, *had written to Cardinal Fleury*, and hinted enough to be understood. The Cardinal opened the matter further in his answer. The King continued this correspondence, and expressed the sincere desire he had to unite with the Most Christian King, and the zeal he would display in the negotiation.'*

The Cardinal's answer to the King's overture was dated from Issy, 25th of January, 1741. Frederick returned to Berlin after the first Silesian campaign on the 29th of January, and the interviews with Valori, the French ambassador, in which Frederick and Podewils are described by M. Ranke as fencing *against* this French alliance, took place *after* his return. The passage is *curious*.

'Two days after his return, Valori communicated to him the proposals of his court. Frederick, whose demands were rejected by Austria, and himself threatened with a conflict for life and death,

* 'Histoire de mon Temps' (ed. 1846), p. 64.

could hardly do otherwise than accept these proposals with joy, quit the path he had at first chosen, and enter upon the one now opened to him. Nevertheless, he thought it a matter for great deliberation. "What advantage," said he to Valori, "can I promise myself from this alliance? The other powers are ready to coalesce against France and her allies. You must be aware that nothing injures the Elector of Bavaria so much in the opinion of Germans, as his connexion with the French court. I do not yet see on what assistance I can rely; whether France is seriously determined to put the Elector of Bavaria and the Palatine house on a war footing, to favour the claims of Spain, and to guarantee Silesia to me. If I have not beforehand the most perfect security on all these points, must I not prefer the other side?" He showed not the smallest desire to see the draught of the treaty, and when Valori presented it to him, he left it for a long time unanswered. The ambassador could not conceal his vexation at this.—vol. ii. p. 200.

The ambassador little suspected then that this very sovereign had opened a direct correspondence three weeks or a month before with his own court, and that the proposal for this alliance had come from the side of Frederick. But it is extraordinary that M. Ranke should have ventured to set aside Frederick's own account of his proceedings, for the purpose of dressing him in colours more suited to the taste of posterity. Frederick in his intrigues and in his actions confined himself to the plain theory of aggrandizement with which he started: in his day the object was avowed, though not always the means; in our day the means are pursued, but the object itself is disguised.

Frederick's impetuous aggression on the Austrian dominions had not been prompted by any influence but his own ambition. But it squared marvellously well with the projects which had long been entertained by the wary French minister. There exists at this moment among the manuscripts of King George III.'s collection in the British Museum a long report, drawn up by Belleisle, to prove that on the death of Charles VI. it was possible and necessary to crush the power of Austria, by the transfer of the Imperial crown to another house, and the partition of her hereditary dominions. Belleisle proposed to effect this by the formation of a grand alliance; to assign the Netherlands and Luxemburg to France, Bohemia and the Imperial dignity to Bavaria, Silesia to Prussia; Sardinia and Spain were to share the north of Italy, and the Queen of Hungary and her consort to be left in possession of Hungary and the duchies of Austria. In the month of May Belleisle himself arrived at the King's camp at Mollwitz. Lord Hyndford and Robinson had failed in their attempted mediation on the part of England, and on the 4th of June the treaty of close alliance between France and Prussia, which is known as the treaty of Breslau, was signed.

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" The King boasts that after the conclusion of this memorable but secret convention, he continued with perfect success to lull and dupe the English mediators, and the court of Vienna, but especially Bartenstein, the principal minister of Maria Theresa, who relied with entire confidence on their own treaty with France of 1735, and on the supposed repugnance of Frederick to the French alliance. The deception was complete, and the news of the conclusion of this treaty, when it did at last arrive at Vienna from England, produced a sensation almost equal to that which had followed the invasion of Silesia. The French crossed the Rhine. The situation of the Queen of Hungary became every day more alarming. George II. and his ministers warmly recommended considerable sacrifices to procure peace. Robinson, the English ambassador, was indefatigable and ill-requited by both parties—

'How strange was Robinson's situation! At the court of Vienna he laboured with a zeal which it would have been impossible to surpass, to bring about an agreement with Prussia, and the cession of considerable provinces to that power. But when he presented himself before Frederick, he assumed such an attitude that it appeared to the King as if he had before him an enthusiast for Austria, one of the most ardent champions of the interests of the Queen of Hungary. The fact is, that Robinson, who kept steadily before him the properly English view of affairs—the expediency of reuniting the two great German powers—thought himself justified in pleading the services which England rendered to the one by her subsidies, and to the other by the support she gave to its claims. He was urgent even to importunity with his proposals; and though this was tolerated in Vienna, Frederick was not disposed to endure it. Robinson was now the bearer of offers which, a little while before, the King would have gladly accepted, and which probably would never have been made but through his interference; yet Frederick, otherwise so accessible to all, refused even to see him.'—vol. ii. p. 307.

His efforts and those of his colleagues were, however, partially successful, and the convention of Kleinschnellendorf, signed by Lord Wyndford, at length surrendered Lower Silesia to the King, and procured a short breathing time to Maria Theresa.

It is not our intention to follow M. Ranke into the military narrative of Frederick's campaigns. They have been described by the King himself with equal spirit and greater minuteness, and in a strategical point of view the War of Succession is by no means comparable to the subsequent achievements of the same great master. 'At Mollwitz Frederick saw little of the battle, and had indeed made his escape on a fleet horse before he discovered that Marshal Schwerin had saved the fortune of the day. 'Mollwitz,' as Frederick himself observed, 'was the school of the King and of his troops, and he tried to correct
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the numerous faults he had committed there by deeply reflecting upon them.' Chotusitz was a battle more creditable to the Prussian generalship, but it scarcely did more than cover the imprudence of the march into Moravia, and it did not compensate for the miserable conduct of the French commanders. The merit of M. Ranke's labours consists, however, mainly in his researches into the diplomatic causes of the events which are themselves familiar to the reader of history, and to them we shall now revert.

It will be remembered that one of the conditions of the Prusso-French alliance was the stipulation that the vote of Brandenburg should be given in favour of the elevation of the Elector of Bavaria to the imperial throne. In the latter part of January, 1742, that election took place; the irritation of Austria seemed only to stimulate the electors against her; and Charles VII. received the imperial crown in Frankfort. A Prussian writer still dwells with evident delight on that bold attempt, which the successes of the Prussian armies had alone rendered possible, to depose the princes of Austria from the supreme dignity of Germany. 'The form of Germany,' we are told, 'which floated before the eyes of Frederick rested internally on a union of the most powerful princes, affording security to German freedom and freed from all foreign interference: the imperial power would then have been just to the princes, and would in return have received their steady support.' Whether such visions did float before the eyes of Frederick in 1742 must remain exceedingly doubtful; but our readers will not fail to recognise in these words something marvellously akin to the Prussian thaumaturges of 1848; and we shall shortly see a still more striking identity in the proceedings of the court of Berlin during the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. But in 1742, M. Ranke has the candour to add that 'people were greatly shocked that the new emperor appeared *so entirely dependent on France*.' France had from first to last directed the negotiation; and the precipitate ambition of Frederick had in reality sacrificed the union of the empire to his French alliance. Meanwhile, as must always happen under similar circumstances,—

'By far the greatest difficulty arose from the opposition made by Austria to the whole of this combination. To be on a footing of mere equality with the other members of the empire would hardly have been tolerable to the Austrian court, much less to find itself, *as had lately been the case, excluded from its legitimate position, and deprived of all influence*.'—vol. iii. p. 17.

The position of the new emperor was sufficiently pitiable. He had gained an imperial crown by foreign intrigues, but he had lost his hereditary dominions, and Bavarians were doing homage
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to the Queen of Hungary. England sneered at all that had taken place in Germany from the death of Charles VI. In order to give force to the institutions of the empire, which had lost more than half its dignity and importance by the exclusion of the court of Austria, it was thought essential to obtain the active co-operation of a portion of the estates of the empire. Frederick began by a visit to Franconia, to flatter the Thuringian margraves. He had a secret interview with the Bishop of Wurtzburg, and likewise paid a visit to the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, who could then command a few regiments, but was already in treaty with the Dutch. Soon after his return the imperial ambassador presented to him the plan of an association, or, as he expressed it, of 'a close and firm union, for the sole object of the maintenance and re-establishment of freedom, tranquillity, and security of the empire, especially for the support of the lawfully elected emperor in the dignities and powers belonging to him.' A combined army was to be set on foot, and every member of the alliance defended from injury. Frederick approved the scheme, and said, as M. Ranke carefully inserts, that they must take care the union had a thoroughly German character. We shall soon see what that German character was. The Bishop of Wurtzburg, on whom Charles VII. had reckoned, was of opinion that this line of policy was not the right one. '*If,*' said he, '*the formation of a league was contemplated, that was a thing utterly FORBIDDEN in Germany from the earliest times,* and could only be done with the regular authority of the Diet.' That moment in the eighteenth century was, however, fertile in vast and visionary schemes—the genius of Fleury still embraced Europe in the policy of France—the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of England was meditated by themselves and by more than one Continental power—Naples and Sicily, Alsatia and Lorraine, were not yet irrevocably torn from the House of Austria—the wars and policy of Frederick had shattered the traditions of the empire and the fabric of the peace of Munster—Bavaria wore the imperial crown—and a vast secularization and transformation of the German empire was contemplated. Under these eventful circumstances, we are told with solemnity by M. Ranke, that Frederick accomplished his project of a German union between the Bavarian Emperor, the Elector Palatine, the Prince of Hesse Cassel, and himself. He states that the intention was to keep distinct the alliance with France and the union of German princes; and he affirms that the interposition of France in a secret article annexed to the treaty is a fiction. The last of these statements is at variance with known and established facts, and it is an amusing instance of the mode in which a very learned and usually accurate writer can accommodate himself to a preconceived theory. The Union of Frankfort was signed

signed between the above-named German princes on the 22nd of May, 1744: it was asserted at the time that France had concurred in it and guaranteed its provisions by a secret article. A fictitious article was even published and imputed to the confederates, which was subsequently disavowed. But though no secret article was signed with France *on that day*, yet it is beyond a doubt that by another act, dated *the 24th July*, Frederick and the Emperor Charles *did expressly invite* the King of France to accede to and guarantee this Germanic arrangement, which involved, it must be said, further aggressions on Austria, and indeed the conquest of Bohemia. This is not, we presume, what M. Ranke would term a 'league of a thoroughly German character;' but there were excellent reasons for the conclusion of it. As early as the preceding February Frederick had sent a favourite and confidential agent, Count Rothenburg, to Versailles. This envoy was a Frenchman by military adoption, though a Prussian by birth: he was brave, accomplished, and devoted to the king. He made his way with Madame de Chateauroux, and saw Louis XV. in her private apartments; combined with Noailles, Belleisle, and Richelieu to overthrow Amelot, the minister for foreign affairs; and succeeded in concluding with Cardinal Tencin, on the 5th of June, 1744, an offensive alliance between Prussia and France, which was to bring a French army into the heart of Germany, so as to threaten Hanover—to tear Bohemia from Austria—to surrender the Low Countries to France—and in reality to place the existence of this puppet emperor, whom Frederick affected to uphold and to defend, under the patronage of the French minister and the reigning mistress.

After this crowning achievement of what is called 'the German patriotism' of Frederick the Great, we may safely leave these passages in his political life to the judgment of our readers. They were manifestly the fruit, not of his fidelity to the Bavarian emperor, but of his own headstrong ambition, of his hatred to Austria, and of the real ascendancy of France. Amidst all the reverses of the Seven Years' War, the genius of Frederick shone with a far purer lustre in contending against the enemies of Germany, whom he had himself taught to combine, than amidst the more facile victories of his earlier career.

And this grand combination of audacity and intrigue, based on treason to Germany and servility to France, was destined to lead to none of the results which Frederick had anticipated. The second Silesian war broke out in the autumn of 1744, but it was promptly followed by such reverses to the Prussian armies as their bold and grasping sovereign had not yet encountered. This was the most inglorious campaign of his life. The main

object of the treaty with France had been the conquest of Bohemia for Charles VII. Eager and confident, Frederick invaded the country, and entered Prague. But from that moment everything turned to his discomfiture and humiliation. The population, enthusiastically attached to their church and their sovereign, repelled with horror these Protestant aggressors. The Saxons joined the Austrian generals with 20,000 men. The advance of the Prussian army into the heart of Bohemia was followed by their speedy but not unskilful retreat from the walls of Tabor and the valley of the Elbe. Without a battle and without a siege, the whole of Bohemia was re-conquered by the Austrian forces, which even poured along to Upper Silesia, where first their victorious march was stayed. The tide had now turned. One by one the princes who had smiled upon the project of 'a German Union' fell off from the vain and impracticable scheme. The Estates of Franconia answered the summons of the emperor with words alone, mentioning at the same time their own weakness and their danger; the Duke of Gotha begged to consult his relations; Würtemberg stood aloof; Holstein pleaded minority; and in the midst of this general falling off from a bad cause, the Emperor Charles VII. was removed by death from the scene of his honours and his cares:—

'The Emperor was dead—his son deprived of his hereditary dominions; the union was either still incomplete, or, so far as it had been effected, again broken up; moreover, the conduct of the war by the French was as inefficient as ever, and as little conducive to the interests of Germany. "It is all very well for France," said Frederick, "to have conquered Flanders, but it is of no importance to Prussia." Frederick saw himself thrown entirely upon his own resources. And at this very moment his enemies showed greater energy than ever. In Germany all the dislike to the Prussian name, and all the old sympathies in favour of the house of Austria, were re-awakened. There was a general wish to see the imperial dignity restored to the house of Austria, or rather bestowed upon the house of Lorraine, now identified with it. Frederick's alliance with the French did not render his position more easy; on the contrary, it roused against him the dislike of the German people: the presence of the French was universally detested. In the higher circles his sudden military enterprises—the motives to which few understood and none appreciated—were attributed to boundless and insatiable ambition, and roused against him a general feeling of dislike; the hatred of his natural opponents found response and approbation on all sides, and his destruction was eagerly sought.'—vol. iii. p. 206.

Well might the cool and astute Podewils observe, 'Your Majesty now sees that it is not so easy as you thought to reduce the power of the house of Austria to that point at which you wish to
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fix it.' At the very same instant an alliance was concluded between the court of Saxony and the Queen of Hungary, with England and Holland, the maritime powers, not without a prospect of Russian assistance. Even the partition of Prussia was discussed by the allies, though decisively rejected by Lord Harrington and by England. The French had retired in disgrace from southern Germany; and Belleisle, caught on the frontiers of Hanover, had been sent a prisoner to England. On the opening of the campaign in 1745 Frederick stood alone, and against Europe.

If a close examination of the political motives which governed the earlier years of Frederick's reign has failed to give us any idea but that of disgust and aversion at the unscrupulous rapacity of his diplomacy and his arms, no one can hesitate to allow that in the awful day of peril and solitude, when the snares he had set for others encompass his own path, he stands with undaunted greatness, like some hero of old heathendom, face to face with destiny. On the 29th of March he says, 'We are now in the crisis of our fate; if we fail to obtain peace through the mediation of England, my enemies will fall on me from all quarters. I cannot enforce a peace. As regards war, I am determined to conquer, or that not one of us shall return to Berlin.' The crown plate and jewels were sent to Magdeburg, the royal family to Stettin. Eichel prognosticated the downfall of the house of Brandenburg; Podewils added, that the prospect made his hair stand on end. The King himself remained in unshaken reliance on his valour, his vanity, and his fatalism. From the Abbey of Camenz Frederick wrote:—

'I can say nothing, but that that has happened which was to happen. Nothing now remains to me but patience. If all my resources and negotiations fail, if all chances turn against me, I prefer falling with honour to leading an inglorious life deprived of all consideration. It is my pride to have done more for the increase of my house than any of my ancestors, and to have played a great part among the crowned heads of Europe. To maintain this position is a personal duty, which I will fulfil at the cost of life and happiness. I have no other choice left: I will either maintain my power entire, or it will be annihilated, and the Prussian name be buried with me. Should the enemy undertake anything against us, we will conquer, or we will be cut to pieces to the last man for the salvation of our country and the honour of Brandenburg. It would be vain to offer me any other counsel. What sea-captain is there who, after all his endeavours to save his vessel had failed, would not have the courage to set light to the powder magazine, and thus at any rate disappoint the expectations of the foe? A woman, the Queen of Hungary, when the enemy were at the gates of Vienna, and her best provinces occupied by them, did not despair: and shall not we have the courage of a woman? As yet we have not

lost a battle, and one stroke of fortune may raise us higher than we have yet stood.'

'Podewils excused the anxiety he felt by saying, that his fears were not for himself or for his property, which was of small value, but only for the King; but that he knew that the King's heart and courage would, with the assistance of Providence, overcome all obstacles. Frederick gave Podewils credit for doing as much as any one could expect from him; but he himself was not disposed to depend altogether upon the assistance of Providence. "Do you on your part fulfil your duties as I do on mine, and leave the rest to blind chance. If we fail, it shall be through no want of prudence or of courage on our parts, but the fault of circumstances, which have been adverse to us. I am prepared for whatever may happen. Whether fortune be kind or cruel, I shall be neither cast down nor puffed up. If I must perish, I will fall with glory and sword in hand. Learn from a man who never listened to the sermons of Elsner, that we must oppose a front of bronze to the misfortunes which come upon us, and even during our lifetime we must resign all joys, all possessions, and all illusions which will not follow us beyond the grave."

'If Frederick had had faith, his resignation would have carried with it a dash of Protestant devotion, and would have more easily communicated itself to his people. But from this he was far removed, and he stood alone in his sentiments. It was characteristic of his nature to look for no help from any quarter, not from Heaven itself; he strained every nerve to meet the threatened danger, but he was prepared for defeat. He feared nothing and hoped nothing, but lived only in the endeavour to fulfil his duty.'—vol. iii. p. 223.

His resolution, his minute attention to the condition of his army, and his judgment in the field, were at length not unrewarded. He still lingered in his camp along the mountain range which borders Silesia, and in full view of the passage by which the enemy was about to cross. The Austrian and Saxon generals met on the heights of Hohenfriedberg, and dined on the eminence whilst their gaudy columns passed the defiles to the plain below. Frederick watched them from the opposite hills. The rising dust indicated their position. It was that in which he was prepared to face them. On the following morning the attack began, and night fell on the triumphant banners of the Prussian army. The battle of Hohenfriedberg was unquestionably the ablest and the most momentous contest of Frederick's Silesian wars; it shook the military power arrayed against him; it subdued Silesia; and it vindicated the shaken confidence of his subjects and the world in his genius and his skill.

The remainder of the war presents little interest. It was no longer carried on to abase the house of Austria or to extend the territory of Brandenburg, but, as Frederick expressed it, 'to soften Pharaoh's heart'—in other words, to obtain peace. England vehemently urged the termination of this fatal quarrel, and
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the presence of Charles Edward Stuart on her own soil perhaps contributed to bend the feelings of George II. towards the Protestant princes of northern Germany. At length the preliminaries of the treaty of Dresden were arranged. Frederick recorded his vote as Elector in favour of the husband of Maria Theresa as Emperor, and the house of Austria formally recognised the acquisitions of the Prussian crown. At this period Professor Ranke takes leave of the annals of his hero, and we cease to profit by his persevering and often successful researches into the written monuments of the last century.

We cannot, however, conclude this paper without adverting once more to the direct application of the important lesson contained in these volumes to the politics of Germany at the present hour, for they are a mirror in which the aberrations of contemporary statesmen may be traced with prophetic accuracy. No doubt the aggrandisement of the house of Brandenburg in the wide field of the German empire has been the passion of her rulers and her people ever since (to use Frederick's own expression) 'that seed of ambition was sown by the concession of the regal crown.' By military prowess, by astute diplomacy—by an isolated policy at one time and by a combined policy at another—by commercial union, and even by an affected sympathy with the exorbitant designs of democratic revolution, she has pursued and is pursuing the same end. Yet the game can be played but with one result; first, that rupture with Austria—of which Frederick's pretensions gave the first memorable signal; and secondly, the appeal to foreign alliances—to which he never scrupled to demean himself. He it was, be it remembered (for Professor Ranke boasts of the fact), who first resolved to raise his crown and his people from their traditional condition in the German empire to complete independence. That ancient institution lingered on for a time, and only expired under the gripe of a foreign oppressor, but its death-wound had been inflicted by a native hand. The attempt of the Prussian King to revive something of the Germanic spirit by the union of Frankfurt and the exclusion of Austria was conceived from no enlarged patriotic motive, and it met with the fate which has so recently attended a parody of the same transaction: and though Frederick accomplished that personal distinction, and exercised that independent power, which were the objects of his constant ambition, his triumphs and his greatness were purchased at the cost of the peace and union of Germany; he fostered those divisions which afterwards led to the subjection of the entire nation by Napoleon, and may even in our own day prove some of the most irritating political questions in the system of Europe.

- ART. III.—1. *Introductory Lectures delivered at Queen's College.* London. 8vo. 1849.
2. *Queen's College, its Origin and Progress.* 1849.
 3. *Governesses' Benevolent Institution.* Report for 1848.
 4. *Temporary Residence for Governesses.* Report for 1848.
 5. *Governess Life, by the Author of 'Memorials of Two Sisters.'* 1849.

NOT long ago (Q. R., No. 167) we had occasion to advert to the establishment of Queen's College. The appearance of the volume which stands at the head of our list has recalled our attention to it; and our anxiety that it should be consolidated on true and safe principles induces us to hazard a few remarks on some of its proceedings.

Queen's College was opened on the 1st of May, 1848. It was an offshoot from the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; which, as our readers are aware, is a Society having for its design to benefit an important and very interesting class of our countrywomen, not only by affording assistance to them when in difficulty, sickness, and old age, but by raising the standard of their accomplishments, and thus entitling them to higher remuneration. With a view to these latter objects, the conductors of that Institution were led to the plan of examining into the attainments of governesses in quest of situations, and granting certificates of approval to those who could stand the test. For this purpose it was found necessary 'to establish a Committee of gentlemen, competent individually to examine in every branch of knowledge.' (*Queen's College*, p. 5.) The Committee appears to have consisted chiefly, if not entirely, of Professors of King's College, who 'one by one came forward, offering the assistance of their practised skill and acknowledged learning.' (*Ibid.*) These gentlemen soon discovered that 'to do any real good they must go farther; they must fit the governesses for their examination; they must provide an education for female teachers.' (*Introd. Lect.*, p. 4.) Finally, they came to the resolution that it was expedient to extend that instruction beyond the governess in fact and the governess in prospect, to all and sundry who might choose to avail themselves of it. (*Introd. Lect.*, pp. 4, 5; *Q. C.*, pp. 5, 6; *Gov. Life*, p. 2.)

The result has been the establishment of Queen's College in its present form; an institution, namely, where lectures are given in the various branches of female education, according to the enlarged requirements of the present day, in classes open to all ladies of twelve years old and upwards, on payment of a moderate fee

fee per quarter.* About two hundred and fifty are understood to be now on the list of pupils, the number in each class averaging about twenty, and the number of classes which each individual attends varying at pleasure. Each department includes a junior, or more elementary class, and a senior one; but we presume that the division of the students is somewhat indefinite and optional, and that not a few may be found members of both the junior and the senior classes in different departments, or even in the same. In addition to these, there are preparatory classes for young ladies from nine to twelve years of age; and also evening classes for governesses already engaged in the duties of their profession. In these last the instruction given is entirely gratuitous: 'they have been attended by above seventy ladies engaged in tuition, for the most part every evening; many of them at the head of schools, some connected with public institutions, some governesses of considerable standing.' (*Queen's College*, p. 13.)

The lecture-rooms, waiting-room for pupils during the intervals between classes, &c., are large and commodious. 'A library for reference is in the course of formation, and maps and other facilities for improvement are provided.' A matron, or 'Lady Resident,' is always in the house to exercise a general surveillance, and another superintendent presides chiefly in the waiting-room. Propriety and good order are still further secured by the watchful supervision of the 'Lady Visitors.' This office, we are told, 'arose out of the exigencies of the case,' chiefly to obviate the difficulty 'that meeting promiscuously in a public college, under male tuition, objections might arise, and even scandal be the consequence.' (*Q. C.*, p. 8.) In the list of Lady Visitors are to be found some of the most aristocratic names of the land, several distinguished in literature—(among others, Mrs. Marcet)—and others well known as the supporters of almost every useful and benevolent undertaking of the day. These ladies, it is understood, meet occasionally, and settle among themselves the days and hours of their attendance in turn. They sit in the rooms while the classes are going on, giving the sanction of their presence, and the encouragement of their approval, to both teacher and pupils. 'From the commencement until now, scarce an hour has passed without the presence of one or more.' We trust that the zeal of these ladies may never flag, and that nothing may occur to deter them from this labour of love, so suitable to their sex and circumstances, and so well calculated to make and keep this Institution all it ought to be. That there

* * 'The fees are *l.* 1*l.* 6*d.* for those classes which meet twice in the week, and *l.* 1*s.* for those which meet once; but a composition of 9*l.* 9*s.* may be made for eighteen lectures a week per term.'

will be much of pleasure to reward them for their kindness we fully believe; and those of them who are mothers may gather up hints that may turn to good account at home. All these arrangements command our warmest approbation.

We may have a word to say presently as to the incongruity of the system of teaching, which the very notion of a College implies, with the tender age at which students are admitted. But viewing it, first, as adapted for pupils of somewhat more matured years (say from sixteen upwards—and we would hope that the majority are above that age), and considering it as calculated to follow out and supplement a previous regular education and good disciplining of the mind, whether at home or at school, we look upon an establishment of this kind as invaluable. That there are thoughtless girls of all ages is true enough; but at the age we have mentioned, young ladies of the present period have generally become sensible of the importance of education. They are also judges, and should fairly be allowed to be so, as to what branches of study they have an aptitude for. For the last two or three years, then, of a young lady's schoolroom life, attendance at some of the classes of Queen's College may be most beneficial. It is superfluous to observe that, if her curiosity and intellectual ambition have really been stirred, she may expect to find in such an institution teaching far superior to that attainable elsewhere. Men of the calibre of those willing to become professors at Queen's College, are very unlikely indeed to be met with as private masters.

But if the years from sixteen to eighteen are important, still more so are the next few years of a young lady's life; and we rejoice especially in the opportunities here afforded to those who are anxious to carry on the culture of their mind when the reins of early discipline are dropt. How frequently does the sudden change from a life of enforced and constant study to one of entire liberty, so far as the disposal of time is concerned, occasion a blank weariness of spirit, a distaste for present circumstances, a craving after something new and untried, which the young heart painfully feels and yet is backward to avow! The active duties of life have not yet begun—there is no niche in the domestic circle of daily usefulness at present unoccupied; it is not every character that has sufficient energy at once to strike out an independent career of useful employment; many, not averse to intellectual occupation, yet want the enterprise to set about it by themselves, or to hunt out books, and make efforts to obtain them. Young women thus situated will hail with gladness the opportunity of attending an institution like Queen's College, affording them the means of continuing all the pleasant part of their schoolroom days without any of the pain—no over-drudgery, no compulsory tasks—

tasks—nothing more than the mind can with pleasure take in and ponder over with satisfaction ;—and, in addition, the pleasurable excitement of the daily walk, the hurried yet cordial greeting with kindred spirits of similar age and engaged in the same pursuits—the communication with men of learning and taste—all these will give a zest to life, an elasticity to the spirits, and make many a cheerful member of the family circle of those who would otherwise have been vapid, dull, indolent, and a burden to themselves. For those who are invited and inclined to rush into the gaieties of society it will be most valuable to have one counterpoise—one hour in the day devoted to thought and study—one calming, steadying pursuit—which may keep up the recollection that life is not altogether holiday, and that excitement and bustle, and what too many call exclusively pleasure, are not indispensable to happiness. For those whose circumstances preclude such temptations and indulgences, it will be no less important to have this means of filling up their vacant hours—of satisfying the desire for social intercourse, so strong in youth—and of escaping that unintellectual, uninteresting, commonplace cast of mind, of which quiet, sober, worthy people are sometimes with truth accused :—

‘ Our children will not have to look back, as their mothers and grandmothers do, and have done, on hours wasted in frivolous employments or unsatisfying vanities, which might have been employed in the improvement of their minds, and in rendering them, what God intended them to be, helps meet for man.’—*Queen's College*, p. 16.

Having thus stated our admiration of the design and principle, it is our less pleasant duty to mention some particulars in which the actual system of the new Institution seems to us defective. One objection has already been hinted ; namely, the early age at which pupils are admitted. The College, we have seen, provides a general and extensive course of instruction, and is open (including the preparatory classes) to all young ladies above the age of nine ; thus dispensing, in whole or in part, with the services of the governess at home, private masters, or the boarding-school. Now we greatly fear that, with reference to these wide views, the plan will prove a failure, and that a very desultory and superficial education will be the result. This, indeed, is very far from the intentions and expectations of the projectors :—

‘ At any rate they were pledged to this—to take care that what was taught should be taught scientifically ; that knowledge should not be “about things,” but “of things ;” and if this throwing open the classes for selection had evidenced any tendency to make the college otherwise than a school for the acquirement of solid and useful information, they were equally pledged to take measures against it.’—*Q. C.*, p. 10.

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We cannot, however, think that a child of nine or even of twelve will often be able, alone and unassisted, to profit by such instruction as is given at Queen's College. It is not, and, in the nature of things, cannot be, a school. But let us take their own account of that matter:—

'Some of the subjects, indeed, are treated in the manner of lectures, because most suited for them; but by far the greater part are conveyed by simple class-teaching, and it should be clearly understood that in the junior classes the lessons have been hitherto purely elementary, though the establishment of preparatory classes may hereafter place them in a middle position. The labours in the lecture-room prepare the pupils for further labours at home: notes are taken copiously, and papers of questions given at short intervals, that the progress of every individual pupil may be certainly ascertained.'—*Ib.*, p. 11.

In the case of the teachers who are lecturers in the strict sense of the term, we believe we are correct in saying that there is no examination of the pupils, and no exercise connected with their teaching beyond the notes taken at the time, which not being submitted to the lecturer (as, indeed, they cannot be, from the immense additional labour such inspection would involve) may be long or short, correct or incorrect, at the pleasure of the pupil, who may have listened attentively, or let her mind wander to the corners of the earth. In other classes we understand that exercises are given in anonymously (*Lectures*, p. 40), and, consequently, giving them in at all must be optional, since the lecturer cannot know who the defaulters are. A more strict plan may be followed in some of the classes, perhaps a *viva voce* examination, but we do not quite see how the following can be closely carried out:—

'It is better distinctly to state that, on most subjects, the pupils have what are popularly known by the name of lessons, the subjects of which they are *obliged* to prepare, and not only lectures delivered by the professor to his class.'—*Governess Life*, p. 9.

The nature of this *obligation* we are not told—and it is difficult to conjecture what mode of compulsion can be resorted to in an institution of this nature.

The classes, such as they are, might indeed be of great service even to such young pupils, as strengthening the hands of the mother or the governess, if she were herself to be present at the lecture, and thus able not only to judge of the attention of her charge, but to carry out and enforce at home the instruction received. But this is not permitted,* and it is evident it cannot

* Not permitted, that is, as companions to the pupils. We presume that if a mother or governess chose to pay the fee for herself, her presence would be allowed: but few, if any, will incur this additional expense.

be, partly for fear of the room being inconveniently crowded and heated, and also because it would be difficult to prevent the friends of the pupils from deriving, under this plea, the full benefit of the instruction without paying the fees. We therefore regret that these very youthful pupils are admitted at all. That there are some girls who will make the most of the advantages offered them, we do not doubt; but many who afterwards turn out steady, and fond of intellectual pursuits, are not at twelve or thirteen years old fit to be left so entirely to their own discretion. And we fear that the judgment of parents and guardians on the subject cannot safely be trusted. The low rate at which every kind of instruction may here be obtained will tempt some, and the superior class of instructors will lead others to believe that all that is required for their daughters (in addition to the quota of parental superintendence and moral training, great or small, as it may be, which they receive at home) can be procured at Queen's College. And those who, from limited means, will be most open to this temptation, are precisely the class in which a smattering of knowledge is most to be deprecated, that, namely, from which the future governess will be drawn.

The next defect which strikes us is one in the constitution of the College itself. Having grown up, as we have seen, out of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and not being the result of an original and well-considered plan, it still continues half connected with, and half independent of, that society. The consequence is that it has not the proper framework and machinery which a college ought to possess. The professors are a self-constituted and self-elected body, with no superior authority that we can discover, and responsible only to themselves. The financial statement of the College being printed on the same sheet as that of the parent Institution, in fact forming part of the general items of receipt and disbursement, we conclude that this part of the business is entirely managed by the Gentlemen's Committee of that Institution, and we doubt not that they are perfectly competent to the task. But that committee was not formed with any reference to educational purposes, and in all probability the members were selected rather as being good men of business than for any qualifications which would particularly fit them for superintending such an institution as Queen's College. We do not apprehend that they lay claim to such superintendence, or that the professors would be disposed to yield it to them. The lady visitors, in like manner, do their part, and do it well, but it is clearly not that of control or government. In short, that check is wanting without which there are few human institutions, public or private, that will long work well. Professor Maurice takes
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high ground on the subject of irresponsibility. Speaking of the manner in which theology is to be taught, he says—

‘ This is the plan which we have adopted because we think it is the best—not because we wish to escape from difficulties which another might have involved. We do not ask you not to suspect us of wrong religious sentiments because we profess only to teach the Bible. If you have not confidence in us on other grounds, you will be very foolish to give it us on that ground. We *may* teach anything we please under the name and cover of the Holy Book ; we *shall* teach whatever we think necessary for the illustration of it, without asking who are hearing us, or what their previous conclusions on the subject may be. We cannot please all. God forbid that we should make it our object to please any.—I make this remark in reference to one department of the college ; it *applies equally to all*. The teacher in every department, if he does his duty, will admonish his pupils that they are not to make fashion or public opinion their rule ; that they are not to draw or play, or to study arithmetic, or language, or literature, or history, in order to shine or be admired ; that if these are their ends, they will not be sincere in their work or do it well. If you teach them otherwise at home, we shall try to counteract your influence—we *must* counteract it as far as our lessons are honest. But if we preach this doctrine, we should conform to it. We must not, by our acts, confess that public opinion is our master, and that we are its slaves. Colleges for men and women in a great city exist to testify that Opinion is not the God they ought to worship. All hints from those who send their children to us, or even from lookers-on, may do us good ; just as much good, or more, when they are ill-natured as when they are civil. We have asked a body of ladies to become visitors of our college ; they have kindly promised to communicate between the teachers of it and the guardians of its pupils. If they ever chance to hear anything favourable of us, they may keep it to themselves ; all complaints and censures we should wish to be informed of. But we do not promise to shape our course according to the suggestions we shall receive ; we shall be glad to improve our practice every day, not to alter our principle. We have considered it, and mean, with God’s help, to act upon it. And if any one should tell me “ Such notions are absurd : if the world agrees to avail itself of your lessons, it will demand your homage ; it will insist upon your following its maxims ; ” I shall not attempt to combat an opinion grounded, it would appear, upon a knowledge of English society to which I make no pretension ; I shall merely answer, “ If this college cannot stand upon the condition of its teachers continuing to be honest men, by all means let it fall.” ’—*Introductory Lectures*, pp. 25-27.

In reply to this last observation we may remind Mr. Maurice that almost every form of error has been taught by ‘ honest men,’ if by honesty is meant a firm conviction that they were teaching truth ; so that the mere honesty of the Professors is no security at all ; and if error ever does come to be taught by them, public opinion will have a perfect right to step in and insist, not on the teacher
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altering his belief, or advocating doctrines he does not hold, but on the teacher himself being changed. Mr. Maurice's mode of reasoning would be all very well if this were a mere private establishment. Had he and his colleagues simply agreed among themselves to open classes and give lectures in a house of their own, they would have been at full liberty to say: 'Such and such are our views and doctrines—come to us or not, as you please;' and parents must then have judged for themselves and acted on their own responsibility. But Queen's College is a public institution, supported by public subscriptions,* incorporated, as they take care to tell us in every prospectus, by royal charter, and bearing its name by royal permission—going forth, therefore, to the world with the highest sanction in the realm. In such an establishment we have a right to demand some court of appeal, some superior authority, some further guarantee than a self-constituted and self-accountable body of professors, however honest and respectable they may individually be. We do not dream of imputing blame to that body for the way in which the college came into existence and has hitherto been conducted. Under the circumstances of the case it was natural and perhaps unavoidable—we only mean that such a system will not do for a continuance, and that the sooner it is re-modelled the better. When a vacancy occurs among the professors, how will it be filled up? If heresy should creep in among them—if one should lean to the doctrine of Loyola, another to that of Strauss—(and fatal experience has proved that we can be sure of none)—what course can be taken to remove the evil? On referring to the constitution of King's College, which is also under the patronage of her Majesty, and may be considered a kindred establishment—(different and more extensive indeed, as the education of males differs from and embraces more than that of females)—we find as Visitor the Archbishop of Canterbury—as official governors the heads of the Church and the Law, the Home Secretary, and other authorities—several noblemen, apparently nominated by the Visitor, as life-governors—a Council consisting of distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen, and, finally, a Principal who is a dignified clergyman. It may be said that, though with less high-sounding names, the governing body of Queen's College consists of men quite as good and as able to legislate in such matters as that of King's. This fact we

* The pupils' fees are paid over, very properly, to the professors, and thus provide for their remuneration. Out of this sum, in 1848, the professors presented 100*l.* towards the expenses, but this was purely gratuitous on their part, and not to be looked for again. The current costs of the establishment, house-rent, &c., amounting to some hundreds per annum, must therefore be supplied by the subscriptions of the public, either to a special fund for the college, or to the general funds of the parent society.

are not prepared to dispute: the difference is, that in one case the governing body and the teaching body are distinct, in the other identical. Not one of the professors is in the Council at King's, while almost every one is on the Committee of Education at Queen's, two of them filling the offices of chairman and deputy chairman.*

But although these gentlemen disclaim any deference to public opinion, they have no wish for concealment. On the contrary, they think it right that the parents and guardians of their pupils should know the nature of their teaching, and for that purpose, as they state in the preface, they have published the volume of *Introductory Lectures* from which we have already quoted. This is manly and straightforward. They proceed to say of those Lectures that though as the product of different minds 'the tone of one must often differ from that of another,' and even occasionally 'opposite sentiments' may be expressed, still 'there is a unity of purpose in the teachers which is not affected by their individual feelings and modes of thinking.' We presume, therefore, that the whole body are willing to bear their share of the responsibility which attaches to the doctrines taught by any one member—as, indeed, in their other capacity of governing committee they are bound to do.

The subject respecting which most anxiety must be felt, is the nature of the religious teaching which is to be given, not merely in the lectures expressly devoted to theology, but incidentally, and blending in the general tone of all the lectures.

In his *Discourse on Queen's College* Professor Maurice says:—

'We look upon all the studies of which I have spoken as religious; all as concerned with the life and acts of a spiritual creature; not to be contemplated out of their relation to such a creature. We look upon them all as tending to the cultivation of reverent feeling; all as tending to lead the pupils from shadows and semblances to realities.'—*Introd. Lectures*, p. 24.

In like manner Professor Strettell, in his *Lecture on the English Language*, says:—

'Do not think it strange if I touch upon higher and holier subjects; for I want you to perceive that the study of language has a distinctly religious element: we all want you to feel that if your course here is to be one not merely of instruction, but of education, there is not one

* The Committee of Education and professors of Queen's College consist mainly of the professors of King's College. Were this the rule, it might be considered in some measure a guarantee, as we should then at least have indirectly the benefit of the stamp of approval of that body. It would indeed be, at best, an insufficient one, since the Somerset House Council could only take cognizance of error introduced into their own fold, and not of error taught elsewhere. But, in fact, we have it not; even thus early there are among the professors in Queen's College some who are in no way connected with King's College.

of the subjects in which you are instructed which must not, more or less directly, bear upon religion.'—*Ibid.*, p. 168.

Accordingly in several of the secular lectures we find passages illustrative of this connexion, and expressing the religious views of the teacher:—a practice in itself most excellent; it only remains to ascertain whether the views are, or are not, those we would wish implanted in the youthful mind, of those especially who are hereafter to be the teachers of others. We shall merely throw out a few passing observations; to do more would be stepping beyond our province, which is to invite the attention of higher censors. But this we must say with deep regret, that we think no critic can fail to detect in this volume traces of a school of so-called *theology* which seems to be gaining ground among us—a sort of modified pantheism and latitudinarianism—a system not of bringing religion into everything, but of considering everything as more or less inherently religious, which is near akin—and in its results will be found to be so—to abnegating the proper idea of religion.

There are terms and phrases which are found in Scripture, and which we have been accustomed to use to express certain religious truths and ideas; these terms and phrases are continually employed by our lecturers in a different and a lower sense. This must lead, to say the least, to great confusion of ideas; but we fear it may lead to something worse—to the loss, namely, of the religious truth itself, and the substitution for it of the lower meaning. For instance, we have been accustomed to consider the words 'incarnation,' 'incarnate,' as expressing the fact of an individual spirit, whether good or bad, taking an individual body. We have used it in a figurative sense, it is true, when we have spoken of an incarnate fiend, meaning only a very wicked person; but still the original idea remains intact, for though it is an exaggeration, what we wish to say is, that the wickedness is so great, it can only be accounted for on the supposition of its being that of a devil in human shape. But here we have 'incarnations of sets of opinions:' women are 'to prefer the incarnate to the disembodied:'—'incarnate what?' (See pp. 58, 59: *Rev. Charles Kingsley on English Literature*.) We have been in the habit of using the word 'revelation' to signify a direct communication from God to man, as in the sacred volume; but by the Rev. Professor Maurice (*Lect. on Theology*, p. 251) it is applied to any manifestation of His existence and power, as in the works of Creation, the dealings of Providence, &c. An objection is taken to the usual distinction between natural and revealed religion, and the Professor adds—

'If I am asked to acknowledge that all people [meaning *peoples*], however

however little they knew of the Bible, may have had a Religion or a Theology, I acknowledge it instantly; if I am told that this Religion or Theology had very much to do with the stars, the Earth, the seasons, the phenomena of Nature, and its regular course, I say, Nothing is more certain; if I am told that these different thoughts of men are worthy of the deepest study, I have not the slightest wish to dissent. And if, further, any one likes to call this Religion or Theology *Natural*, though I think the phrase is not perhaps the best, or at least requires some further explanations, I should yet not strongly object. But if it is said that there was no *revelation* contained or implied in this Theology, I should consider the very facts to which I have alluded as all leading to the opposite conclusion.'—p. 249.

According to the view given by this lecturer (see the whole passage, pp. 248-252) the difference between the religion of the heathen and that of the Christian consists not in the one being true and the other false, but only in the greater unfolding of truth in the one case than in the other; and the grand object in both alike is, an ignorant creature to be taught, not a guilty creature to be reconciled.

The following passage will also show how sacred truth is mixed up with scientific knowledge, or rather how their relative position and comparative value are confounded:—

'The observation so recently made in this place—that the ancients obtained their scientific knowledge by process of reasoning without observation—while it was held to account for their errors, was in some degree considered as to their credit. I should be the last to question, or perhaps to limit, the mental powers of the giants of those days; but I must ever consider the insufficient result of their labours in this, as in all other things, an illustration of that of which St. Paul speaks when he says:—"In the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God:"—the simple practical method of observation wanting, they were as far from truth in many things as if they had wanted that wisdom for which we admire and venerate them.'—p. 204: *Rev. C. G. Nicolay on History and Geography*.

We take it for granted that this quotation from Scripture is merely an *accommodation*, and that the lecturer does not really mean that the deficiency of knowledge to which he refers was that which the Apostle had in view, and which the 'foolishness of preaching' was intended to supply. But we do think that this mode of quoting and adapting Scripture is very objectionable, and must lead the mind away from its true sense and legitimate use.

At p. 255 the history of the Bible is described as a 'revelation of the Divine Name, and of the relations in which God stands to man;' and we are further told by Mr. Maurice that

'Every doctrine which has been a solace to the poor, or strength to the

the martyr; which explains how men are united to God and to each other; which teaches how sin has been overcome for all, and may be overcome in each; which sets forth the mystery of the Divine Name—will assuredly come forth, not in some detached text or difficult inference, but as a part of the revelation, or as its ground, or as its consummation.'

We do not suppose that this reverend gentleman denies or doubts the personality of the incarnate Son of God, but we think that one who did might be apt to use very much the same sort of language.

The words *spirit*, *spiritual*, are of frequent occurrence, and extensive and sometimes ambiguous meaning. But though we hear much of the 'spiritual nature' of man, and of the way in which the 'spirit which is in us all is to be trained,' and to this end much inherent efficacy is attributed to human studies and human means, very little indeed is said about that Holy Spirit by whose agency and blessing alone those means can be made effectual. At p. 168 this *spirit* is distinguished by the Rev. A. B. Strettell from *the mind*, *i.e.* from the intellectual faculties: it therefore there means the nobler part of man, the soul, which Christ, we are told, 'came to set free from the bondage of the desires of the flesh and of the mind.' Yet this *spirit*, it is added, 'we wish to train by the study of language among other means.' We have not room for the explanation of the process by which this is to be accomplished, and we do not deny that every study may be brought to bear upon the training of the soul; but we think that undue power and virtue are ascribed to mere mental culture, and that things totally distinct are misplaced and confounded. At p. 51 we are told by the Rev. C. Kingsley that 'that inborn delight of the young in all that is marvellous and fantastic . . . is a most pure part of their spiritual nature;' so there the 'spiritual nature' seems to mean the imaginative portion of our faculties. Again, at p. 65 we read of 'extracting from every story somewhat of its kernel of spiritual meaning,' and 'we must believe that in every one there is a spiritual eye which can perceive those great principles when they are once fairly presented to it.' At p. 58 we hear of 'a true spiritual history of England—a picture of the spirits of our old forefathers.' At p. 48 the secular literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is 'spiritual food' unfitted for the young. At p. 46 the literature really suited for the young (*i.e.* the 'old fairy superstitions, the old legends and ballads,' &c., see p. 51) is the 'bread of life.' At p. 166 language is a 'spiritual thing;' at p. 31 'an inspiration.' At p. 64 English authors (among others, apparently, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Dr. Blackmore) are 'prophets;' at p. 50 we read of their 'priestly calling.'

Conceding that some of the words we have instanced will bear the use made of them by our lecturers, and admitting that their making this use of them does not prove that they wish to evade, far less abjure, the truths connected with their ordinary use, still we maintain that it is an objectionable practice, one calculated to perplex and bewilder the unformed, untutored minds that will often be the recipients of this instruction; and we further fear that these pupils will be very likely never rightly to apprehend, or having once apprehended, to lose sight of that higher and holier sense in which the words are used in Scripture. This practice is the less to be excused in men who profess to attach so much value to the right use of words:—

‘Words are not then, we may conclude, arbitrary things, as some suppose, to be chosen or laid aside as we please or as we can, but living powers, expressive, in some measure, of the very nature of things themselves. Depend upon it, there is a reason why every word that we use is as it is. . . . Surely they come from Him who is Himself the Word, “by whom all things are made,” from whom man derives all the light and knowledge he possesses. Take care then how you deal with words: they are sacred things, not lightly to be scattered abroad, not without the greatest danger to be perverted. They are not vain, that is, empty things; “they are spirit and they are life.”’—p. 162: *Rev. A. B. Strettell*.

‘You cannot compose a rope of sand, or a round globe of square stones; and my excellent friend Mr. Strettell will tell you, in his lectures on grammar, that words are just as stubborn and intractable materials as sand or stone; that we cannot alter their meaning or value a single shade, for they derive that meaning from a higher fountain than the soul of man—from the Word of God, the fount of utterance, who inspires all true and noble thought and speech—who vindicated language as His own gift, and not man’s invention, in that miracle of the day of Pentecost.’—p. 30: *Rev. Charles Kingsley*.

We are far from the presumption of saying that we clearly comprehend what we quote, but we certainly fear that the mode in which words are adapted, accommodated, not to say perverted, by these lecturers, followed up and improved upon as the example is likely to be by the pupils, will prove a sufficient refutation of this doctrine of their inherent virtue and unalterable character. Another passage in the volume may prove too prophetic:—

‘Our words, instead of being the means of giving us a further insight into truth, will only hamper and confuse our minds—instead of being suggestive of thought, will only help to produce and disguise absence of thought,—instead of revealing invisible realities, will only tend to obscure them.’—p. 178: *Rev. A. B. Strettell*.

The passages just cited to show the value the lecturers attach to words afford further instances of the way in which Scripture language

language is bent to their use. We allude with real pain to the manner in which one of the titles of the Saviour is brought to bear upon the subject, and also to the quotation of John vi. 63. The former is, we think, a truly heinous lapse; the other worse than absurd. Most certainly when our Lord said, 'the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life,' he meant the truths contained in those words: and to attribute that power to the mere vocables themselves, placed in any varying collocation, to express the thoughts of common men, is something, to our mind, bordering on the profane. The deduction from the miracle recorded in Acts, ch. ii., may or may not be original. It entirely exhibits—if we at all understand Professor Kingsley—a portentous specimen of audacity in trampling on the plainest rules of criticism and common sense. No High-Dutch pedagogue ever vented more pompous smoke.

It seems a favourite device to adopt a vague mistiness of style for the purpose of adding an awful dignity to matters which are very simple in themselves, and might be expressed in very simple language. Thus:—

'Though there are other gifts which belong to us all as men, there is none more common than language, there is none so near to us, there is none which exhibits amidst its various forms so much unity, there is none which appeals to the man within us so closely. Professor Maurice has said, "The words which we speak and which we hear, those *utterances* by which we understand our fellow-men, and which enable them to understand us, surely there is a marvel and a mystery in these which must more assure the richest and the poorest, the oldest and the youngest, the most learned and the most ignorant, that there is a bond between them, than all the common sights and sounds of nature, or whatever else in the world belongs not to one man, but to all. For all these stand aloof from the man, but this belongs to him, this is the distinguishing mark of his humanity; it comes both from him and to him with the same witness of fellowship and sympathy."—pp. 169, 170: *Prof. Strettell*.

'Words are as much subjects of experiment as gases; the words which we speak every hour, when we come to examine them, what wonderful secrets do they tell! How much self-knowledge may be gained by *the most imperfect meditation upon their roots and growth!* Children are especially delighted by this exercise. Their faces become brighter, freer, fuller of deep meaning, as they engage in it; awful truths seem to be shining into them and out of them. And they find that the words which they speak are not to be trifled with; a lie becomes a more serious thing to them; they not only know from your teaching, but in a measure feel for themselves, what it is.'—pp. 18, 19: *Prof. Maurice*.

Certain round chubby faces of our acquaintance present themselves,

selves to our mind's eye, bright enough in their own way, but in which our Professor would find it difficult to conjure up the 'deep meaning' of which he speaks; and true and ingenuous as they are, we suspect no amount of grammatical exercise, nor any nor all of the teaching at Queen's College could ever cause 'awful truths' to 'shine out' of those laughing eyes. As for a *lie* appearing a more serious offence to a child because it has 'imperfectly meditated' on the roots of the vocables in which the lie is told—if this be so, there can be no doubt that we might safely dismiss all our so-called books of Ethics and substitute at once the Etymological Dictionary.

Professor Kingsley, starting from the well-known fact that in the early literature of nations 'poetry springs-up before prose,'—'fairy tales, then ballads of adventure, love, and war,' being the first attempts, and 'a vigorous and matured prose' the fruit of a more advanced civilization—proceeds to draw a parallel between the ages of the nation and those of the individual, and asserts not only that poetry is most congenial to youth, but that it is easier of attainment than prose, and ought first to be cultivated. This Lecturer on *English Composition*, we may observe in passing, distinguishes himself even above the rest of this company by the Germanisms embroidered on his *prose*—another indication of leanings that require to be watched.

'Prose then is highest. To write a perfect prose must be your ultimate object in attending these lectures; but we must walk before we can run, and walk with leading-strings before we can walk alone, and such leading-strings are verse and rhyme. Some tradition of this is still kept up in the practice of making boys write Latin and Greek verses at school, which is of real service to the intellect, even when most carelessly employed, and which, when *earnestly carried out*, is one great cause of the public school and college man's superiority in style to most self-educated authors. . . . Practice in versification might be unnecessary if we were all *born world-geniuses*; so would practice in dancing—if every lady had the figure of a Venus, and the Garden of Eden for a play-ground. . . . Surely when you recollect the long drudgery at Greek and Latin verses which is required of every highly educated man, and the high importance which has attached to them for centuries in the opinion of Englishmen, you cannot think that I am too exigent in asking you for a few sets of English verses. Believe me, that you ought to find their beneficial effect in producing, as I said before, a measured, deliberate style of expression, a habit of calling up clear and distinct images on all subjects, a power of condensing and arranging your thoughts, such as no practice in prose themes can ever give.'—pp. 35, 36, 41.

▷ As to the Greek and Latin verses of boys—without entering on the question as to the amount of benefit derived from this exercise,

cise, we may fearlessly assert that there is no danger in it—not one boy in ten will pen a Latin verse after he leaves school—not one boy at all will be allured away by the fascination of that employment from the duties of active life. But may not dabbling in English rhyme prove more attractive? Is fostering and encouraging this equally safe? It is not perhaps impossible that some real poetry may be produced, but how many poor, meagre, halting verses will there be, not to speak of high-flown nonsense or silly doggerel? And will the weaker sisters always discover that they are not ‘born world-geniuses?’ We need hardly say that merely to while away a rainy afternoon, or to sharpen the wits of young folks at a holiday party, we have no objection to all trying their hand at rhyme. What we do object to is making it such a primary, essential, grave piece of business—preceding, if not superseding, plain matter-of-fact, work-day prose. With respect to one class of the pupils especially, it may fairly be asked whether a certificate of proficiency in the Walkerian Science would be considered as any recommendation for a governess?—Would even a page of the *Book of Beauty* be to a sensible mother an overawing document? And since prose is the higher attainment, and doubtless many will never reach so far, are we prepared to place our children under the care of one who has stopped short at the poetry?

It is, indeed, in reference to this class—the young governesses elect—that we are most concerned to have so much fault to find with the quality of the teaching at Queen's College—not only because of the wide diffusion which error imbibed by them is likely to obtain, but because they are the least able to protect themselves from it, or we should rather say, their friends are the least likely to afford them protection. The parents of other pupils may have leisure, and be properly qualified to watch and judge the instruction which their children are taking in, and if dissatisfied they have other means at command for securing a suitable education. But the more humble class, absorbed by the cares of providing for their families, perhaps but imperfectly educated themselves, cannot, moreover, afford to be rigidly particular about tuition obtained at a much cheaper rate than any they could find elsewhere, and will be apt to shut their eyes and absolve themselves from an inquiry which might prove so inconvenient in its results. For these young persons, therefore, we call in extraneous aid; and in addition to the protest we have already entered on their behalf, we must take the liberty to complain of a tone of dreamy, unhealthy sentimentalism pervading a portion of the professorial ‘utterances.’ If there is any class of the community especially in danger of falling into such a snare, and to whom

whom the consequences may prove especially pernicious, it is this. For what is the position of a governess? Educated for her vocation far beyond what her circumstances would otherwise have permitted, and consequently above her natural connexions—her mind more cultivated, her manners more refined—she probably may find their society uncongenial, and if affection be not weakened, at least pleasant intercourse may be marred and confidence checked. Not only so—she is also separated from them, and thrown among those whose minds and manners assimilate much more with her own—who have, besides, the charm which birth and breeding may give them in her eyes; but towards whom her affections must not go forth, with whom she can form no lasting ties, in whom she dare take no special interest. If ever poor mortal needed to have the imagination kept under control, and plain practical common sense largely developed, as a safeguard alike for her feelings and her conduct, it is the governess. But—not to recur to the ‘earnest carrying out’ of the art and discipline of sonneteering—how will such teaching as the following effect this end? The Rev. Charles Kingsley thus delivers himself concerning the ‘*true spiritual History of England*’ :—

‘That I call a history—not of one class of offices or events, but of the living human souls of English men and English women—and therefore one most adapted to the mind of woman; one which will call into fullest exercise her blessed faculty of sympathy—that pure and tender heart of flesh, which teaches her always to find her highest interest in mankind, simply as mankind; to see the *Divine most completely in the human*; to prefer the *incarnate to the disembodied, the personal to the abstract—the pathetic to the intellectual*; to see, and truly, in the most common tale of village love or sorrow, a mystery deeper and more divine than lies in all the theories of politicians or the fixed ideas of the sage.

‘Such a course of history would quicken women’s inborn *personal interest* in the actors of this life-drama, and be quickened by it in return, as indeed it ought: for it is thus that God intended woman to look *instinctively* at the world. Would to God that she would teach us men to look at it thus likewise! [Teach *instinct*!] Would to God that she would in these days claim and fulfil to the uttermost her vocation as the priestess of charity! that woman’s heart would help to deliver man from bondage to his own tyrannous and all-too-exclusive brain!—from our idolatry of mere dead laws and printed books—from our daily sin of looking at men, not as our struggling and suffering brothers, but as mere symbols of certain formulæ, incarnations of sets of opinions, wheels in some iron liberty-grinding or Christianity-spinning machine, which we miscall society, or civilization, or, worst misnomer of all, the Church!

‘This I take to be one of the highest aims of woman—to preach charity,

charity, love, and brotherhood : but in this nineteenth century, hunting every where for law and organization, refusing loyalty to any thing which cannot range itself under its theories, she will never get a hearing till her knowledge of the past becomes more organized and methodic. . . . I claim, therefore, as necessary for the education of the future, that woman should be initiated into the thoughts and feelings of her countrymen in every age, from the wildest legends of the past to the most palpable naturalism of the present ; and that not merely in chronological order—sometimes not in chronological order at all ; but in a true spiritual sequence ; that, knowing the hearts of many, she may in after life be able to comfort the hearts of all. . . .

‘ But once more, we must and will by God’s help try to realize the purpose of this College, by boldly facing the facts of the age, and of our own office. And therefore we shall not shrink from the task, however delicate and difficult, of speaking to our hearers as to women. Our teaching must be no sexless, heartless abstraction. We must try to make all which we tell them bear on the great purpose of unfolding to woman her own calling in all ages—her especial calling in this one. We must incite them to realize the chivalrous belief of our old forefathers among their Saxon forests, that something Divine dwelt in the counsels of woman : but on the other hand we must continually remind them that they will *attain that divine instinct*, not by renouncing their sex, but by fulfilling it ; by becoming true women, and not bad imitations of men ; by educating their heads for the sake of their hearts, not their hearts for the sake of their heads ; by claiming woman’s divine vocation, as the priestess of purity, of beauty, and of love ; by educating themselves to become, with God’s blessing, worthy wives and mothers of a mighty nation of workers, in an age when the voice of the ever-working God is proclaiming, through the thunder of falling dynasties and crumbling idols, “ He that will not work, neither shall he eat.”—*On English Literature*. (Lect. pp. 58-66.)

How would our readers like to receive into their families as a governess, one who had been taught to feel such an interest in ‘ tales of village love,’—who is prepared to take a ‘ personal interest in the actors ’ of the domestic ‘ life-drama,’—to offer them her ‘ sympathy,’ not as events properly and naturally call it forth, but as her chief vocation and highest duty—and to expect that ‘ something divine ’ is to be attributed to her ‘ counsels ?’

We repeat that none can admire more than we do the design or the mere mechanical arrangements of this Institution. The hope of seeing all that is evil purged away, and what is good set free to work efficiently—this hope and this alone has induced us to take up a very unpleasant task. With regard to the Lecturers themselves, we deeply feel that their devotion of time and energy to the work of Queen’s College has been generous :—as one of themselves expresses it—

‘ These

‘These gentlemen had everything to lose, and nothing to gain by it. Their position was already established; their employments, both professional and spontaneous, laborious; their time precious.’

But the interests at stake are too momentous to be sacrificed to any considerations of courtesy, goodwill, or even esteem and gratitude. And if, further, it seems unfair to have quoted from the volume of Lectures only passages which seemed open to censure, and to have passed by those (and they are many) which we could have subscribed to and commended, it is because while it would have been much more pleasant as well as easier to quote and comment upon such passages, no good beyond present gratification could have been the result. We may also plead that we have only taken our lecturers at their word. They have requested ‘to be informed of all complaints and censures,’ premising that ‘anything favourable’ may be withheld. They have acknowledged that ‘hints even from lookers-on may do them good; just as much good, or more, when they are ill-natured as when they are civil’ (p. 27). We trust that our remarks, without meriting the former epithet, may attain the desired end, and that they will be received in the same spirit which has dictated them.

Before concluding, we must briefly allude to the older branch, *i. e.*, the Governesses’ Benevolent Institution; and here we are happy to be able to speak in terms of unqualified praise. We need not again quote from the touching histories which the list of annuitants supplies—it will be sufficient shortly to sum up the progress made in the various departments during the past year. Assistance has been rendered in 335 cases of temporary difficulty to the extent of 793*l.* 13*s.* The number of aged governesses receiving annuities is 32—the amount thus given, 515*l.* 486 governesses pay into the Provident-fund for securing deferred annuities—the payment during the past year being 9216*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*, and the whole amount now deposited 43,585*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* Connected with this fund is a savings’ bank, each lady’s money standing in her own name, and removable only by her own order. In the Home (66, Harley Street) which is now nearly self-supporting, there have been 200 admissions and departures. The number registered at the office during the same period is 1509, and the number who have thus procured engagements 807. The Aged Asylum, at Kentish Town, with sufficient accommodation, as a beginning, for 10 inmates, has been opened, and that number of superannuated governesses are there enjoying a quiet haven of rest. ‘A donation of 200*l.* to the asylum will at any time secure the addition of rooms for two more inmates; the endowment required being 500*l.*, or 15*l.* per annum. Thus varied

varied and multiform are the channels through which this Society pours forth its benevolence!

The Report last on our list is that of a more humble undertaking, little known, and therefore not so well supported as it deserves—thrown into the shade by the more aspiring Institution, yet of older date—no rival to that establishment, but from its lower terms meeting the wants of a still more necessitous class—providing amply, though in a plain way, for the comforts of its inmates, and taking care to enrol their names on the registry of the office in Harley Street. This residence for governesses while temporarily out of employment is at 19, Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park.

We trust that all the Institutions which have passed under review (including Queen's College amended as we hope to see it) will meet with liberal support. Those whom they seek to benefit are our own countrywomen, and a class of them to whom we are all in the course of our lives more or less indebted; at least, there are few even of the rougher sex in the higher orders who have not, as little boys or as fathers of families, incurred the debt equally with their wives and sisters. The scope is wide—it includes temporal relief to the sick and distressed, comfort to the aged, intellectual improvement to the young—forethought and provident habits are, moreover, stimulated and encouraged in every rank and age of 'Governess Life.' Not long ago we heard Prince Albert express himself as follows at an Anniversary Meeting of the Servants' Provident Society:—

'The object for which we have met to-day is not one of charity, but of friendly assistance and advice to a very large and important class of our fellow-countrymen. Who does not feel the deepest interest in the welfare of domestic servants? Whose heart does not feel sympathy for those who minister to us in all the wants of daily life—who attend us in sickness, who receive us on our first appearance in the world, and who extend their care even to our mortal remains?'

Just and manly thoughts could not have been more unaffectedly expressed. But—if His Royal Highness stated truly and gracefully what our feelings ought to be towards the class of domestic servants—even stronger are the claims of those to whom we intrust the objects of our fondest affections and most cherished hopes—who supply our deficiencies towards them, whether caused by the external circumstances of our lot or by our own incapacity and want of power and skill.

ART. IV.—*History of Greece.* Vols. III.-VIII. By George Grote, Esq. 8vo. 1847-1850.

‘WE look forward with much interest to Mr. Grote’s forthcoming volumes—to what may be strictly called *The History of Greece.*’ Such was the hope which closed the last notice of Mr. Grote’s work in these pages. That hope has been fully realized. The two volumes have swelled to eight; the disquisitions on a legendary and doubtful period have grown into a stately and heart-stirring narrative of the deeds of living men; and the author has now incontestably won for himself the title, which could then be awarded only by a dubious anticipation, not merely of a historian, but of *the* historian of Greece.

Our readers have often seen the recent poverty of English literature in the historical department contrasted exultingly with the fertility in the same walk of our French and German neighbours. It may now be allowed to us to remark, that within the last two years the most extolled modern efforts of both have been fairly met by English pens. Those schools—as they may justly be called—have been encountered, each on its own peculiar ground; and each, in its own separate and widely separate style—we need affect no hesitation in saying—has been vanquished. The most brilliant sallies of Michelet and Lamartine grow pale before the vivid scenes of the deathbed of Charles II. and the trial of the Seven Bishops. The most laborious investigations of Müller and of Ranke—Niebuhr perhaps still stands unrivalled—look thin and blasted beside the full proportions of the long research which unfolds the rise and progress of the Athenian democracy.

But this—we may also be pardoned for adding—suggests another remarkable circumstance in connexion with Mr. Grote’s book. It is the third time that the history of Greece has been handled by an Englishman with such success as at once to throw all previous works on the same subject into the shade. It is a rare privilege for one generation of men to have witnessed three such steps in a single branch of historical study as are displayed in the three histories (unequal as the first may be considered to its successors) of Mitford, Thirlwall, and Grote. It is a still rarer privilege to witness such a generous rivalry in the race of knowledge as is exhibited in the almost contemporaneous essays of the two distinguished friends and schoolfellows who have won the latest laurels in this noble field. It is an encouraging reflection for those who tremble lest the increased interest in modern history and modern science should extinguish the light of ancient civilization and of classical learning, that an eminent English politician

politician should be found capable of writing, and an English public capable of perusing the thrice-told tale of Grecian greatness, with such success and with such interest, that already a large portion of the work has reached a second edition—already it has taken its place as a text-book and authority in our highest seats of national education.

It has been well said that ‘there are some men whose writings have an interest for us, even before we begin to read them; the instant that they rise, as it were, to address us, we are hushed into deep attention.’ Such is in great measure the case with the *History* before us. The singularity of the author’s position is of itself enough to excite, if not our admiration, at least our wonder and curiosity. Every reader of the two previous works on the same subject must have been struck by the contrast between the respective authors. We would not, indeed, underrate the calm, practical wisdom which Dr. Thirlwall has had the opportunity of displaying, not only in his *History*, but in that perhaps unparalleled succession of Charges which has since distinguished his episcopal career. Nor should we, in fairness to the fallen warrior who headed the forlorn hope of our countrymen into the enchanted fortress of Grecian story, forget the immense difference between the phantoms which flitted across the stage of Goldsmith, and the men of flesh and blood who crowd the solid ground of Mitford. Still it is impossible not to miss from time to time in the marble coldness of the Bishop of St. David’s something of the animating warmth which his predecessor derived from his practical life as an English country gentleman; while, on the other hand, every one recognizes the abundant stores of knowledge and the tact of finished erudition with which the Cambridge scholar was so largely gifted, and which to the Hampshire squire were almost entirely denied. It is from the combination of these two excellences in Mr. Grote that we might anticipate a result of almost unique value. To far more than Mitford’s experience of public life, he joins an intimacy with the classical authors and their foreign commentators, at least equal to that of his immediate predecessor. A man of business and a recluse professor, a strenuous advocate of vote by ballot and an indefatigable student of classical antiquity, are the elements which have met together in this laborious performance. The union of experiences which Arnold so earnestly desired, and which Niebuhr to a certain extent enjoyed, for the history of Rome, has been now, probably for the first time, exemplified in the third English historian of Greece.

To illustrate the results of this combination in detail would be to give a complete analysis of his volumes; but some notion of it may be supplied by seizing in the first instance what seems

to us the peculiar value of the work, before we descend either into the details of its execution or into the interest of its subject.

Nothing is more important in history, and yet in all but the very highest historical works nothing is more rare, than to apprehend clearly the great landmarks of successive epochs, and the leading characteristics of thought and feeling by which particular nations and particular generations are swayed; to know what especial marks divide man from man, fact from fact, age from age; to distinguish the different degrees of comparison (if we may so speak) in the significance or insignificance of the events which may come before us. Many other tasks, doubtless, are proposed to an historian; but this, we think, is, if not the first, at least one of the first, as it is certainly one of the most arduous. And this has been achieved, in no ordinary degree, by Mr. Grote. From the most general laws of thought to the most minute incidents, he has laboured—and successfully laboured—to reproduce the impression which they made upon the mind of the Greek people. We do not deny that his strong political bias has led him to bring out the practical and social aspect of Grecian life in disproportion to its moral and imaginative side; and that occasionally—perhaps often—we may vainly seek in his work for the elucidation both of facts and ideas which we feel to be necessary to the full explanation of the Grecian character and history. But they must be ungrateful students who will overlook the importance of what has been done for them, in consideration of what may possibly yet remain undone. The contrast of the moral state of the heroic with that of the later ages of Greece—the enumeration of the various points which distinguished the moral sentiments of the Greek race from those of all contemporary nations—the power of Greek religion and Greek art as a uniting force to control ‘the centrifugal tendencies’ of Grecian politics—the extraordinary and definite impulse given to the Greek, and especially to the Athenian, mind by the first development of the democratic principle, as exemplified in the revolution of Clisthenes—the peculiar reputation won for Sparta at Thermopylæ, lost at Sphacteria, and regained at Mantinea, that ‘the Lacedæmonians die, but never surrender’—the permanent and impressive influence exercised over the feelings of every Grecian state by the regard to the rights of sanctuary and of the great festivals:—these are merely some out of many points in which the student of Greek history will feel that he has derived from these volumes a flood of light, in which the particular facts of the history stand out, as if for the first time, in distinct and intelligible relation with each other. Nor will he despise the vivid contrast and combination in which those facts themselves are placed. He will learn to recognize not merely

merely a distinct character, but a distinct type of character, in the eminent men of the several periods, whom before he regarded much as we usually regard the fixed stars—their distance from each other lost in comparison of their distance from ourselves. Epimenides—Solon—Miltiades—Themistocles—Pericles—Socrates are all successive steps in the lineage of the Grecian mind : and every one of those steps is marked in the successive stages of the descent, as unrolled in these pages, no less clearly than if each were presented to us in the costume or fashion which distinguished their several generations. And if from persons we descend even to the minute details, which need only to be pointed out in order to be observed, still the same watchful guide is at hand to prevent them from escaping our notice. The sunrise at the passage of the Hellespont ; the whips by which the Persian officers drove on their soldiers to the battle ; the magnificent personal appearance of the Great King himself ; the frantic agony of despair pervading the sanctuary of Delphi as the mighty armament approached—these are instances taken at random from the account of the expedition of Xerxes—to which, doubtless, others might be added from all parts of the history to indicate the richness imparted to a narrative which one might have expected long before this to have been entirely exhausted.

And this leads us from the object which these volumes have accomplished to the method by which it has been accomplished. To abound in striking and original views is perhaps, in this age of theory, no real criterion of the worth of a work, or even of its ability. The satisfactory point of Mr. Grote's speculations consists in the circumstance that they are not merely founded on facts, but on facts for the most part cognizable by the ordinary understanding. Unlike the theories of Quinet or Micholet, which rest on a mere play of fancy, always brilliant, sometimes true, often capricious even to absurdity—unlike the far more valuable intuitions of Niebuhr, which, we might almost say, command assent even where they defy analysis and repel proof—the vast edifice which Mr. Grote has reared reposes on a humbler, but at the same time a safer, because a more incontrovertible, basis. With a strict attention to the laws of evidence, with a masculine sagacity and common sense which prevents his intellect from sinking under the load of his learning, he has placed himself in the midst of the facts which he relates, not merely as a judge, but as a spectator. And this position he has gained, not merely by a general perusal of the ancient writers, or by his unwearied investigation of the most recent tracts of France and Germany, but by deep and accurate study of the language of the original authors themselves. Through the microscope of scholarship he

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has gazed upon their words till every shade and fibre of their meaning has manifested itself to his discerning vision, and revealed to him the general laws of the mind which was working through them. 'This only is the witchcraft he has used,' and it is sufficient. In the survey of any period a critical study of the actual words of its own writers will always be fruitful of great results; but in the case of the writers of antiquity—especially of Greek antiquity—when carried on in a free and intelligent spirit, it will bear fruit a hundredfold. There is a simplicity, a latent force in their expressions, as there is (if we may use, without irreverence, a comparison which illustrates the study of both), in a higher sense, in the expressions of Scripture, which invites and rewards attentive search by disclosing treasures unseen on the surface, though recognized and appreciated as soon as pointed out. 'The modern historian,' as Mr. Grote justly observes, 'strives in vain to convey the impression which appears in the condensed and burning phrases of Thucydides;' but he may do, what Mr. Grote has done; he may 'expand—(again to use his own words)—a single word into a sentence, and sentences into paragraphs,' without fear of exaggeration or diffuseness; he may track the ancient author, as Mr. Grote has tracked Thucydides, through all the idiosyncracies of feeling and of expression—ransack his resources to the very bottom—explore the grounds for his judgments and the influences which were at work upon his representations—follow with admiration his guidance in all scenes where he himself was present as an eye or ear-witness—and lastly, if need be, convict him of partiality in his statement of opinions by relying (the highest of all praise) on his strict impartiality in his statement of facts.

To multiply instances of this minute investigation, in which Mr. Grote more nearly approaches Niebuhr than any one else with whom we have met, at least in this country, would be tedious, and to any reader but the patient *student*, uninteresting. The verbal comments on the great historian whom we have just mentioned are so numerous and precise as almost to amount to a new edition of his work. Two examples, perhaps, may be selected to illustrate our meaning out of the hundreds of passages in which the same stroke elucidates at once a crisis of Greek feeling and an obscure text in Herodotus or Thucydides:—(1.) The battle of Ænophyta, by which Athens reached the climax of her ascendancy on the continent of Greece (B.C. 456), was so remarkable an epoch in her history that we are at first sight astonished to find it passed over in the contemporary narrative with as little emphasis as the unimportant defeat of Tanagra, which preceded it. But Mr. Grote has laid his finger on the one point in the sentence,

sentence which was intended to call attention to the significance of the event. 'It was on the sixty-second day after the previous battle,' writes the ancient historian, 'that they marched into Bœotia;' on which the modern historian adds:—

'The extreme precision of this date—being the single case throughout the summary of events between the Persian and Peloponnesian wars wherein Thucydides is thus precise—marks how strong an impression it made upon the memory of the Athenians.'—vol. v. p. 445.

(2.) Again, the enthusiasm awakened amongst the Chalcidian cities by the presence of Brasidas was evidently unexampled in Greek history. At Scione this reached its highest pitch. 'They not only voted to him a public crown as liberator of Greece, but when it was placed on his head the burst of individual sentiment and sympathy was the strongest of which the Grecian bosom was capable.' To most modern readers the words of Thucydides would seem but a slight foundation for expressions so emphatic. 'They crowded round him'—such is the simple statement—'and encircled his head with fillets like a victorious athlete.' But to Mr. Grote's sagacious eye these few words speak volumes:—

'The sympathy and admiration felt in Greece towards a victorious athlete was not merely an intense sentiment in the Grecian mind, but was, perhaps of all others, the most wide-spread and Pan-hellenic. It was connected with the religion, the taste, and the love of recreation common to the whole nation—while politics tended rather to disunite the separate cities: it was farther a sentiment at once familiar and exclusively personal. Of its exaggerated intensity throughout Greece the philosophers often complained, not without good reason; but Thucydides cannot convey a more lively idea of the enthusiasm and unanimity with which Brasidas was welcomed at Skiônê just after the desperate resolution taken by the citizens, than by using this simile.'—vol. vi. p. 597.

In this unqualified assertion of what seems to us the pervading and paramount excellence of the work before us, we have been insensibly approaching to what most readers, perhaps, will regard as its chief defect—namely, its stubborn disregard or rejection of the finer charms of composition. It is not merely that the eye is offended by the new orthography of 'Nikias' and 'Korkyra,' and the like, which time, perhaps, though time alone, will justify; or that the understanding of the unlearned reader is bewildered by hearing of an 'ækist,' and a 'hoplite,' and a 'demos,' instead of a 'founder,' a 'soldier,' and a 'people.*' These

* It is not worth while to dwell on trifles in a case like this; but, if Mr. Grote will persist in his Germanic style of nomenclature, he should at least carry the system through. As it is, he very often neglects or forgets it. We can see, for example, no reason for writing *Skiônê*, *Sókratês*, *Alkibiadês*, and yet sticking to *Luconia*, *Thucydides*, *Cyrus*. Throughout the work, again, there is a constant jumble of *Hēraklēs* and our old friend *Hercules*, &c. &c.

are no doubt blemishes, but blemishes more than compensated by the thoroughly natural, massive, and vigorous style which, with these exceptions, runs through the whole work. It is, however, a more serious objection that Mr. Grote's disdain of artifice or even art, either in language or arrangement, is often so extreme as to give to the history of the most graceful people of the world a clumsiness of construction at times almost repulsive. Instead of the marble colonnades and polished corners, which here, if anywhere, might be expected, we find a mass of Cyclopean architecture—huge masses of stone fitted together more like natural rock-work than human workmanship. And at the same time—unlike that ideal of sacred art, in which


‘No sound of axe, no pond’rous anvil rung:
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung’—

here the sound of workmen and work never ceases—everywhere the materials are in sight—everywhere the authorities are thrust into the text—everywhere Mr. Grote himself (not assuredly from ostentation, but from forgetfulness, of self) is heaving up the fragments, chiding or encouraging his fellow-labourers, piecing the unwieldy masses together. The bones, in short, of the structure (if we may use for a moment another illustration which still more faithfully represents our meaning) are so constantly protruding through the flesh of the narrative as to deprive it of the beauty either of a living form or of a skeleton.

It is needless to remark how entirely all this reverses the style and plan of execution which, from the days of Gibbon to our own, have found favour with the more brilliant and popular writers of history. To a certain extent it is but the necessary result of that method of research which we just now commended so highly; in great measure, too, it is the result of a deliberate and praiseworthy principle—the sacrifice of immediate effect to the conviction that this is the only honest mode in which history, and especially ancient history, can be written.

‘The insufficiency of written materials’ (to quote the author’s own admirable Preface) ‘not only limits the amount of information which an historian of Greece can give to his readers, compelling him to leave much of his picture an absolute blank, but it also greatly spoils the execution of the remainder. The question of credibility is perpetually obtruding itself; and requiring a decision which, whether favourable or unfavourable, always introduces more or less of controversy, and gives to those outlines, which the interest of the picture requires to be straight and vigorous, a faint and faltering character.’

This is perfectly true, and all honour is due to the historian who has had the courage and self-denial not only to avow the fact,

fact, but  act upon it. Still we cannot but think that a mean might be found between the smooth-tongued story of a Lamartine or a Macaulay, which glides over hidden chasms with hardly a glance at the frail foundations on which it treads, and the baldness and awkwardness of a narrative which is made not to rest but to hang upon its authorities. A greater attempt at compression of such facts as derive their value not from any intrinsic significance, but from the accident of having been recorded in an ancient page—the relegation of critical or controversial dissertations to their natural place in notes and appendices—the endeavour to introduce the incidents of the period, not in the order in which they occur in the pages of contemporary writers, but in the order in which they add most life to the narrative and impress themselves most forcibly on the imagination—these and a few similar expedients, as natural to the modern historian as they were impossible to the ancient, are almost necessary to enable the public to do justice to the merits of a work like that before us, or (we may add) to enable the author to comprise the result of his labours within the reasonable limits of space. Why, for example, should the fact of the respect shown by the Athenian empire to the public dignity and private security of the subject allies, after having been once stated, be repeated over again under the fourth year of the Peloponnesian war, merely because it so happens, that our chief knowledge of it is derived from the speech of the Mitylenæan envoy which Thucydides inserts in that part of his history? Why should the admirable picture of Athenian toleration which Mr. Grote elicits from the Funeral Oration be introduced incidentally in connexion with that passage in the life of Pericles, instead of transplanting it to a general chapter on Athenian life and manners? Why—(to descend to facts of a minuter kind, the right arrangement of which is not so much a matter of taste as of convenience)—why should the curious circumstance that Thucydides composed two distinct narratives of the Peloponnesian war be mentioned casually in a *note* on an *Ætolian* campaign, in the third year of the war, when the only place where any ordinary reader looks for it will be either at the commencement or the close of the period to which it refers?*

Connected with this defect of composition, is to be noticed the rare occurrence of such historical scenes as enlist the interest as well as the reason of the reader in the fortunes of a great people. In some measure this again is to be ascribed to the author's true sense of the impossibility of reconstructing² materials which, as he has well said, are only the remains of 'what has drifted on

* See vol. vi., pp. 306-200-419.

shore from the wreck of a stranded vessel.' (*Preface*, p. viii.) But surely amongst events so eminently picturesque as those which appear, even on his own showing, in Grecian history, the claims of the imagination might be more frequently consulted. Indeed Mr. Grote seems to have become conscious of this himself—for undoubtedly the two last volumes contain attempts at painting as successful in their kind as the most finished representations that could be pointed out in the more pictorial school of history. We refer especially to the description of the morning in Athens after the mutilation of the Hermæ (vii. 227-232); and again, of the trial of the ten generals after the battle of Arginusæ (viii. 238-284)—both too long to extract, but eminently worth perusal if only as combining in a short space the most characteristic exhibitions of the author's powers both of philosophical analysis and of graphic description.

If we might be allowed to suggest one reason for the frequent scantiness of Mr. Grote's pictures, it is, we think, because, for the most part, they want the geographical framework which gives such life and reality to the recollections of historical events. We do not underrate the careful notices which occur from time to time, both of the physical geography of large districts and of the topography of particular spots. We would instance as such the account of the mountain ranges in the first chapter of Part II., with some of the remarks on the effects of the configuration of the country on its inhabitants—the brilliant light thrown upon the foundation of the colony of Cyrene by the detailed description of the little paradise around the sacred spring of Apollo (iv. 44-49)—the elaborate investigations respecting the plans of Amphipolis, Pylus, and Syracuse—where, in every instance, the labours of his predecessors have not only been studied and appropriated but corrected and improved. But having done so much, we cannot see why Mr. Grote should have done no more. The local features of a country are not, like its traditions, liable to doubt and uncertainty: the mountains and rivers—the rocks and the sea—remain still the silent witnesses, sometimes the presiding geniuses, often the moving springs, of great actions which have long since been numbered with the past. In Greece especially, they are intertwined with the events and character of the nation, to a degree far beyond that of any other country in Europe. 'When you have seen Greece, you understand its history,' was the emphatic expression of a modern Greek statesman in describing his native land to a French historian; and every traveller will testify how nearly it approximates to the truth. The general chapter on Geography, therefore, excellent as it is, surely ought to have stood at the opening
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of Mr. Grote's work, as a similar chapter stands at the opening of Dr. Thirlwall's. The mythical period which occupies the first Part of the work as certainly needs the illustration of that chapter as the historical period to which alone it is prefixed. Without adopting the extravagant theories of Forchammer on the universal connexion of physical with legendary phenomena in Greece, it certainly prevailed to a considerable extent. The sacred stalactite caves of Pan and the Nymphs—the venerable retreats withdrawn within their overhanging hills, and dedicated each to its own divinity—the oracular cliffs, with mother earth speaking from her innermost recesses in the living springs which burst from their dark ravines—the forests of hoary olive, inspiring in their twilight glades the thoughts of ancient, holy, and happy days—‘the old poetic mountains,’ brooding over the waving sea of the Copaic reeds or the haunted house of Pelops—these and many similar features still exist unchanged from the time when they suggested to the first shepherds and settlers of Greece the mythology and the worship which have invested them with an immortal name. And with the sketch itself of Greek geography, as well as with its more detailed exemplifications, we are inclined to find the same fault as with the history itself—that it is too much of a plan or map, too little of a picture. We believe that Mr. Grote has not himself travelled in Greece; but it would have been easy to have supplied the want of personal observation, to a great extent, from the numerous works upon the subject. How much more lively an image, for example, would have been conceived of the life of the Athenian people, had he prefixed to the chapter which first opens their history, the substance of Dr. Holland's admirable description of the general impression produced by that city, in its situation as well as in its destiny and development so truly ‘the eye of Greece’—the yellow plain of light and barren soil which so long secured its civilization from the rude inroad of tribes in search of more fertile seats—the circle of mountains, whether on the Attic or the Argolic side of the bright Saronic gulf, embracing in their delicate and (what a recent traveller has quaintly but accurately called) ‘aristocratic’ outline the scene of simple beauty which so entranced the souls of the Athenian citizens—the majestic Rock in the centre of that scene, the holy home of the guardian goddess, whose statue stood in colossal relief against the sky in front of her chosen temple—the dark shade of its northern precipice, long regarded as the polluted abode of the old accursed remnant of the Pelasgic race—the sacred caves, each with its peculiar legend, by which the whole rock is perforated—the venerable forest of olives, stretching like a dark stream from Parnes to the sea—the glory of the

transparent atmosphere in which every object of nature and art seems transfigured with a grace and life not its own.

One point remains, and that certainly not the least important, which we cannot refrain from noticing before we part with Mr. Grote himself—the high moral tone which breathes through the whole work; not merely the total absence of ostentation or affectation, or the singleminded search after truth, which is implied in all that we have already said of its composition; but the genuine fervour in behalf of what is free, and generous, and just, which gives to his narrative a permanent value both as an example and incentive, even to those who may differ most widely from his political opinions. There are, indeed, passages in which the author's sympathy with his subject, and desire to represent faithfully a state of feeling and society different from our own, has led to what may, perhaps, be justly deemed an unnecessary semblance of indifference to the loftier aspirations and instincts of humanity which an historian in the nineteenth century of the Christian era would naturally be expected to commend, at least by implication, to his readers. But in making this complaint we must be just both to the author and to the feelings which he may appear to slight. It is due alike to both to remember that, if he has given us the substance, it is not the part of wisdom or of charity to be over anxious about the name—and we may well be thankful for what we have without dwelling on the absence of what we have not. The facts, and the judgment of the facts, which we could not have discovered for ourselves, have been given us by Mr. Grote—the moral, if our faith in our principles be indeed firmly rooted, we can extract for ourselves.

We may lament, for example, the absence of more direct allusions to that good Providence which Niebuhr delighted to recognise in those critical junctures in which the chosen instruments of God's purposes to the world are delivered by circumstances beyond the reach of any human control. But we must gratefully acknowledge that in no previous history of Greece, so far as we know, have these divine interventions, if we may so call them, been so luminously exhibited—as, for example, in that masterly passage where Mr. Grote describes the consequences of the diversion of the Persian power to its futile invasion of Scythia, instead of attacking the then unprepared resources of Greece, and so 'arresting in the bud that development of which the influence in the subsequent destinies of mankind has been so incalculably great' (iv. p. 353). We may not find, as in Rollin or Bossuet, any direct expression of the contrast of Christianity and Paganism. But there is a tribute to that contrast even more valuable, perhaps, than if it had been expressly stated,

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in the thorough delineations with which this work abounds of all the social and moral consequences resulting from that bondage of the ancient religions, from which it was the design and is the glory of Christianity to have set us free. We confess that we know not where we should turn with more satisfaction for a comment on the words which declare that henceforth all local religion should give way to the 'worship in spirit and in truth,' than to Mr. Grote's remarks on the fixed sway which the belief in ancient sanctuaries and festivals held over the Grecian mind. We know not where the Apostle's expostulation with the Athenians on their 'over-fear of the gods' (δεισδαίμονέστεροι) meets with a more complete elucidation than in Mr. Grote's description of the state of Athens after the mutilation of the *Hermæ*. We would not wish for a more striking exemplification of the difference between the Christian and the Pagan view of the connexion of morals and religion, than in the contrast which Mr. Grote draws between his own estimate of the character of *Nicias* and that entertained by the wisest and best of the historians of antiquity. We may regret the loss of those touches of Christian feeling which so unaffectedly animate the pages of *Arnold*; but we must remember that it is a loss chiefly recalled to our minds by the highminded enthusiasm with which we naturally expect to find such expressions of religious feeling united: and we believe there are few thoughtful readers who could not draw for themselves lessons of the truest Christian wisdom from such noble passages as the two which we select to conclude this part of our subject.

The first is from the eulogy on the Spartan *Callicratidas*—a eulogy which, to those who remember Mr. Grote's strong Athenian and democratical bias, will appear hardly less honourable to the historian than to his hero.—He has just described the liberation of the Athenian prisoners by *Callicratidas*, accompanied by the declaration that so long as he was in command not a single free Greek should be reduced to slavery, if he could prevent it.

'No one who has not familiarized himself with the details of Grecian warfare, can feel the full grandeur and sublimity of this proceeding—which stands, so far as I know, unparalleled in Grecian history. . . . Reciprocity of dealing is absolutely essential to constant moral observance, either public or private; and doubtless *Kallikratidas* felt a well-grounded confidence that two or three conspicuous examples would sensibly modify the future practice on both sides. But some one must begin by setting such examples, and the man who does begin—having a position which gives reasonable chance that others will follow—is the hero. An admiral like *Lysander* would not only sympathise heartily with the complaints of the allies, but also condemn the proceeding as a dereliction of duty to Sparta: even men
better

better than Lysander would at first look coldly on it as a sort of Quixotism, in doubt whether the example would be copied: while the Spartan Ephors, though probably tolerating it, because they interfered very sparingly with their admirals afloat, would certainly have little sympathy with the feelings in which it originated. So much the rather is Kallikratidas to be admired, as bringing out with him not only a Pan-Hellenic patriotism rare either at Athens or Sparta, but also a force of individual character and conscience yet rarer—enabling him to brave unpopularity and break through routine, in the attempt to make that patriotism fruitful and operative in practice. In his career, so sadly and prematurely closed, there was at least this circumstance to be envied: that the capture of Methymna afforded him the opportunity, which he greedily seized as if he had known that it would be the last, of putting in act and evidence the full aspirations of his magnanimous soul.'—viii. 224-227.

The second passage is from the close of his remarks upon the trial of the Ten Generals. The details of the transaction must be read in the historian's own pages—the moral which he draws is applicable to hundreds who never heard of Arginusæ, and would not care for it if they had.

'Such is the natural behaviour of those who, having for the moment forgotten their sense of political commonwealth, become degraded into exclusive family-men. The family affections, productive as they are of so large an amount of gentle sympathy and mutual happiness in the interior circle, are also liable to generate disregard, malice, sometimes even ferocious vengeance, towards others. Powerful towards good generally, they are not less powerful occasionally towards evil; and require, not less than the selfish propensities, constant subordinating control from that moral reason which contemplates for its end the security and happiness of all. And when a man either from low civilization has never known this large moral reason—or when from some accidental stimulus, righteous in the origin, but wrought up into fanaticism by the conspiring force of religious as well as family sympathies, he comes to place his pride and virtue in discarding its supremacy—there is scarcely any amount of evil or injustice which he may not be led to perpetrate by a blind obedience to the narrow instincts of relationship. "Ces pères de famille sont capables de tout"—was the satirical remark of Talleyrand upon the gross public jobbing so largely practised by those who sought place or promotion for their sons. The same words, understood in a far more awful sense and generalized for other cases of relationship, sum up the moral of this melancholy proceeding at Athens.'—viii. 282.

From one who can so feel and so write we have surely far more to learn than to fear. And, if a painful sense of blank and of separation be still left, yet it is to such cases of reserve, even more perhaps than to distinct differences of opinion, that religious minds should apply the well-known, but not too well-known,
words

words of Augustine:—*Illi in vos sevant, qui nesciunt cum quo labore verum inveniatur—qui nesciunt cum quantâ difficultate sanetur oculus interioris hominis—qui nesciunt quibus suspiriis et gemitibus fiat ut ex quantulâcunque parte possit intelligi Deus.*

And now we turn, with the full concurrence, we feel assured, of the author, from himself to his subject. That subject is indeed so great and so manifold in its character and attractions—and the new lights thrown upon it in the present work are so various—that it is manifestly impossible to do full justice either to the historian or to the history within the narrow limits to which we are confined. All that we can hope to do is, by selecting a few salient points, to show the reader that the treasures of Grecian story are not yet exhausted. And, if in our compressed narrative of events which, till now, seemed to have been too well known to need repetition, any new interest is imparted to those timeworn topics, that interest is derived from Mr. Grote.

In two pregnant pages of his second volume he has rapidly sketched the course of the history which the rest of his work is to unfold. We quote so much of it as relates to the part which is treated in the volumes now before us:—

‘About 560 B.C., two important changes are seen to come into operation which alter the character of Grecian history—extricating it out of its former chaos of detail, and centralising its isolated phenomena:—1. The subjugation of the Asiatic Greeks by Lydia and by Persia, and their struggles for emancipation, in which the European Greeks became implicated, first as accessories and afterwards as principals. 2. The combined action of the large mass of Greeks under Sparta, as their most powerful state and acknowledged chief—followed by the rapid and extraordinary growth of Athens, the complete development of Grecian maritime power, and the struggles between Athens and Sparta for the headship. These two causes, though distinct in themselves, must nevertheless be regarded as working together to a certain degree:—or rather the second grew out of the first. For it was the Persian invasions of Greece which first gave birth to a wide-spread alarm and antipathy among the leading Greeks—(we must not call it Pan-Hellenic, since more than half of the Amphiktyonic constituency gave earth and water to Xerxes)—against the barbarians of the East, and impressed them with the necessity of joint active operations under a leader. The idea of a leadership or hegemony of collective Hellas, as a privilege necessarily vested in some one State for common security against the barbarians, thus became current—an idea foreign to the mind of Solon or any one of the same age. Next came the miraculous development of Athens, and the violent contest between her and Sparta which should be the leader; the larger portion of Hellas taking side with one or the other, and the common quarrel against the Persian being for the time put out of sight.’—ii. 358.

Now

Now in this period we naturally ask what is the peculiar epical interest which illuminates the whole? Such an interest there must be in every great historical subject which has not been either wrongly selected or wrongly treated by the writer. Each portion and period, it is true, may have its own. We would not underrate the unity of action and feeling which pervades the Persian wars, and thus renders the great work of Herodotus almost a second *Iliad*; we would not slight the almost grotesque singularity which invests with so strange a charm the fate of Sparta; we anticipate with pleasure the episode of the brief glory of Thebes, and the 'closing scene of Grecian life' under the Macedonian conqueror. But as far as these volumes have yet reached, there can be no doubt that the real centre of the plot, the true heroine of the romance, is Athens and Athens alone. There is a prelude of obscurity during which her fate is uncertain. So long as the race of Pisistratus still swayed the destinies of the Athenian people, so long it was still possible that Greece would have been without a head, without a heart, without a voice. But the moment that, on the expulsion of the last of that house, the true Athenian character had scope to develop itself, from that moment all the rest of the Grecian commonwealths derive their importance and their glory from the parts which they play in the drama of which the Athenian democracy is the chief actor.

In this drama, so far as Mr. Grote has hitherto unrolled it, there are three, or perhaps we may say four, critical epochs—which for the sake of the greater conciseness, as well as for the greater liveliness of representation, we will endeavour to gather up into those scenes or persons in which they are most forcibly exemplified. Perhaps the author's powers would have been more fairly tested had we confined ourselves to those ardent yet strictly scientific investigations which he institutes into the political institutions of the Grecian states. Perhaps, too, we should conciliate the attention of a more select audience if we grappled with him in controversy on some of the points which, after all the ingenuity and research which he has expended upon them, will still to many minds seem debateable—if we questioned how far the ostracism was (according to his felicitous expression) 'the safety-gun of the republic,' or the demagogues nothing more than 'the leaders of the opposition'—if we ventured to doubt whether the democratical sentiment of Athens was not something too different in kind from the democratical sentiment of modern times to justify the tacit inferences which our English politician seems to draw from the glory of the one to the advantage of the other. But to general readers the events themselves, whose course he unfolds, may still be
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the most attractive ; and we shall proceed accordingly to these, even at the risk of apparent injustice to the higher claims presented in the more critical parts of the work, and the deeper interest which these parts would excite in a political or a philosophical student.

1. The first great turning point in the rise of the Athenian people is the day of Marathon. Nothing ever yet said of that day has exaggerated its immense importance to Greece and to the world. Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Plataea were all contained in it as necessary consequences, with the rise of Grecian culture and civilization, and the conquests of Alexander, and all else which distinguishes the European from the Asiatic intellect. But perhaps we hardly reflect sufficiently on its intimate connexion with the history of the Athenian people in particular. It was the peculiar spirit of free citizenship, now just sufficiently developed at Athens to meet this great emergency, which alone gained the victory. It was this victory which at once gave Athens a place amongst the states of Greece by the side of the time-honoured kingdoms of Argos and Sparta, a place which she had never had before, and which she never afterwards lost.

Let us then present the event itself before our mind as vividly as these its latest elucidations permit. It is indeed worthy to stand at the threshold of Grecian and Athenian history for this if for no other reason, that it illustrates so forcibly the narrow limits both of time and space into which, as is often remarked, sometimes in ridicule, sometimes in praise, the great movements of that history are compressed. The little plain, six miles long and two miles broad, has been truly described by Byron as being in its external features, next to Waterloo, the most expressive of battle-fields ; and those features are given in two lines of the same poet, never so great as in his delineations of Greece—

*The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.*

The ‘mountains,’ which do indeed embrace it like a sacred enclosure, are the rugged arms of Pentelicus, which divide it from the great plain of Athens so effectually that the pass between them necessarily was to Attica, what Thermopylæ was at a later time to Greece itself, the key of the whole country. The shore of that bright ‘sea,’ which lies like a silver strip between the main land, and the bold hills of the opposite island of Eubœa, bounds the plain on the east, and is the only level tract in all that rock-bound coast where an invading eastern army could effect a landing. Thither therefore of necessity the fleet of Persia had turned its course, and there lay encamped all along the tideless sand the six and forty nations which in their various costumes had come at the Great King’s command from the shores of Indus
and

and the roots of Caucasus; with the cavalry of Nisa, the wonder of the world, who were to deploy in that level plain with that security of success which their position naturally suggested.* And opposite this great host, on the green slope of their native hills, and within the shade of the trees that surrounded the precincts of the guardian hero of the spot, was ensconced the scanty band of the 10,000 Athenian citizens who were there to die, if need be, for their city and their race, with the 1000 faithful and devoted friends from the little town of Plataea. What were the feelings of those two armies on 'the eve of the battle'? From the vast armament on the beach no word has come down to us, nor can we perhaps represent to ourselves a state of mind so unlike our own, unless it be by the perusal of the speeches in which the envoys of the host of Sennacherib insulted Hezekiah—'Behold, thou hast heard what the kings of Assyria have done to all lands by destroying them utterly:—and shalt thou be delivered?' One man indeed there was in the Persian camp who might have been expected, like Demaratus in the expedition of Xerxes, to have checked this confident exultation. That man was the aged Hippias, last of the sons of Pisistratus. But, Greek as he was, he remembered Athens only in the time of her servitude—he knew not what a spirit had been awakened within her walls since he and his family had been cast forth: and now when in declining years, though still retaining the energy of youth amidst the decrepitude of age,† he led the Persian fleet to the same spot where nearly fifty years before he had landed with his father to recover their lost power, he probably thought he should find the way as open and the conquest as easy as when at that time he surprised the careless populace playing away their time in the rest and listless amusements of a Grecian noon. A glance at the interior of the little camp nestled under the crags of Pentelicus would have undeceived him at once. There was indeed fear and anxiety depicted on every countenance—fear of traitors in the city behind, fear of the unknown, mysterious myriads in front. But a common spirit of devotion pervaded the whole, and the whole was swayed by three master spirits, whose presence on that day of itself indicated the change which had passed over the Athenian people since Hippias fled from the Acropolis. Miltiades, the soul and head of the army, belonged indeed to the older generation; he had himself reigned as a sovereign prince

* Herod., vii. 40. The substance and often the language of all that follows is derived from Mr. Grote. The few references to other authors are on points which are not directly noticed in his history.

† Herod., vi. 107.

over his own dependencies, and his whole appearance and manner, no less than his romantic life, accorded with the high lineage which connected him with the gods and heroes of traditional faith. But this ancient noble did not now consider it beneath him to stand forth as the champion of a kingless city, or to be associated in command with the upstart statesmen whom the revolution of Clisthenes had for the first time invested with importance. For there with him, aiding his wise counsels, and doubtless communicating his enthusiasm to the mass of common citizens, with whom they were united by blood and station, were the two young leaders of the rising generation, Aristides and Themistocles. Nor can any account of Marathon overlook another soldier in the camp, of lower rank, but of even more illustrious race, whose sympathies would have been rather with the older than the new state of things—the poet *Æschylus*, who was there with his brother to take part in a scene so eminently calculated to awaken all his loftiest powers and deepest feelings.

It was in the heat of a September day that the engagement finally commenced. One fortnight had sufficed for the gathering of the army, for the deliberation of the generals, for the message conveyed in vain to and from Sparta to demand assistance: every day—every hour—was now of importance lest some treason at home should render even a victory unavailing. That pressure of time, as it had decided the well-known deliberations before the battle, gave its character also to the battle itself. The day, it would seem, had already begun to wear away before the Grecian sacrifices allowed Miltiades to give the word for the charge, for which he had been so anxiously waiting—before the stillness which always preceded an onset was broken by the loud war-cry, announcing to the Persian army that the battle was begun. In an instant they saw not the usual preliminary shower of darts and arrows—but the sight, hitherto unexampled in Grecian warfare, of the Athenian forces running at full speed down the declivity on which they had been arrayed, and charging at once the two wings and centre of the enormous host. It was but a mile which parted them; and before the Persian ranks had recovered from their amazement at what seemed to them literally a paroxysm of frenzy, their wings were routed by the onslaught. Two scenes, however, of desperate combat were exhibited in those long hours * which intervened between the first charge and the final victory. One was the great struggle in the centre, where the Athenians, breathless with the speed of their descent, and awe-struck for the moment, perhaps, when they found themselves in conflict with the flower of the Persian host, which sur-

* *Χρόνος πολλός*, Herod., vi. 113.

rounded when present the throne of the Great King himself, were not only repulsed, but even, it would seem, driven up into the hills behind by their pursuers,* till they were rejoined, and ultimately delivered, by their victorious comrades, who with true Grecian self-control had checked themselves in the full flush of their almost miraculous success. The second and final contest was on the level beach, where the Athenians rushed forwards to fire the ships, in a furious combat, which to the warrior-poet who was present must indeed 'have emphatically recalled the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*.' There fell his own brother, and there also the commander-in-chief Callimachus—and there again the Greeks were ultimately repulsed, and the Persians embarked in safety.

It is necessary to remember how nearly the victory was a drawn battle, in order to understand how its chief importance lay, first, in its great moral effect, and, secondly, in the removal of the immediate danger to Athens, not only from foreign invaders but from domestic treason. How immediate that danger had been, appeared from the mysterious incident which closed that eventful day. Hardly had the Persians and Athenians separated from their last conflict on the beach, than the attention of both was at once arrested by a flash of light on the summit of Mount Pentelicus, now glowing with that roseate hue peculiar to its pyramidal peak in the illumination of an Athenian evening. It was the reflection of the setting sun on the glittering surface of an uplifted shield.† The quick observation of the Athenian leader at once saw in this apparition a signal from the partisans of Persia in Athens to invite the fleet to join them there before the army of Marathon had returned. Not a moment was to be lost; with the same celerity which had been displayed in the movements of the battle itself, he ordered an instant return to the city. Before daylight had disappeared, they had left the sanctuary of Hercules at Marathon, and that same night, under the light of the full autumnal moon,‡ they reached the city, and encamped within the Athenian precincts of the same guardian hero, on the height which overlooked the sacred Rock, now delivered from destruction. Aristides alone remained with

* *Ἔς τὴν μεσσηγίαν*, Herod., vi. 113. This, if taken in its usual sense, when applied to Attica, seems to imply that the pursuit drove them as far back as the district usually called then, and still known by the name of, *Mesogæa*.

† For the incident of the shield, see Colonel Leake's almost certain hypothesis, as further enlarged upon by Mr. Grote, iv. 476; and for the time of day, which would of itself imply all that is here supposed, see Aristoph. *Vesp.* 1080; Wordsworth's *Athens and Attica*, p. 46.

‡ This follows from the statement in Herodotus (vi. 120), that the Lacedæmonian army arrived three days after the full moon.

his own tribe on the fatal plain, to bury the dead, and guard the prisoners and the spoil.

So ended what may truly be called the birthday of Athenian greatness. It stood alone in their annals. Other glories were won in after times, but none approached the glory of Marathon. It was not merely the ensuing generation that felt the effects of that wonderful deliverance. It was not merely Themistocles whom the marble trophy of Miltiades would not suffer to sleep. It was not merely Æschylus, who, when his end drew near, passed over all his later achievements in war and peace, at Salamis, and in the Dionysiac theatre, and recorded in his epitaph only the one deed of his early days—that he had repulsed the ‘long-haired Medes at Marathon.’ It was not merely the combatants in the battle who told of supernatural assistance in the shape of the hero Theseus, or of the mysterious peasant wielding a gigantic ploughshare. Everywhere in the monuments and the customs of their country, and for centuries afterwards, all Athenian citizens were reminded of that great day, and of that alone. The frescoes of a painted portico—the only one of the kind in Athens—exhibited in lively colours the scene of the battle. The rock of the Acropolis was crowned on the eastern extremity by a temple of Wingless Victory, now supposed to have taken up her abode for ever in the city; and, in its northern precipice, the cave, which up to this time had remained untenanted, was consecrated to Pan, in commemoration of the mysterious voice which had rung through the Arcadian mountains to cheer the forlorn messenger on his empty-handed return from Sparta. The 192 Athenians who had fallen on the field enjoyed the privilege—unique in Athenian history—of burial on the scene of their death; the tumulus, raised over their bodies by Aristides, still remains to mark the spot; their names were invoked with hymns and sacrifices down to the latest times of Grecian freedom; and long after that freedom had been extinguished, even in the reign of Trajan and the Antonines, the anniversary of Marathon was still celebrated, and the battle-field was still believed to be haunted night after night by the snorting of unearthly chargers and the clash of invisible combatants.

Greater, however, than any outward monument or celebration was the enduring effect left on the Grecian mind. An Athenian army had looked in the face of the host of the Great King and lived. The charm of the Persian name was broken. The turban, the caftan, the trouser, the flowing tresses, before so terrific, were henceforth regarded as contemptible signs of cowardice and effeminacy. The young democracy of Athens, least among the Grecian commonwealths, was, by the vicissitudes of twenty-four hours,

hours, raised at once almost to the level of the heaven-descended monarchy of Sparta.

II. Such was the beginning of the glory of Athens—its climax is equally well known. It was the age of Pericles, and even yet more than the age of Pericles, great as the accompaniments of that age might be, Pericles himself.

It required no new artist to awaken an interest in that extraordinary man. To all students of Grecian literature he must always have appeared as the central figure of Grecian history. His form, and manner, and outward appearance are all well known. We can imagine that stern and almost forbidding aspect, which repelled rather than invited intimacy: the majestic stature: the long head—long to disproportion—already before his fiftieth year silvered over with the marks of age; the sweet voice and rapid enunciation—recalling, though by an unwelcome association, the likeness of his ancestor Pisistratus. We know the stately reserve which reigned through his whole life and manners. Those grave features were never seen to relax into laughter—twice only in his long career to melt into tears. For the whole forty years of his administration he never accepted an invitation to dinner but once, and that to his nephew's wedding, and then stayed only till the libation, that is (as we should say) till the saying of grace. That princely courtesy could never be disturbed by the bitterest persecution of aristocratic enmity or popular irritation. To the man who had followed him all the way from the Assembly to his own house, loading him with all the abusive epithets with which, as we know from Aristophanes, the Athenian vocabulary was so richly stored, he paid no other heed, than, on arriving at his own door, to turn to his torchbearer with an order to light his reviler home. In public it was still the same. Amidst the passionate gesticulations of Athenian oratory, amidst the tempest of an Athenian mob, his self-possession was never lost—his dress was never disordered—his language was ever studied and measured. Every speech that he delivered he wrote down previously. Every time that he spoke, he offered up a prayer to heaven that no word might escape his lips which he should wish unsaid. But when he did speak, the effect was almost awful. The 'fierce democracy' was struck down before it. It could be compared to nothing short of the thunders and lightnings of that Olympian Jove whom in majesty and dignity he resembled. It left the irresistible impression that he was always in the right. 'He not only throws me in the wrestle,' said one of his rivals, 'but when I have thrown him, he will make the people think that it is I and not he who has fallen.' What Themistocles, what Aristides, what Ephialtes, what Cimon said, has perished from the memory

memory of their hearers. But the condensed and vivid images of Pericles, far more vivid in Grecian oratory from their contrast with the general simplicity of ancient diction than they would be now, were handed down from age to age as specimens of that eloquence which had held Athens and Greece in awe. 'The lowering of the storm of war' from Peloponnesus—'the spring taken out of the year,' in the loss of the flower of Athenian youths—the comparison of Greece to 'a chariot drawn by two horses'—of Ægina to 'the eyesore of the Piræus'—of Athens to 'the school of Greece,'—were amongst the traditionary phrases which later writers preserved, and which Thucydides either introduced or imitated in the Funeral Oration which he has put into his mouth.

All this—with the glory of poetry, and architecture, and sculpture by which he was surrounded—has in some sense been long familiar to us. But it was reserved for Mr. Grote to bring out the whole figure in full relief against the history of the time, and to place it in the exact niche which it was entitled to occupy. The hour had already come, and Pericles was the man. Aristides had, by the confidence which his unimpeachable probity inspired, laid the foundation of the Athenian supremacy of the Ægean in the hearts of the Greek confederates. Themistocles had, with his ready fertility of resource and long-sighted divination, given a lasting impulse to the Athenian navy. But it was not till Pericles arose that the Athenian empire itself was founded and consolidated. The detailed measures of the external policy by which 'the Ægean sea became an Athenian lake,' belong to a larger discussion of the subject than is here possible, and cannot, perhaps, in all instances be traced with certainty up to the guiding hand which ruled the destinies of the republic at that critical time. But his personal influence in sustaining and directing the new energies and powers of his countrymen in Athens itself is as indisputable as it is striking. He was, indeed, not only the founder of the Athenian empire, but the second founder of the Athenian city. Of that city, which was the delight of Sophocles, and Socrates, and Demosthenes, and whose crown of matchless colonnades and temples is still the wonder of the civilized world, hardly a trace existed before the time of Pericles. Had Themistocles been allowed to carry out his intentions to the full, it is probable that the Holy Rock, with all its venerable recollections, would have been deserted, and that a new town, as graceless as it could have been convenient, would have sprung up on the shores of the Piraic harbour. But Pericles had not drunk in the wisdom of Anaxagoras and enjoyed the friendship of Phidias for nothing. Few men have ever lived who were so well calculated to unite the useful and the beautiful, the new and the old. The town
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of Piræus was indeed still to be encouraged; and though the gigantic walls, which were to have turned it into an impregnable fortress, were never completed, its streets were laid out in long straight avenues, as commodious for purposes of traffic as they were up to that time unprecedented in Grecian architecture. But the maritime city, instead of being separated from its parent stock, was joined with it by the huge arms of the two Long Walls, which now for the first time were sent forth from Athens to embrace it—which thus formed the ancient and the modern town into one city and one fortress, and by acknowledging the importance of both elements prevented the rivalry or the destruction of either. And now began that work of embellishment, by which not only was the original inland home of the Athenian people to be compensated for any favours to its new offshoots, but Athens itself was to be represented in outward appearance, as she was in real greatness—to be clothed, as Mr. Grote beautifully expresses it, in her ‘imperial mantle’ of sculptures and statues and buildings—at once the queen and the instructress of Greece.

But it was not merely by the outward magnificence of his career that he dazzled the eyes of his countrymen. Far more remarkable was the influence which he exercised over them by the force of his personal character, especially when contrasted with all Athenian statesmen before or afterwards. Without infringing in the slightest degree on the democratic freedom either of the manners or the constitution of Athens, he was yet virtually its sovereign. Alone of all the ministers, if one may so call him, of that extraordinary people, he was alike respected, loved, and feared; and therefore able to combat with effect ‘the constitutional malady’ of his countrymen—‘excessive intensity of the feeling of the moment.’ What his oratory was has been already described. However wild the audience—

He called

Across the tumult, and the tumult fell.

More striking even than the effect of his speaking was the effect of his silence. Over the people assembled in the Pnyx, Cleon and Demosthenes may have exerted an influence almost as powerful. But over the people in their homes, in those numerous relations whether political or private in which every Athenian was placed by the necessities of the constitution or of the age, no spell was ever equal to that of Pericles; and this, not merely in public prosperity, and in the height of his popularity, but amidst gloom and anxiety, and suspicion and anger. When at the opening of the Peloponnesian war, the long enjoyment of every comfort which peace and civilization could bring was suddenly interrupted by the stern pressure of hostile invasion—when the
whole

whole population of Attica was crowded within the narrow circuit of the city of Athens—when to the inflammable materials which the populace of a Grecian town would always afford were added the discontented landowners and peasants from the country, who were obliged to exchange the olive glades of Colonus, and the thymy slopes of Hymettus, and the oak forests of Acharnæ, for the black shade of the Pelasgicum and the stifling huts along the dusty plain between the Long Walls—when, without, were seen the fire and smoke ascending from the ravage of their beloved orchards and gardens, and, within, the excitement was aggravated to the highest pitch by the little knots which gathered at every corner of the winding streets, and by the dark predictions of impending evil which were handed about by prophecy-mongers from mouth to mouth—when all these feelings, awakened by a situation so wholly new in a population so irritable, turned against one man as the author of the present distress—then it was seen how their respect for that one man united with their inherent respect for law to save the state. Not only did he restrain the more eager spirits from sallying forth to defend their burning property—not only did he calm and elevate their despondency by his speeches in the Pnyx and Ceramicus—not only did he in the more critical moments of the invasion refuse to call an Assembly—but no attempt at an Assembly was ever made.* The groups in the streets never grew into a mob, and, even when to the horrors of a blockade were added those of a dreadful pestilence, public tranquillity was never for a moment disturbed—the order of the constitution was never for a moment infringed. And yet the man who thus swayed the minds of his fellow-citizens was the very reverse of what we commonly call a demagogue. Unlike his aristocratic rival Cimon, he never won their favour by indiscriminate bounty. Unlike his democratic successor Cleon, he never influenced their passions by coarse invectives. Unlike his kinsman Alcibiades, he never sought to dazzle them by a display of his genius or his wealth. But, in spite of an impassiveness and reserve which must have been ten times more uncongenial to an Athenian than to an English public, they paid him the homage which, as Mr. Grote observes, was always rendered by them to the quality so rare in Grecian statesmen—of incorruptible honesty. It was the union of this quality with his great abilities which contains the true secret of

* Grote, vi. 178. In attributing this remarkable tranquillity to the power of Pericles, we must not overlook the inviolable respect manifested not only on this but on all occasions for the forms of the constitution. For a still more extraordinary exemplification of it during the revolution of the Four Hundred, see vol. viii. p. 56.

the power of Pericles, and which renders his career, as Mr. Grote proudly writes, 'without a parallel in Grecian history.'

And well may the narrative rise into a more than ordinary pathos, as it recounts his mournful yet characteristic end.

'At the very moment when Pericles was preaching to his countrymen, in a tone almost reproachful, the necessity of manful and unabated devotion to the common country in the midst of private suffering—he was himself amongst the greatest of sufferers, and most hardly pressed to set the example of observing his own precepts. The epidemic—then raging within the walls of the city—carried off not merely his two sons, but also his sister, several other relatives, and his best and most useful political friends. Amidst this train of calamities, he remained master of his grief, and maintained his habitual self-command, until the last misfortune—the death of his favourite son Paralus, which left his house without any legitimate representative to maintain the family and its hereditary sacred rites. On this final blow'—the greatest that, according to the Greek feeling, could befall any human being—'though he strove to command himself as before, yet at the obsequies of the young man, when it became his duty to place a garland on the dead body, his grief became uncontrollable, and he burst out, for the first time in his life, into profuse tears and sobbing.'—vi. 227.

Every feeling of resentment seems to have passed away from the hearts of the Athenian people before the touching sight of the marble majesty of their great statesman yielding to the common emotions of their own excitable nature. Every measure was passed which could alleviate this deepest sorrow of his declining age. But it was too late—care and affliction had done their work—and in the fulness of years and honours he sank into the atrophy from which he never rallied. We have often heard the affecting narrative of his death-bed; but it is only those who have read the detailed account of his administration in Mr. Grote's pages that can fully enter into the meaning of those last words which broke from him as he lay apparently passive in the hands of the nurses, who had hung round his neck the amulets which in life and health he had scorned; and whilst his friends were dwelling with pride on the nine trophies which on the hills and vales of Boeotia and Samos and the shores of Peloponnesus bore witness to his success during his forty years' career. Then it was that the dying man, who heard what they said when they fancied that he was past hearing, broke in with the emphatic words, which, after his manner, condensed into one vivid image the wise and peaceful and humane policy of his whole political no less than of his military life.—'I wonder at your praise for what in part I owe to Fortune—for what in part I share with
other

other warrior-statesmen.* That of which I am most proud you have left unsaid—No Athenian through my fault was ever clothed in the black garb of mourning.'

III. From this the highest point of the greatness of Athens we pass, by a natural transition, to the downfall which was occasioned by her departure from the policy of him in whom that greatness culminated.

'That downfall had one great cause—we may almost say, one single cause—the Sicilian expedition. The empire of Athens both was, and appeared to be, in exuberant strength when that expedition was sent forth—strength more than sufficient to bear up against all moderate faults or moderate misfortunes, such as no government ever long escapes. But the catastrophe of Syracuse was something overpassing in terrific calamity all Grecian experience and all power of foresight. It was like the Russian campaign of 1812 to the Emperor Napoleon; though by no means imputable, in an equal degree, to vice in the original project. No Grecian power could bear up against such a death-wound, and the prolonged struggle of Athens after it is not the least wonderful part of the whole war.'—viii. 393.

It is impossible, in the limits within which we are here confined, to enlarge on the detail of a catastrophe, every part of which thrills with a romantic interest of its own, and to almost every part of which a new life has been given by Mr. Grote. There was the solemn prelude of the embarkation, in which the modern historian has seized with his usual felicity the characteristic features of the Thucydidean narrative—the assemblage of the whole population on the shores of Piræus, 'so as to resemble a collective emigration' more than an expedition—'the dark presentiment mingling with the grandeur of the spectacle'—'the solemn and touching moment,' first of silence, and then of prayer and praise from the thousand voices of crews and spectators alike, which immediately succeeded the farewell. 'Never in Grecian history,' adds the English historian with all the feelings of a Greek, 'never was an invocation more unanimous, emphatic, and imposing addressed to the gods; and never was the refusing nod of Zeus more stern or peremptory.' There was also the dramatic combination of incidents by which the consummation was brought about; the mysterious profanation of the guardian gods of Athens; the reckless ambition of Alcibiades; the fatal apathy, and (if we may believe Mr. Grote) the still more fatal *prestige* of the high character, of Nicias; the successive arrivals of Gylippus

* No English word presents the Greek idea of the 'warrior-statesman' conveyed in *στράτηγας*; and the 'black garment' (*μέλαν ἱμάτιον*) conveyed to an Athenian imagination (as we see from the account of the trial of the ten generals, Grote, viii. p. 280) a much livelier contrast to the bright colours of the gay life of Attica than our word 'mourning.'

and Demosthenes—each, as it would seem, at the last gasp—first of the besieged and then of the besiegers; and above all, the overwhelming desolation of the final defeat. It is on that last crisis that Mr. Grote (vii. chap. 60) has expended his highest powers of analysis and description; it is that last crisis which will always give Syracuse a place in universal history which no magnificence of Dionysius or Hiero could ever have won for her. Apart from its terrible interest, it stands alone (to use the emphatic words of Mr. Grote) as ‘the most picturesque battle in history:’ fought within the still waters of the land-locked bay, the glory of ancient harbours—the long low barriers of *Epipolæ* and of the *Hyblæan* hills enclosing the doomed armament as within arms of stone—the white peak of *Ætna*, brooding over the scene from afar, like the guardian spirit of the island; there the 194 ships met to join battle in the presence of the countless mass of spectators round the shore—‘all with palpitating hearts, and near enough to see and hear—without snoise or other impediments to vision, in the clear atmosphere of Sicily—a serious and magnified realization of those *naumachia* which the Roman emperors used to exhibit with gladiators on the Italian lakes for the recreation of the people.’ Yet the outward grandeur of this magnificent spectacle dwindles into nothing before the pathetic and moral greatness of the ‘awful, heart-stirring, and decisive combat.’ There was ‘the consciousness of the Syracusans that the great blow which they were about to strike was sufficient for the time to exalt them above the level even of their own Dorian chiefs in *Peloponnesus*’; in the camp and fleet of the Athenians the passionate ‘misery not only of men whose all was at stake, but of sensitive and demonstrative Greeks, and indeed the most sensitive and demonstrative of all Greeks’; the testimony borne by *Nicias* to the force of the democratical patriotism of the Athenian citizens, in his appeal to it ‘as to the only flame yet alive and burning even in that moment of agony’; the infinite variety of human emotion in the groups along the shore, closing with the close of the battle in one universal shriek of despair, only equalled by that which is described as going up from the spectators on the hills round about *Jerusalem*, when the last crash of the burning temple announced that their national existence was at an end. And to us, who look back from the distance of many centuries, there is, as another eminent historian* has justly observed, the additional interest of reflecting that in the event of that day was involved not merely the destruction of ‘the greatest armament ever yet sent out by a free and civilized commonwealth,’—not merely the fall of Athens herself,—but also the fate, in all human probability, of the whole western

* Arnold, *Rome*, i. 345.

world—the question whether the West was to fall before the sway of Greece now, as the East fell a century later—whether Greece instead of Rome were to conquer Carthage—whether Greek law, language, and character were to be substituted for the corresponding Roman elements in the future races of modern Europe.

IV. In any other State than Athens, probably the destruction of the fleet at Syracuse would have closed, if not her history altogether, at least the struggle to maintain her Empire. But with Athens it was not so. We have heard of a distinguished ecclesiastic who, when he feels himself failing at his post, is wont to rouse himself to renewed energy by reading the celebrated description of the elasticity of the Athenian character, as given in the first book of Thucydides. Of that elasticity the whole remainder of the war is one continued exemplification. The fatal day, however, arrived at last: the gleam of light which had broken in upon the devoted city in the victory of Arginusæ was worse than illusion; it was one of those apparent successes which bring in their train the worst calamities; and the transition, which it occasioned, of the Spartan counsels from ‘the noblest of the Greeks’ (Callicratidas) to ‘almost the very worst’ (in the person of Lysander)—hastened and in the highest degree aggravated the final catastrophe. What the public feeling at Athens had been on the reception of the news from Syracuse we know only by glimpses, which are difficult to reconcile with each other, though, taken separately, as striking as they are intelligible. Such is the story of the incredulous crowd catching the first rumour from a stranger in the counterpart of the modern newsroom or the old coffeehouse, then to be found in the barber’s shop. Such is the sublime scene (which is omitted by Mr. Grote—we trust not from entire disbelief of so noble a trait in his favourite people) of the audience in the theatre, suddenly checked in a universal roar of merriment by the announcement of the calamity: for one moment covering their faces in silent grief at the recollection of their lost friends and kinsmen: and then, with the thought that there were present strangers from every part of Greece—and, not least, from their subject states—commanding the spectacle to proceed; although the very subject which it burlesqued—the Fall of the Giants—must have struck bitterness into the hearts of all. But there is no variety of report concerning the manner in which they heard the tidings of the great defeat of *Ægos-potami*:—

‘It was made known at Piræus by the consecrated ship *Paralus*, which arrived there during the night, coming straight from the Hellespont. Such a moment of distress and agony had never been experienced in Athens. The terrible disaster of Sicily had become known

known to the people by degrees, without any authorized reporter; but here was the official messenger, fresh from the scene, leaving no doubt or room to question the magnitude of the disaster or the irretrievable ruin impending over the city. The wailings and cries of grief, first arising in Piræus, were transmitted by the guards stationed on the Long Walls up to the city.'—viii. 300.

And then followed the night, during which, in the words of the contemporary historian, 'not a man slept;' but all Athens resounded not merely with the names of those whom each individual mourner lamented amongst the fallen soldiers and seamen, but with the long list of Grecian states whose citizens had been exterminated or massacred under the same stern measure of Grecian warfare which they now expected for themselves.

V. We have thus endeavoured to carry the reader in a short space through the main points in the story of these volumes, that he may be induced to fill up the interstices for himself. In giving so much prominence as we have done to the fortunes of Athens, we would not undervalue the interest which attaches to those delightful episodes of lesser moment which diversify the main current of the history, and which have derived peculiar light from the searching investigation pursued by Mr. Grote into every corner of his field of labour. Of these one instance, which perhaps may suffice as amongst the most striking, both in itself and from the instruction with which he has invested it, is the fate of Plataea.

Plataea was situated on the slope of Mount Cithæron, as its terraces descend into the great plain of Thebes—the last town or village, for it was hardly more, which the traveller would visit before he crossed into the pass which would lead him into Attica. In this situation was the secret at once of its glory and its misfortune. Far enough removed from Thebes to claim a partial independence from her dominion—the refuge, in all probability, of the aboriginal inhabitants, who, claiming as they did, a descent from the nymphs of Cithæron and the torrent Asopus, entrenched themselves under their native crags, and within their ancestral streams, from the encroachments of the new city which lay enthroned on her seven-gated hill—Plataea had always been an object of the jealousy and anger of her powerful neighbour and reputed sovereign. But close behind the mountain-wall of Cithæron was a hardly less powerful friend ever at hand to succour. In less than two hours the Plataean citizen could turn his back on the hated Thebes, and look down upon the sacred plain of Eleusis, and feel that he was a welcome guest in the genial atmosphere of Attica. Therefore it was that the fortunes of Plataea were naturally united with those of Athens. With the Athenians her sons had shared the danger and the
glory

glory of Marathon, and when the second great battle for the independence of Greece was fought under her walls, they had (to fulfil the injunction of an ancient oracle) removed the landmarks which divided their territory from that of Attica, and so made themselves one with the city, with whom they were thus linked in indissoluble amity alike against the Persian oppressor and the Theban traitors, who on that memorable day appeared side by side in the hostile camp. When therefore the great war between Athens and Sparta was on the point of breaking out, it was natural that Thebes should seize the opportunity of plucking for ever this thorn from her side. What Hungary is to Austria, what Poland is to Russia—(we are not instituting any comparison of the merits of the respective causes)—that Plataea was to Thebes.

We pass over the first attempt of the Thebans—doubly interesting as the whole transaction is from the insight which, with the later events of the same sad story, it gives into the interior of a small Greek town. The dark and drizzling night of the early spring on which the Plataeans woke and found themselves in the hands of their enemies—the winding, narrow, and muddy streets, barricaded (it is, we believe, the first recorded instance of this mode of defence) with waggons—the flat-roofed houses from which, with howls and screams, the women hurled down tiles on the intruders—the rude mechanism of the city gate—the rapid rising and flood of the Asopus torrent, are all incidents eminently characteristic of an adventure in Greece. But Mr. Grote has specially fixed our attention on the time when Archidamus appeared at the head of the Lacedæmonian forces before the walls of Plataea, to summon them to surrender. It was a moment of mournful misgiving to the besieging army. The little town, with its surrounding territory, was of no real importance for the main object of the war. Nothing but the long-standing antipathy of Thebes had induced Archidamus to undertake the enterprise; and on the other hand were all the strongest religious instincts of Greece working on the minds of the most scrupulous of the Grecian states, and not least on the mind of the venerable king himself. Insignificant as the place was in a political point of view, in a religious and national point of view it was one of the most sacred spots in Greece. Beneath those fir-clad heights the last battle against Persia had been fought and won, under the special protection of the gods of Greece, and of the local divinities of Plataea, to whom, by solemn rites, and for all future ages, the whole territory had been then and there consecrated. On the mountain-side the Spartans must have seen the great temple of Juno, to which their king Pausanias had on that eventful day turned in anxious prayer up to the very moment of the commencement

mencement of the fight. On the declivity towards Thebes they looked on the little chapels—more than one of which had figured in the accounts of the battle—dedicated to the six hero-founders of the town. Close to the city, on each side the road, stood the tombs of those who had perished for their common country. Within the walls, in the heart of the town, stood, as they all knew, the altar of Jove the Deliverer, to which, on the anniversary of the battle, all Greece was enjoined to bring its grateful offerings. It must have been indeed with sad and reluctant hearts that a Spartan army invested such a city and ravaged such a territory. The inhabitants they respected merely by a secondary association as the tenants of so hallowed a spot, but the spot itself could not be injured without sacrilege. The feelings of the French army—the army of Catholic and civilized France—compelled in 1849 to attack and bombard the capital of Catholicism and of civilization, may give us some notion of the feelings of Spartans, professedly the liberators of Greece, and the most pious of Greeks, as they commenced the siege of a place consecrated with the most solemn sanctions as the scene of Greece's liberation.

Let us again pass over the siege itself—characteristic as it is, with its huge mounds and palisades, of the primitive style of Spartan warfare—the great thunderstorm which saved the devoted city from conflagration—to that cold and dark December night when the 212 Platæans effected their escape from the blockaded walls. It was a night long remembered in Greece and, above all, in Athens. The names of the two leaders of the band, 'one civil and one religious, a general and a prophet'—and of the forlorn-hope who first mounted the wall—'the rain and sleet and roaring wind' under cover of which the escape was effected—the white-washed walls of the besiegers looming through the darkness—the clatter of the falling tile—the half-frozen ditch—the fire-signals all along the towers both of besiegers and besieged—the flight down the Theban road to the little chapel embosomed in its sacred grove—the glimmering line of 300 torches in the pass of Cithæron, indicating that the pursuers had missed their prey and were following a mistaken track—their own wandering through the night on the wilder uplands of the same mountain range—and finally, their safe arrival at Athens and joyful meeting with their wives and children, who had been sent thither before the siege began—all these incidents as they stand recorded by Thucydides, and evidently derived immediately from one of the exiles themselves, were treasured up in grateful recollection not only of the immediate escape, but because, in the eyes of the whole Grecian world, that heroic band, thus breaking loose from the fate of the rest of their countrymen, were regarded as destined

' to

'to preserve for future times the genuine breed and honourable traditions' of their extinct birthplace. For in less than six months from that time the sentence was pronounced—and Plataea was blotted out of the roll of Grecian states. In the place of the familiar town, with its local traditions and its solemn sacrifices, the pilgrims who repaired thither found only a vast barrack for their reception, erected out of the materials of the destroyed dwellings round the temple of Juno—itselt rebuilt and refurnished with the mournful relics of the domestic utensils and furniture of the ancient houses of the inhabitants. Theban tenants grazed and farmed the sacred land and burial-ground of Greece. Thebes, with her revenge satiated, retired from the war, and Plataea continued to exist only in the persons of its citizens harboured at Athens—again to revive in later times to new vicissitudes of joy and sorrow.

We leave Mr. Grote for the present, with the hope that the interest which he has so well sustained may not flag in the sequel of his labour. It is not impossible that, as we have barely glanced on this occasion at any of the contents of his eighth volume, we may in a future article invite the attention of our readers to certain subjects on which it offers new materials for judgment. There are some such of high consequence to which as yet we have made no reference; and we may hope that, as to the most interesting of them, we shall have the advantage of comparing Mr. Grote's conclusions with those of Colonel Mure, whose long-promised History of Greek Literature is now announced for early publication.

ART. V.—1. *The Works of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, Knight.* Edinburgh. 4to. 1834.

2. *The Pillars of Hercules; or, a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco, in 1848.* By David Urquhart, Esq., M.P. 2 vols. London. 1850.

WE owe to the Maitland Club of Glasgow this very handsome reprint of the rare and scattered Treatises of the Knight of Cromarty. His (unfinished) translation of Rabelais has never lost its just celebrity; but the original fruits of his genius had been less fortunate, and have demanded and deserved this pious attention. Excepting some *disjecta membra* of his biography of the Admirable Crichton, we should doubt if one in a thousand of modern readers ever saw a scrap of the 'Works' resuscitated by the Maitlanders. Born in 1605, Sir Thomas Urquhart died in 1660—of excessive laughter, says one tradition, at learning the restoration

restoration of Charles II., but more probably, according to another, of extra-libations on that auspicious intelligence. We trust that no immediate Cobdenisation of the Czar may bring Mr. David to a like untimely end—but there are so many points of resemblance between his literary vein and that of the once famous author of *The Jewel*, that we need offer no apology for combining two Urquharts in one article.

The erudite and genial old Cavalier records in one of his prefaces that, 'before his brains ripened for eminent undertakings,' he travelled much; and on his return, while perdidicid brother-lairds hunted for coveys, 'sought the discovery of optical secrets, mysteries of natural philosophy, the finding out the longitude, squaring of a circle, and wayes to accomplish all trigonometrical calculations without tangents, with the same compendiousness of calculation; which, in the estimation of learned men, would be accounted worth six hundred thousand partridges and as many moor-fowles.' In his 'Proquiritations—metaphysical, moral, mythological, dialectical, chronological, and written in a way never trod by any,' his noble aim, he avows, was 'to purge the world's brain from ignorance.' His 'Trissotetras' was, says he, 'an invention that, compared with the old beaten path trod upon by Regiomontanus, Ptolemy, and other ancient mathematicians, is like the sea voyage in regard to that by land—*betwixt the two Pillars of Hercules*, commonly called the Straits of Gibraltar, whereof the one is but of six houres' sailing at most, and the other a journey of seven thousand long miles.' Touching this 'Trissotetras,' Mr. Wallace, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, observes, 'there appears to have been a perverted ingenuity exercised in writing it; and I imagine with some patience the author's plan might be understood, but I doubt if any man would take the trouble; for after he had overcome the difficulty, there would be nothing to reward his labour.' (*Introduction*, p. xvi.) We regret that Professor Wallace has not survived to pronounce a judgment on the octavos by which the Honourable Member for Stafford has illustrated the ancient affection of the clan for these wonderful Pillars.

How and why Sir Thomas turned author is minutely told by himself. After the battle of Worcester, Sept. 3, 1651, his lodgings were sacked by some 'exquisite snaps and clean shavers, who handed over six score and eight quires and a half of his MS. to inferior and posteriqr uses;' but happily 'one quaternion' was picked up in the street, and thence called *Ekshubalauron*—being 'the discovery in the kennel of a most exquisite *Jewel*, more precious than diamonds incased in gold, the like whereof was never seen of any;' a chosen specimen, in short, of his literary
'wares

'wares, brain-babes, of far greater value than ever from the East Indies were brought in ships to Europe'—its 'scope' being—as he further explains—partly epænetick, partly doxologetickal. Cromwell does not seem to have been aware of the important part the Knight had taken in the conflict at Worcester—at least we do not hear of any direct subsequent molestation of him by agents of Government—but at best he was *down*, and had no friends but such as were also in difficulty and discomfiture; wherefore creditors of Aberdeen, sharp as Israelites, seized the 'opportunity for importunity,' and their merciless writs of process hunting him from garret to cellar, wherever he bestowed himself, 'hung as millstones at his heels, pulling down the vigor of his fancie, what other wayes would have ascended above the sublimest regions of vulgar conception.' He once more changed his lodgings, and resolved, with the aid of a keenly royalist typographer—('worthy Master James Cottrel')—to turn his 'Jewel' into cash. Author and printer shut themselves up to see whether head or hand could compose the quickest; so, 'in the short space of fourteen working daies' their joint concern issued from the press. Enjoying these details, we cannot but regret that the good Cavalier's modern representative has not on this occasion favoured us with the duet between himself and Mr. Bentley's devil; but we should not be surprised if it turned out that the Jewel of 1850 had been polished and set with rival alacrity.

The Knight proceeds to tell with a brave candour, that, having put forth his 'Jewel,' he did not neglect or disdain either to conciliate the professional reviewers, or in his own person to puff the work in the most approved methods of that period:—

'Why I should extoll the worth thereof, without the jeopardy of vaine glorie, the reason is clear and evident. Being necessitated to merchandise it for the redintegrating of an ancient family, I went on in my laudatories, to procure the greater longing, that an ardent desire might stir up an emacity, to the furtherance of my proposed end. Thus—the first step of this scale being to avoid the disputative censure of plebeculary criticks who use to vent quisquiliary dibratations to the opprobrie of good spirits: the second step is my elogiarie interthets, in extolling the matter without any philotary presumption: whereof there wanteth not store of precedents. Moses intituled himself the meekest man upon the face of the earth; nör was David, for all his heinous transgressions, free from this manner of exalting himself.'—*Works*, p. 332.*

* Sir Thomas patronizes the Euphuistic vocabulary;—indeed his biographer, the late Mr. P. F. Tytler, calls him 'a sort of Ancient Pistol.' For the better understanding of his 'Works,' the 'English Dictionary' of Mr. Noah Webster will be useful. This diligent American has preserved every philological antediluvianism; words, it would seem, long called in and recoined in the old cuntry are still current as cents at New York.

It may be very possible—as is intimated in more than one of the ‘laudatories’ here referred to—that in cases of superlative endowment the Knight’s ‘fiery processes’ are the best;—granting such genius, more composition and fierce quality may go to the production of brain-babies than when gestation is prolonged to the ninth year of Horace. It is clear, however, that if length of parents’ pedigree could ensure commensurate duration of offspring, the works of any Chief of Clan Urquhart would last longer than the world. Sir Thomas, in another of his ‘Works,’ traces every link of his descent from Adam with the decision of a Collins—we might even say, of a Sir Egerton Brydges, ‘*per legem terræ* Lord Chandos of Sudeley.’ We must transcribe the beginning of the document:—

‘*The true Pedigree and Lineal Descent of the most ancient and honorable Family of the Vrquharts, of the House of Cromartie, since the Creation of the World until this present Yeer of God, 1652.*

‘God did of nothing create red earth: of red earth framed Adam: and of a rib out of the side of Adam fashioned Eve. After which creation, plasation, and formation, succeed the Generations as followeth:—

‘I. Anno Mundi 1.—Adam married Eve. He was surnamed the Protoplast, and on his wife Eve begot Seth.

‘II. Anno Mundi 130.—Seth married Shefta, his own coenixed sister, on whom he begot Enos,’ &c. &c. &c.—

—And so on, through eighteen 4to. pages, to ‘Sir THOMAS, agnamed Parresias, who was knighted by King Charles, in Whitehall Gallery, in the year 1641, the 7 April . . . The said Sir Thomas is from Adam by line the 143rd—by succession the 153rd.’

He adds:—‘This Genealogie was deduced

Anno Mundi 5598

Anno Esormonis 3789

Anno Christi 1651

Anno Vocompotis 871.’—

Pantochronochanon, pp. 155-173.

But some of these æras will puzzle the million. Be it known then, that the surname of Urquhart was introduced into the family by *Esormon* (i. e. The Intruder), who, some little time after the ethnological developments of the tower of Babel—to be precise, nineteen hundred years before the birth of Herodotus—was king of Achaia, and called by his subjects ‘*Oυροχαπρος*—which Sir Thomas translates ‘the fortunate, the beloved one;’ but which signifies literally ‘the man with a stern-wind.’ (See *Liddell and Scott*.) This regal Chief’s ‘coate-armoure did present three banners, three ships, and three ladies;’ and that ‘our ancient blazoun’ was for ages adhered to. One of its august bearers, some 1125 years later, viz. *Pamprosodos* (or Whole-hog-going) Urquhart, married Termuth, Pharaoh’s

Pharaoh's daughter, the same that found Moses in the bulrushes. Their great-grandson, again, soon after marrying a daughter of Deucalion and Pyrrha, killed in Africa three lions, whose heads in a basket so frightened the pregnant Panthea, that she put her hand on her right side, exclaiming 'Oh! Hercules, what is this?' A triple-headed impression was found on the flank of her son, Epitemon (the Right Honourable): his seal sympathized, and the family coach exhibited new decorations. 454 years afterwards, Mellesen Urquhart (the Promising one) espoused Nicolìa—'by many thought to be the Queen of Sheba' who visited Solomon; their son, Alypos Urquhart (the one without a Grievance), founded York; 658 years after him, Astioremøn Urquhart (*i. e.* the Courtly Orator) took as a new motto, 'Εὐνοεῖτω, εὐλογε, καὶ εὐπράττει'—*Scotticè*—'Meane weil, speake weil, and doe weil;' to which rule the heirs of said motto have conformed ever since. The family coat itself was for the third and last time changed in the eighth century of the vulgar era by a Chief well entitled to found a new era—namely, *Vocompos* Urquhart (*i. e.* the one whose wishes were all fulfilled), which hero killed three bears before the King of Scotland, and substituted them—razed—for the three lions. 497 years later, Chief David Urquhart I. was 'agnamed Polydorus, from his great gifts.' Interesting as another more gifted David has now rendered this agname, nothing more is told about him; Sir Thomas does not even add the simple, touching 'Sus per coll,' so common in the necrological notices of the worthies of the Rolliad. In 1535 succeeded Walter Urquhart, 'agnamed *Exastallocrinus* because he judged of other men by himself,' and grandfather to our own dear Sir Thomas, agnamed *Parresiastes* (or the Free-spoken), whose marking quality is proudly proclaimed on his 'Jewel's' title-page:—

'Oh, thou'rt a book in truth with love to many,
Done by and for the freest spoke Scot of any.'

These agnames, or distinguished and distinguishing epithets, have obtained with the Urquharts from the Deluge downwards. *Tycheros* (the one of a lucky chance) was fourth in descent from Noah. Those interested in the mooted questions of hereditary transmissions, superlatations, and so forth, will also find among our authors' indicative predecessors *Thrasymedes*, *i. e.* the plucky in statecraft; *Litoboros*, the bubble-swallower; *Bathybulos*, the artful dodger; *Liptologon*, the man of subtle inferences; *Autarces*, the self-sufficient; *Holocleros*, the man without a crack; *Cainotomos*, the cutter out of novelties; *Spectabundo*, the noticeable, or fit subject of review; and so on, until their quintessence concentrated in David II.—duly described in Dod's Parliamentary Companion as 'Chief of Clan Urquhart of Cromarty'—who well observes that

'race

'race is not easily rubbed out,' but yet has, we must say, dropped one hereditary feature, or at least modified it—for, in place of the Achaian dialect of Esormon, so diligently kept up in mediæval Cromarty, he seems to be all for the idioms and ideas of the Moslem: so much so indeed that, if we be not mistaken, he openly introduced himself in an earlier performance (of the ante-Palmerstonian epoch) as David Bey—or David Pacha. At all events, he certainly proclaimed in 1838 his conviction that about the best Christians then going were the Turks:—

'As a Presbyterian and a Calvinist, I consider Islam as nearer in dogma to the true Church than many sects of so-termed Christians,' &c. &c. &c. See *Spirit of the East*, Introduction, pp. xxiv., xxv.

In the year 1848 the honourable Chief and Member quitted England for the South of Europe amid general cheering. The qualifications he lays down for a first-rate traveller are extensive—and would have pleased the author of the 'Proquiritations:—

'While he ought to be gifted with the imaginative qualities in which lives the poet's essence, he should also have the scrutinising eye of a philosopher—the analytical spirit of a metaphysician; and all these put together can only be of use, when, *lifting him out of his times*, they restore him to the use of his *eyes and ears*.'—i. 187.

We learn from his first sentence, and without surprise, that he 'did not visit Spain and Morocco on any *settled* plan;' soon however, that is, in passing the Straits, he felt that in Barbary, interwoven with 'the Canaanite, the Hebrew, the Highland Celt, and the Saracen,' he 'might find insight into early things;' and it will be our duty to excite the reader's emacity by a few specimens of his subsequent introspection. The first discovery is that the 'Pillars of Hercules' rest by no means on foundations so solid as the Urquhart pedigree. They are, in point of fact, metaphors, not mountains, out of which

'error arose the dull plagiarism of the Bœotian Charles, who gave to the presumptuous arms in which those of the Peninsula were quartered with those of the Empire, two pillars as supporters, which are to stand for the traditional altars and the figurative hills. The motto was *plus ultra*, taken from *ne plus ultra*, both equally meaningless after the discovery of America. The dropping of the particle *ne* announced the unlimited ambition of his nature and the narrow limits of his mind and scholarship.'—i. 17.

Now there are spots on the sun—it is a pity that Sir Thomas had not inspected this passage in the proof sheet, for unfortunately the Peninsula has no arms. On the royal banner of Charles V. were quartered those of Castile, Leon, and other once independent kingdoms, then agglomerated into the Spanish monarchy. The arms of the Empire never were *quartered* with them, nor indeed

indeed with any other arms whatever, and no one would ever have more rigidly avoided this *infra dignitatem* heraldicam than the haughty Charles. These two columns, continues our author,—

‘ Sometimes are seen on the Colonato [Colonnato], or Spanish dollar ; bright-eyed poetry, strong-handed enterprise, have descended to ambition, solecism, vulgarity, and gain.’—i. 17.

● His reflections on the ‘ Gut’ are novel and practical ; had the canal been narrower, ‘ the Mediterranean would have been a salt-pan.’ Next he speculates on ‘ the sights he should have seen’ had the passage been imperforate. Gibraltar displeases him : ‘ we have retained it only by a new invention of red-hot shot ;’ and the sooner we give it up the better. Burke and Nelson, who thought otherwise, were donkeys. Sir Robert Wilson, however, was still worse :—

‘ Out of all the army one only could be selected on whom had been inflicted the penalty of professional disgrace, for heading a mob against his Sovereign’s troops’—

And *therefore* he was selected to be governor of Gibraltar—by the Duke of Wellington, acting under Russian influence—the far-sighted object being to set England and France by the ears, by tempting Joinville to bombard Tangiers. Great Britain, it has been ascertained by every Urquhartite, was sold at the Congress of Verona to the Czar ; the prophet himself and his Ali, Anstey Bey, know the exact sum paid, to the fraction of a ruble. The original settlement of the French in Algiers was, it is equally notorious, ‘ planned and prompted at Versailles by a foreign hand’—which same hand ‘ hailed and encouraged it from beyond the English Channel’—that is to say, in the leading article of the *London Globe* for May 20, 1830, which Mr. Urquhart transcribes in a note (i. 103). For such long activity in the service of the Autocrat, the colossal F. M. is now righteously reduced into a gallipot like the Eastern ginn.

Having dispatched the Duke and men of war, he next blots out men of the pen. In his fifth chapter he fells at one swoop the five charlatans by ‘ whom it is the misfortune of Spain to be misrepresented.’ ‘ As well might England be studied in Dr. Syntax, as the Peninsula in Don Quixote.’ Gil Blas ‘ is the romance of a Paris bookmaker.’ *Blanco White* is ‘ a falsifier of the commonest facts, a distorter of the plainest conclusions.’ *Mr. Borrow*—an issuer of ‘ lies’ and a blunderer in Basque—in which by the way he translated St. Luke—is believed only by ‘ his *chum*, *Mr. Ford*’—whose own Hand-book might have some value if he would only rid it of his opinions, his quotations, and his style.—We condole with these English writers on being coupled by a doxologicall Celt with such ‘ chums’ as Cervantes and Le Sage.

May

May we venture to point out another spot or two? The Urquhart visits a gambling house, and condescends to a lecture on the play terms of the Spaniards. 'Their suits,' says he, 'are Bastones [Bastos], Espadas, Copas, Oros—not according to the names used in Europe' (i. 76). What becomes then of the Bastoni, Spade, Coppe, and Denari of the Italians? He has no doubt that cards originated in India—which may be possible enough, but we demur when he traces the Spanish term for cards, *Naipes*, to 'Naib or Nawab, whence Nabob,' which is, he says, 'the equivalent to King' (i. 81). It may seem audacious to question David Bey on his own peculiar ground, but—according to dictionaries and common belief—*Nawab* never meant a king, but a king's lieutenant. For the rest, Ducange interprets Naibi, Naibes, as signifying *Ludus puerilis*—the Glossarist holding, we presume, that playing cards came to the West from (or viâ) Constantinople, and that they brought with them a name of ecclesiastical reproach—Νηπια = childish;—which after all was less severe than 'the Deil's bukes' of the Scottish Presbytery, so honourably distinguished by doctrinal approximation to the Islamic standards.

Leaving Tarifa, our traveller surveys Algeciras, celebrated for its siege in 1344, and, says he, the birth-place of the invention of gunpowder.

'If the Arabs had had it from us, they would have taken our word, or given it a constructive name. Their term is original—*Barut*.'—i. 64-66.

Their original term for this destructive is *Baroud*, and signifies saltpetre—anything that cools; when the firing properties of this refrigeratory were discovered, the name of the principal ingredient naturally passed to the composition. Again, in Spain, the use of artillery long preceded Chaucer's 'Siege of Algecir.' Casiri mentions its adoption by the King of Granada at the attack on Baza in 1312. In Italy, Dr. Gaye found 'pilas seu pallotias ferreas et canones de metallo' enumerated among the war-provisions for Florence, Feb. 11, 1326. While the Italians cast balls of iron, the Moors—as the Turks do this day at the Dardanelles—preferred stone: old specimens are frequently found at Algeciras, and some of them have been placed on the Alameda of Gibraltar. The Urquhart next informs us that 'artillery afloat was first introduced in 1518, in the Straits of Gibraltar' (i. 67)—but he himself had only two pages before quoted Prescott to prove 'its use in a naval engagement between the Moors of Tunis and Seville in 1249.' No wonder he passed among the Moors for 'the furnisher of guns, gunpowder, and balls

balls to the Sultan' (ii. p. 91). Another passage in Sir Thomas's Ekskubalauron may be here quoted. He opines

'that people should not be driven like fools for advice-sake to yield an implicate obedience to Delphian Presbytery, whose greatest enthusiasts, for all its cried-up infallibility, have not possibly the skill to distinguish between rape-seed and gunpowder.'

The Chief's next labour is Herculean. The localities of his title-page, he says, are so interwoven with the demigod, that he could not omit his '*conclusions*, however at variance they may be with the host of the Olympus of history' (vol. i. p. 252). The result of fifty-three profound pages is, that the stone of Hercules, the cup of Apollo, and the arrow of Abaris, meant nothing but the compass, by which the Phœnicians discovered America (vol. i. p. 357). 'Thus Tyre ceases to be a vision and becomes a state; her greatness descends from its cloud and walks the earth.' If we ask how it walked the waters, the reply is:—

'Modern writers make a sad jumble whenever they touch ancient navigation. The traders [of Tyre and Sidon] had no Penny Magazine and published no Price Current. They kept to themselves what they knew . . . the needle . . . to a few intrusted, not as an instrument, but as an oracle or a god. The Phœnician name for a compass was interpreted by the Greeks "unknown gods." '—i. pp. 206—208.

The modern and Mediterranean name for these unknown gods is—'*Boussole*—for which no European etymology can be found; there is, however, an Arabic word which has escaped our lexicographers. The figure which designates the north is *Mouassola*. When Europeans first saw the instrument, this point, the leading one, was doubtless pointed to and named; from *Mouassola* to *Boussola* the transition is easy—M and B being labials and cognate letters, and in some dialects of the Arabic constantly transposed. The Arabic affords another etymology, and while either may have served, both may have concurred to give us our word. The abstract which has been preserved of *El Edressi's* Geography of Spain has this sentence:—"the outer ocean," that in which the compass was necessary, "is termed *El Bahar el Bossul* (the violent) as distinguished from the interior or *El Bahar el Miut*." I picked up this little work at a book-stall of Cadiz."—i. 214, 215.

This Arabic 'Description of Spain' by Xerif Aledris, whom, by the bye, our author miscalls twice in one page *El Edressi*—*El Edrisi* (p. 215), was translated by Conde, whose book may be picked up elsewhere than at Cadiz stalls, and who in his copious notes printed Arabic words in European letters—a circumstance exceedingly lucky for many of his readers. *Bahr Muhit* [our Bey's *El Bahar el Miut*] simply means the ocean, 'the surrounder, the encompasser;' the Arabs in some cases add to it the name of locality—as, for instance, Alhendi, the

Indian—Algarbi, the Western: in other cases a graphical epithet is attached: and of this sort is the compound denoting the Atlantic—*Bahr Bosul* [the Bey's *El Bahar El Bossul*]=the tranquil ocean. Aledris in his text (p. 17) expressly describes the *Bahr Bosul* 'as beautiful, safe from winds'—in short, a sea where a compass would be best dispensed with.

The timid navigation of the ancients crept along the coasts; when landmarks were lost, the stars were the sole guides. St. Paul, sailing from the Tyrian shore and shipwrecked, left the explanation of these unknown gods to our present prophet. Albeit the ancients were acquainted with the iron-attracting properties of the magnet, the discovery of the polarity of the needle and its application to seamanship are indisputably modern. We humbly venture to stand by the canon which Sir Thomas brings to bear on a similar controversy:—

'Had there been canon in Solomon's dayes, Rehoboam, by all appearance, would have made use of them for the recovery of his inheritance; nor had some mention of Artillerie been omitted in the Bookes of the Maccabees.'—*Works*, p. 315.

When Flavio Gioja substituted for the previous vessel of water a case made of box-wood, the name of the material passed naturally to the thing made; Πύξος, *Buxus*, the Box-tree—Πύξις, *Pyxis*, *Pix*, a box—*Bossolo*, *Bussola*, *Boussole*, *Bruxula*—which last Spanish word Mr. Urquhart, enumerating 'assumed etymologies,' connects with *Bruxa*, a witch (vol. i. p. 214). The *Mouassola* of our author is also, we fear, a mere mare's-nest. In Arabic it is a generic term for sites of prayer, from *salah* to pray, and *ma*, the common prefix of time and place. The Arabic term for the compass, *Bousslah*, is simply the European name corrupted; so is their *Hajar Moghnates*, or stone-magnet; their only other name is *Hajar el mess*—the stone of touch, of attraction. The Davidic notion that two Arabic words of totally different sound and sense may have 'concurrented to give us our word,' seems to us an inference that would have done no discredit to the subtlety of Chief Liptologon.

Nautical antiquaries next learn that the practical ceremonies on crossing the line are purely Phœnician. Hercules has been changed into Neptune:—

'The duckings with water mean the ablution: the shaving and fining recall the oaths and penalty; the white wig and veil the priest of Hercules.'—i. 243.

The shaving, being done with a rusty iron hoop, may indeed, we fear, be associated with oaths: one would have liked to see a wood-cut of the true old original cauliflower of the Priest of Hercules.

Attend, O reader!—

'Few sounds awaken more pleasing associations than the *tent* of the Arab,

Arab. . . . one other word alone can be placed beside it, our English *Home*. Engaged in this *reflection* I inquired the Arabic name, and was answered *Heyme* [Heymá]. Home is an English exotic. . . . It stands by itself as the name of a place—*Ham-house*, the *Ham-town*, as in *Northampton*, *Nottingham*, *Buckingham*, *Hampstead*. . . . This word, so peculiarly English, is not confined to England; it is used nearly in our adverbial sense throughout the north of Europe, and in our topographic sense in France. There is *Ham*, *de Ham*, as the names of places, and every village is their *hameau*. In Africa we have the same thing: *El Ham*, the name of a place (Algeria), *Hamma* (Breber) for village, or quarter of a town; in Judæa, *Hammoth*, *Hamma*, *Laga*; the home of Arab independence is *Tihama*. . . . *Hayme* may come from either heat or cold; it may mean the "hot" or the "shady" place. Chem or Ham also is hot; Ham was the name given to Egypt, from its black soil; in northern India Himia is cold. Home serves as protection against cold and snow, against sun and heat.—i. 454-6.

The result of all this ham, hot and cold, is, that a 'tent is the home of the noblest men and the simplest manners.' What says the Dean of St. Patrick's in his '*Ars Punica*,' in reply to the question where hams were first made?—

'In the temple of Jupiter Hammon by the Hamadryades. One of them, if we may depend upon Baker's Chronicle, was sent to a gentleman in Hampshire of the family of Hamilton, who immediately sent it to Hampton Court, where it was hung up by a string by way of rarity, whence we have the English phrase *hamstrung*.'

Once in Cadiz, renowned for ladies, our 'poet, philosopher, and metaphysician' acknowledges the *religio loci*, and bends his mind to lighter topics; his bright 'impression' of this city of Venus did not arise from 'silvery turrets,' but from a 'swarm of women covering the floor of the cathedral with a maze of silk *blonde* tresses, and eyes shining, fluttering, gleaming, and all in black' (i. 145). Costume colours, it seems, better at Cadiz than it conceals; for a 'lady, at a masquerade, dressed as a *maga* [maja], and astonishing some Spaniards with her *avonica* [abanico] and *mialilto*, curtsied and was detected as a false sister' (i. 173). This *mialilto*, probably a Phœnician word and abomination, has been to the wise of Spain as sore a puzzle as Hamlet's *muching mallecho* to British commentators. Mr. Urquhart throws no light upon the former mystery—nor can we: but *muching mallecho* is, *nostro periculo*, a mere misprint for *mucho malhecho*, much mischief. Costume having much un-mischievous charm for Mr. Urquhart, he is eloquent on the *mucho malhecho* done to Cadiz 'by the tailors and milliners of Paris;' he ties up in one Phœnician bundle the Spanish manta and mantilla,

the Moorish haik, the Highland plaid; they all came from Tyre and Sidon. On these points we succumb to the able descendant of Cainotomos; but we must object respectfully to his confounding the *capa* of Spanish men with the *manta*, the head-gear of their women (i. 147). Their entire garb, the *saya y manta*—or *saya con manta*—petticoat and veil—he always calls *saya-manta*, petticoat-veil (i. 148, 167); but here perhaps lurks some deep allusion to the Highland nymphs' custom, as noted by many travellers, of drawing their petticoat over the head when the mist is specially dense. Hair, the glory of the Gaditana, one of which, says Sancho, draws more than a hundred asses, conducts our traveller into a very sylvia of ingenious 'insights.' He abolishes the distinction between *moño*, the knot of it, which is turned in snake-like clusters at the back of the head, and *banda*, the knot of ribands tied to it (i. 151). The style of hair-dressing called *serrano*—the simple parting the raven tresses à la *Madonna* over a brow of intelligence—is so called, according to the common creed, merely because so worn by the *hill-country* peasantry; but he at once rejects that interpretation, and having *invented* the word *sarrano*, instructs us that because '*Sar* and *Sarrano* were Phœnician forms of *Tyre* and *Tyrian*,' consequently *serrano* head-dress means neither more nor less than Tyrian head-dress. To this discovery a note is appended:—'*Mantilla de tiro* may be from the same word' (i. 150). This particular mantilla, the dress of the poorer class, is, say all Spaniards, called *de tira*, from the *tira*, the slip or border of velvet, which is substituted for the more expensive lace used in other mantillas. The French word *dentelle*, and one *unknown* in Spain, is, he next tells us, derived (not, as had hitherto been supposed, from the indentation worked by the needle, but) from *dentilia*, a festival, when *Spanish* children cut their teeth—'a fitting time for the display of this finery' (i. 159). In like manner, the black cowl worn in parts of Africa is connected with Caracalla—*cara*—cowl—the black hood (i. 162). Bey-Chiefs and Presbyterian-Islamites are above being bothered by any jumbling of dialects, or even families, of tongues.

The traveller (i. 130) crosses over to 'Porta St. Maria [el puerto de Santa Maria], the point of embarkation of Xerez [Xerez], or the Port of Sherry; it is the place for tasting wines, the Pacharete [Pajarete], Montillado [Amontillado], and most noble Mansanilla [Manzanilla]:' from thence he proceeds to the 'Isla St. Leon' [de San Leon], and refers the Riego revolt to direct Russian agency; after which he assures us that vinous Xerez, where weak heads get stupified, 'was taken by Alphonso the Sage—but, in his early years, designated the Brave' (i. 142)—it being

being of course a mere vulgar error that it was Sancho. *Alonso's* son, who was agnamed 'el Bravo.' Bravo, Mr. David! Continuing his luminous trip, 'fourteen days,' says he, 'sparkled through their course while I was at Seville. I knew no *sleep*, but was in a *dream* that never broke' (ii. 394). He admires (i. 157) the cathedral, the silver *gloria* (*quære Custodia?*), and 'the chapter who raised the edifice without the aid of Philip II.' (i. 360): what a shame in *all* the former writers to have told us that the said edifice was finished in 1519, exactly eight years before the said king was born! Some strictures on Velazquez are very valuable—*e. g.*: 'His chief works are beautiful caricatures in oil, without satire and without fun' (ii. 364). Our critic condescends to patronise Murillo and his Santa Isabel. 'To see this picture,' says he, 'close the windows' (ii. 379)—the true plan in cases of 'insight.'

From arts he rushes to arms, and studies, under a 'Yuecador' [Jugador], the use of the Spanish knife. 'No instrument can be better conceived for ripping up the bowels of a man or for cutting the throat of an animal.'—(ii. 391.) Of the *Pelca de navaja*, he says, 'this is the war of the knife, falsely interpreted war to the knife.' (ii. 385.) Pardon one more hesitation! *Pelca de navaja* is simply the common combat of individuals *with* the knife; *guerra al cuchillo*—war *to* the knife—is the national Spanish rally-cry against the *gavacho*, the accursed invader. But to pass from words to deeds—he tells us that he mastered this amiable instrument so quickly, that, after one week's lessons, his tutor feared him more than either of his two compeers, 'because he sprang better than one, and cut better than the other.' The prime cut he calls 'St. George's *au bas ventre*.' Sir Thomas Urquhart records the favourite cut of the Admirable Crichton, 'alongé a stoccade, coupée au ventre les deux pies au sautant.' Our wonderful David's belly cuts and springs are transmitted: it was by these coups de grace that the first admifabilis killed an Italian fire-eater 'with three thrusts, so placed as to represent a perfect isosceles triangle, with a perpendicular from the top angle cutting the basis in the middle'—a delicate attention, by way of atonement for three gentlemen the bravo had before put to death.

He is great on *Salero Salero*—the chorus with which spectators greet a favourite danseuse:—

'Salero,' says he, 'thrilled through me: the interpretation was unknown; it is *inexplicable*, and like the *hugmeh* of the Highlands—the Phrygian cry of which I found in Barbary the interpretation—of what could Salero remind one if not of the Salii? When I asked the meaning of it, all they could say was, that it meant salt. Mr. A. Dumas, who has given if not an accurate description of the dance, at least

least a vivid delineation of his own sensations, has, from thinking Salero to be nonsense, written Salado, and makes the performers be gratified by being called *très salées*. He is the only writer who has published this mystery.'—ii. 400.

This mystery is not one to any scullion in Spain. *Salero* means salt-cellar—salt-box—and is metaphorically applied as a common compliment by the fancy of Seville, to indicate a person's being full to the brim with *sal*—not Attic, but Andalusian salt—the equivalent to grace, wit, intelligence. On the 'Phrygian Hugmeneh of the Highlands' we, of course, bow to the Bey and Chief.

He has a capital chapter on Carteia, which we had feared that Conduit and Carter might have pretty well forestalled and exhausted. In these parts 'he was astounded to come on a coin,' of which he gives a wood-cut representation: and this we beg to reproduce—confronting it with an exact copy of a specimen in the British Museum.



E Coll. B. M.



D. U. invenit.

'This coin,' writes our author, 'is in one of the addenda to Flores [Florez]; it is not in the copy at the British Museum. The coin is, however, known in the medal-room.'—vol. i. p. 199.

The Bey is too hasty. The coin is not a coin of Carteia at all; it is not rare—and five specimens exist in the medal-room of the British Museum: it is engraved twice by Florez, not in any addenda, but in its proper place, Urso—Osuna (vol. ii. tab. 2, Nos. 9, 11)—and may be so contemplated in all the *three copies* of Florez in the Museum Library. The disquisition that ensues must not be curtailed:—

'This [the coin from the mint of David II.] told the whole story of the glass-houses and tin [of Phœnicia]. I wonder if the coin was censured as indiscreet at Tyre. How is it that by putting the hand in this fashion to the nose the fancy should be tickled? Whence did the custom come? How did it travel to Britain? One is not prepared to have a search for such a gesture in the Hebrew Talmudists or Greek scholiasts, but here it is raised to numismatic dignity, and is worthy of the philosopher. There is a ludicrously supercilious animal, very strong and stupid, with a horn on his nose, belonging to Africa,

Africa, the Holy Land, Mesopotamia, in fact all the Phœnician countries. He was the Behemoth, for of no other animal could Job be thinking when he said, "With his nose he pierceth through snares," denoting by its exaltation its own achievements, and the proud bearing of the brow on which it is planted. Each year gives to it increase, and each increase is marked by a wrinkle, which serves to signify acquirement: there are false acquirements as there are true, and the horn of the nose is the burlesque of the horn of the forehead. The motion that is given to the hand shows that it is the spiral wreathings of a horn that are imitated; the rhinoceros represents the one—the unicorn the other.—Of the two images the African has preserved the grave one, we the grotesque. The Abyssinian warrior, when he has gained a victory, adorns his forehead with a horn; the London coalheaver, when he has made a hit, puts his thumb to his nose.—This gesture in its grotesque form was known not long ago in Spain, although at present it appears to have died out. Cervantes unmistakably describes it in the person of Sancho Panza. The English have the sole honour and distinction of preserving this peculiarity of the Phœnicians and Etruscans.—*It is figured on a vase in the Museo Borbonico.*—vol. i. p. 201.

This gesticulation, or digital pantomime, was, and is, an Italian indication of a person being *done*, being made a fool of, not by himself, but by another: *è restato con un palmo de naso*.^{*} Canon Jorio in his grave treatise shows that this *canzonatura*—our 'taking a sight'—was unknown to the ancients; the small hand in this class of coins is an entirely subordinate adjunct, or rather symbol in the field. It is merely a private mark of a mint or locality, such as very frequently occur on ancient coins, and that with many variations, as this very coin strikingly proves. Mionnet (Sup., i. 48) gives three varieties of it: it occurs with the hand, with the hand and a crescent, and with a dolphin instead of either. The single hand, says Rasche (*in voce Manus*), when used as a numismatic symbol, means liberality—when used double, concord. The head on this particular coin—we mean the one E. Coll. B. M.—is justly supposed by Rasche to be that of Augustus, who was as likely to use the hand because he was a baronet as because he was a buffoon.

Mr. Urquhart's *Borbonic vase* deserves some explanation. Once upon a time, about the year 1832, a certain well-known German artist and wag, yeleft Stackelberg, disliked a certain conceited Frenchman, one Raoul Rochette by name—and determined that he should rest *con uno palmo de naso*. In this kind view a drawing was concocted with his 'chum' Letronne, and forwarded, accompanied by a learned dissertation touching a vase discovered at Canino or Corneto—names suggestive

* 'La Mimica degli Antichi' del Canonico Jorio, Napoli, 1832, p. 72.

of dog and peaked cornuto. The bait took; the design was carefully engraved, and all duly printed and published by Inghirami.* We subjoin a fac-simile. Our readers will see that Fame, Φημη, with her chaplet reward, flies from one of the Autarces species, a strenuous begetter of brain-babes, who follows, book in hand, a box of others unsold near him; she exclaims,



Εκας παῖ καλε—' Catch me if you can, my fine fellow.' When next year the hoax oozed out, the public were desired in the ninth number to cancel the print, 'postavi per errore.' Fortunately the plate is preserved in the British Museum copy, where Mr. Urquhart may study it as much as he chooses. The 'Borbonic vase' is the fittest repository for the 'Carteian coin.'

He is now bound for Barbary, but long before he lands there he demolishes Prescott. 'To occupy this coast,' says he, 'Ferdinand himself led a great expedition of 100,000 men, and a second equally powerful sailed under Cardinal Ximenes' (i. 5). According to the American author (and all others) Ferdinand never led any army thither at all, and that which the Cardinal headed only amounted to 14,000 men (Prescott, c. xxi.). The Member's own expedition was 'not uninvited by the Moorish Government' (i. 260), which hoped to learn from him how best to defile Marshal Bugeaud's grave. Indeed, it is evident that his movements excited a profound and constant interest and attention among all the powers and dominations of this part of the world:—nor can the circumstance surprise us, if we bear in mind his determined hostility to Nicholas, his complete unmasking of Wellington, Wilson, and Palmerston, and the position which, even when not in office, he holds as leader of a great parliamentary party.

* 'Pitture de' Vasi fittili esibite dal Cav. Francesco Inghirami,' Firenze, 1832, tom. 2, fas. ii. tav. 13.

Meanwhile,

Meanwhile, however, a more expeditious French agent steamed to Sallee: consequently, our volunteer plenipotentiary never beheld the light of the Sultan's countenance, and found himself an object of suspicion and a sort of prisoner. His solace was elucidating things of Morocco hitherto hidden from the wisest: and considering that so far from being able to converse with the natives, he 'was without the means of uttering or understanding a single word' (i. 389-448), the result in discoveries of various sorts is rich. The Commander of believers, 'Amir el Mummenin,' is changed to 'Emir el Moslemin;': his learned men, Tolba—the plural of Taleb—into 'Tolmas,' the plural, it seems, of 'Tolman' (i. 350);—his court into 'el Haznee,' the treasury:—

'The title of the Minister of Finance in Spain to-day is *Haciendu*. . . . Our word *magazine* comes from Mal-Haznee, or treasury of wealth.'—i. 346.

The Court of Morocco is termed El Hadra-Mishwar-Dar el Soltan. Mal-Haznee is not Arabic at all. Makhaznee means a soldier. The Arabic term for treasury is Beit al Mal—the house of money. *Mal*, strictly speaking, signifies cattle (pecus, pecunia). The Spanish minister's title, of which he makes such short work, is, 'Secretario de Estado del Despacho de Hacienda;': and, as every one knows, the root of *hacienda* is *facere*. *Salam aleikoum*, the common salutation, is corrected into *salem alillum* (i. 441), and the welcome at a Douar into 'Mirababick, thrice repeated' (ii. 18). This is the Arabic *Marhba bik* for *Marhaban bika*, 'there is peace-room'—from Rackaba, to open= 'you do not intrude.' At another Douar, a 'sharp lad' shouts as usual, either '*Hele, Hola*, or *Tala*,' 'come here;': and forthwith our ethnologist proves the tribe to be identical with the Helots of Sparta and the eaters of lotus—Loto—Heloto!!! Now listen to the Bey's Tally ho!—

'This unmeaning word in English is Talla-hu! the rallying war-cry of the Arab; *our* Tally ho! doubtless came in with the Crusaders.'—ii. 187.

The Arab war-cry is *Y Allah! ya hou!*—In an Arab boat of rushes Mr. Urquhart 'sees the basket in which the mother of Moses placed her child;': and as that Princess was the lawful spouse of *Pamprosodos* Urquhart, *Anno Mundi* 2347, we again bow;—but not so when he proceeds:—'the name of the rushes is *scaif*, and that is the Arabic for ship; this certainly was the great-grandfather of skiffs' (ii. 200). The Arabic term for these rushes is *Berdi*; and that for boats made of them, *Mâadia*. *Barbers* got their name, we are by and bye informed, from *Breber*;—the author adding, that 'that was the early mode of supplying names
to

to professions; and, as proof positive in this particular case, that the 'first man who shaved his chin daily at Rome was Scipio Africanus' (i. 380-1)—who also, we presume, was the first Roman that called his beard *barba*.

'Dii te, Damasippe—Deæque
Verum ob consilium donent tonsore!'

Let us cluster together a few of his miscellaneous discoveries:

'The Arab, as he is a statue in his figure, so he is an epic in his mind.'—i. 440.

'Pasturage and rapine are his two avocations. The Arab enjoys the benefits of society without forfeiting the prerogative of nature.'—ii. 108.

Your Breber or Barbary Rob Roy is not cursed with—

'that chimera, with a brain of cobwebs and a heart of mud, which is called civilization, and which we are pleased to designate as the child of science and the parent of corruption.'—ii. 15.

'It is amusing to hear people talk of cleanliness as they would of charity or sobriety: a man can no more be clean than learned by impulse, and no more by his will understand cleanliness than solve equations.'—ii. 33.

'A magic line defines the domain of chops, of boiled potatoes, of chocolate, of coffee; one race can boil, another cannot: *e.g.* the English. He who has not the instinct of a cook will not learn to boil if a waggon-load of cookery-books were shot over him.'—ii. 185.

'You may transplant trees, and transfer royal houses, carry forth religions and distribute all around slips of constitutions—but a dish—no!—as there is more in a costume than covering the back, so there is more in a dish than filling the belly.'—ii. 186.

'The English potato is called Roman, as coming from Europe.'—i. 316.

It is called B-táta; the Moors, who import the tuber from Gibraltar, which they confound with England, imagine England produces nothing else. Roman is their name for the pomegranate, not the pomme de terre.

'Roman History is a conspiracy to rob of their fame the Elephants and the Gauls.'—ii. 323.

'Knowledge is to God what science is to language, or mud to water. The fountain in each is pure—each step "in advance" brings corruption.'—ii. 337.

'In proportion to the association of a system of religion with domestic matters, it is enduring; therefore *that of Confucius is the purest and most durable*; it has no superstition, no priesthood, no castes, no doctrines; its basis is the ceremonial of society. . . . Judaism in Barbary is not propped up by belief, nor by etiquette, but chiefly, I should say, by cookery: it appears that their foundation-dish, *Dafina*, is the original of the Olla Podrida, and is a remarkable specimen of human ingenuity

ingenuity which has constructed a culinary go-cart for the Hebrew conscience.'—i. 314.

He derives the old Greek feast *Δειπνον* from this modern Jewish makeshift *Dafina*, which simply means a burying in hot sand or ashes. The Jews thus preserve meats warm for their sabbath when the tribes do no work;—but every day in the week is a sabbath to the porcine tribe. Boars in Barbary 'enjoy a state of unparalleled happiness under the fostering shadow of Islamism and the law of Moses'—which have 'excluded from this region domestic pigs and peopled it with wild ones. The Arabs hold them to be transformed men and infidels, and converse with them, interpreting their grunts.'—(ii. 2.) Mr. Urquhart soon 'becomes quite at home' with these communicative creatures, and makes wonderful hams and 'ragouts de sanglier.' From some remarks made by Barca, a negress kitchen maid, he is led to reflect 'what a benefit to the human race is the discovery of soap—whence its name? Soap in Arabic is Saboon' (i. 361).—But soap in Arabic is Ghasul: Saboon is not Arabic at all—it is only a corruption by the unclean Jews from Spain of the *jabon*—savon.

We agree with Mr. Urquhart, that finding in Africa 'muffins and crumpets is a great and twofold fact; because, although a cook must be a philosopher, it is not required that a philosopher should be a cook' (ii. 140). But the term he translates 'muffins and crumpets'—'which it is certain were served at Hiram's table' (ii. 152)—means neither one nor the other, and neither delicacy is known in Barbary. *Sfenj* is a soft dough, squeezed by their ragamuffin bakers into a ball, pierced with the fingers and dipped in boiling oil. The result is our fritters, the Spanish Buñuelos. '*Mafula*,' he continues, 'was one of the three hundred and sixty-five sorts of Phœnician bread. Taking away the final vowel added by the Greeks, and changing l for its cognate n, Mafula or Mufula became Mufun: *these names have perplexed the most learned*' (ii. 144). English Frumenty is a baddish copy of the Egyptian and Moorish *Neideh*, which, according to 'an old writer,' was discovered by the Virgin Mary: 'may not there be some connexion between the Egyptian name and the goddess *Neith*, and also with the English word *knead*?' (ii. 147, 148). The Barbary roll is the Scotch biscuit or *bake*; 'if so called because it is baked, it must have been so at the origin of baking. *Bake* would thus belong to the earliest ages. The Phrygian name for bread was—*Bake*' (ii. 150). The transition to butter is easy. The use of it in England 'cannot be traced beyond the Dutch Stadtholder' (ii. 141). Buttered toast 'could not have preceded the Georges' (*ibid.*). These are 'great facts,' and will be made due use of by Mr. Macaulay in future editions of the famous Chapter III. The Bey deserves

deserves another pat on the back for telling us that 'Julius Cæsar and Count Julian, Sartorius, Belisarius, Charles V., with many other shrewd persons, have tasted Moorish butter : ' also that to this day, as in their times, Barbary butter is ' churned by the camel, not the dairy-maid : ' furthermore, ' it revolutionised the kitchen—and was introduced into Greece and Turkey *by myself* ' !!!—(ii. 152, 185.) Our African traveller next enlarges on the art of making English tea and Devonshire cream ; and discourses eloquently on curd cheese and milk, on which ' he lived once upon a time for many months. ' No nation understands so little as the English the use of milk, ' which like death equalises all ranks, all races ; nay, even brings to the same level different orders of creation. '—(ii. 161, 3, 4.) Mr. Urquhart, who ' bows before the shades of heroic and patriarchal times ' (ii. 12), traces Sabæism in the Moorish onion—' the slices representing the orbit of the planet ; the derivation of our word is the reduplication of *on*—the sun—on-i-on. '—(ii. 27.) He is partial to bulbs : ' I have spent, ' says he, ' an evening amongst a bed of leeks ' (ii. 231) ; whether he ate them like Monsieur Parolles or not, we are left without information. The Arabs, we have seen, are epics : they are also Epicures, and one of their favourite dishes is ' an ass's head well seasoned and roasted ' (ii. 138). Diet so romantic may well induce indigestion and dreams. Mr. Urquhart describes some of his in a Douar camp :

' I seemed to see the sides of the tent open on dim vistas of long years, through which great shadows flitted. Tacferinas arose, and, beyond, Jugurtha : there were mingled, like ghosts upon the shores of Styx, Hunerick and Hannibal, Nebuchadnezzar and Cervantes, Don Sebastian and St. Louis. Pictured scenes danced on the textile cloud—Mooza on the cliff of the Atlantic ; Marius amidst Byrsa's shattered battlements ; Juba in his purple ; Lot in his sackcloth ; Rachel at the well ; and, walking from the canvas, Abraham stood in the door. How many more from Atlas to Nelson ? '—i. p. 384.

The Moors procure these delights artificially. From the herb *hashish*, an electuary is made, the majoun, which is smoked. Their inspector's first sensations were ' heaviness of head, wandering out of himself, metaphorical reflections, elaborate reasonings. ' The third experiment ' increased his appetite. '

' What I ate, or how much, did not matter. The food flowed like a river through me ; there was a wind going by, blowing over the table and carrying away the sound, and I saw the words tumbling over one another down the falls. The bursts of laughter to which I gave rise, were not at all pleasing. I fancied my head an inverted pendulum. . . . After keeping the party for four hours in a state of continual convulsion, I became irresistibly drowsy, and was moved away to bed. '—ii. p. 131, 133.

The

The two next extracts are of even greater importance:—

‘There was *Babra*, the goddess of infants, in Phœnicia: there are *babies* in England. No doubt it is the same slipper, though we cannot tell under what petticoat it has slipped.’—ii. p. 187.

‘Sheep’s heads with the skin left on, are in Morocco as in Scotland carried to the smithy to be singed. Things that are worth anything are only invented once. There is nothing without its history, if we only knew it. Whatever is, had a beginning.’—*ibid*.

Even singed heads had a beginning!—We now do know their history.

We cannot enter at length into the series of proofs by which Mr. Urquhart has demonstrated that ‘the dishes, discourse, and dresses of the Moors and the Highland clans are identical’ (i. 164, 416). One word only on the Barbary haik—the Scotch plaid. This motley garb—

‘Prometheus might have singled out as his most serviceable invention for man. . . . When Eve had to bethink herself of a durable substitute for innocence, this is what she must have hit upon. . . . The last step of dress is but merely to perceive the beauty of the first conception, and yield a barren and æsthetic applause to the perfection of the primitive design.’—i. 418.

From ‘Eve’s soft fingers,’ the haik passed through Babel and the flood—

‘To clothe Solomon, Pericles, Amalek, and Porsenna—as it before had Hercules, Abraham, and Porsenna.’—ii. 325.

‘It is not an extravagant stretch of the imagination to picture the listeners to THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT decked with the eagle’s plume, and girded with the sporran and dirk.’—ii. 327.

If ever the illustrious princes of the Sobieski-Stuart, alias Hay-Allan, dynasty should recover the legitimate crown, which they depict in such sad and shattered plight on their pathetic title-pages, surely a vivid sympathy will be acknowledged between the inventors of the *Vestiarium Scoticum* and the rebuilder of the *Pillars of Hercules*. They, at least, will appreciate his discovery, that the supporters of the royal arms of Scotland^a are visible, in their right heraldic position, on the carved stones of Persepolis! (i. 201). Under their government we can hardly doubt that this diplomatist will be authorized to exhibit his ‘eagle plume, sporran, and dirk,’ as ambassador-extraordinary at the court of Prester John.

It is a subject of regret in our little senate that, being included in the category of ‘plebeulary criticks,’ we are forced to bestow much of our space upon transactions and lucubrations of ‘fugacious pressure;’ otherwise it would have afforded satisfaction to dwell at considerable length on the extraordinary and instructive

tive parallelism between the 'brain-babes' of our two Urquharts. The transmission even of idiosyncracies of temper and genius through half a score generations is rare; but in this case the truly marvellous circumstance is the direct inheritance of tenets, theories, views, tastes, and opinions. To be understood and appreciated, their works must be studied together. The truth, for example, is that the whole logic of 'The Pillars of Hercules' would be unintelligible but for the pedigree sketched in the 'Pantochronochanon.' David II. has written these two volumes principally to prove that the Highland clans, with clan Urquhart at their head, marched from Achaia to their present localities in Inverness, Cromarty, &c., viâ Canaan, Egypt, Morocco, and Andalusia, and that accordingly the most marked traces of identity are still 'clear and evident' between the said clans and the Moslem, but especially the Moors. Now, although hypotheses of a kind not dissimilar had been broached with no contemptible ingenuity by Vallancey and other Milesian antiquaries, it is undeniable that their readers always desiderated a solid substratum of evidence; but who will hesitate to admit that this hiatus is supplied by the unquestionably authentic traditions of the personal movements and adventures of the successive heirs of Seth, of whom Esormon was the first to assume the 'ancient and honourable' surname Urquhart?*

We expressed our hope at the outset of our paper that the living Chief might hold his earthly honours longer than befel the illustrious Parresiasates. We are confident that at all events one whose tendencies are so avowedly to the Mussulman section of the Christian world can be in no danger of having his days shortened in consequence of any such indulgence in 'tumulencious symposiasms' as has been reported of the enthusiastic Cavalier of 1660. It would, however, be wrong to allude again to that solitary spot on Sir Thomas's reputation without noting that in this matter that gifted man had a prophetic glimpse of some things that afterwards came to pass. Such at least is the interpretation we put on a very striking chapter of his *Logopandecteision*, where, after justly stating that 'wine drunk with mediocrity conduceth to wisdom and learning,' he adds that on the other hand, if immoderately taken, 'it oftentimes occasioneth much prating,

* Sir Thomas, at p. 162, refers to the 'voluminous History of the House,' of which the 'Pantochronochanon' is only a compendium. We hope if his descendant possesses the larger history, he will edit it forthwith. We observe that in the copy of Dod's *Parliamentary Companion* for 1850, there is a note, intimating that the honourable Member's 'pedigree is disputed' by a certain Mr. Urquhart of Mel-drum. The publication now suggested, clearly establishing the regular transmission of the Archives of 'the House,' would of course silence this Aberdeenshire pretender to the representation of Esormon. For ourselves, the internal evidence of the Member's own writings, as compared with those of Sir Thomas, is more than sufficient.

and enrageth those that in taverns be well whittled with Septembrall juyce;' of which last and most fatal result—the actual insanity supervening upon 'jovial commensalls'—he gives some touching and memorable examples observed during his own travels in regions not remote from the Pillars of Hercules. Thus:—

'In many that kind of disease taketh such deep roote that no remedie can prevaile. I saw at Madrid a bald-pated fellow who believed he was Julius Cæsar, and therefore went constantly in the streets with a laurel crown on his head.'—*Works*, p. 364.

As to David Bey, our only apprehension in this 'connexion' (as the Yankees say) is that he, like another profound statesman of our times, M. de Lamartine, may be tempted to venture occasionally on a too liberal dose of the orthodox *hashish*. He certainly rather alarms us by the modest statement in the *Pillars of Hercules* (vol. ii. p. 90), that ere he had been long in Barbary he found, by the ultra-reverential demeanour of the natives, that 'he had entered on the *hereditary* privileges of a Saint or Madman.'

ART. VI.—*Facts in Figures, a Quarterly Digest of Statistics, abstracted chiefly from Official Returns, with Practical Deductions. No. 1, New Series, March, 1850. London. Pp. 32.*

CONSIDERING the course which legislation has taken of late years, and the prevailing taste of the country in matters political, we should be disposed to set much value upon a well-executed abstract of official statistics, periodically issued. Nor might there seem to be much difficulty in the way of such a publication, for Parliamentary papers are now attainable at a low price, and to prepare an useful popular digest of them requires only industry, fidelity, and some moderate degree of political intelligence. Nothing, however, is more rare than an accurate abstract of official or Parliamentary documents; and the pamphlet now before us, though it has the names of several respectable booksellers on its title-page, is only noticeable for its superlative worthlessness. We are sorry for the publishers; but it is difficult to conceive how anything so grossly erroneous, should, even by accident, have been given forth with their *imprimatur*. What is rightly stated could only have been learned from documents containing upon the face of them other facts which are either wholly omitted, or completely misunderstood and misrepresented; and the philosophical deductions appended to these mutilated and perverted data

data are nothing better than servile repetitions of the most stale and questionable dogmas of the Manchester School.

We shall give a few examples of the bad faith or the almost incredible blundering of this pamphlet, before proceeding to offer some details of things as they really are. Under the head of 'Trade,' its editor presents 'An Abstract of Imports during 1848 and 1849, showing the increase or decrease therein.' One looks naturally in the first instance to the import of bread stuffs, of the increase of which every one has heard. The import of wheat is set down from the official return, and all sorts of grain and pulse, down to pease and beans;—but of the import of wheat-flour not the slightest mention is made, though the quantity taken for home-consumption in 1849 was no less than 3,937,219 cwt. Butter and cheese are omitted—though of the former 282,501 cwt., and of the latter 379,648 cwt. were imported in 1849. The import of eggs is not mentioned—though it reached the number of nearly a hundred millions. The import of olive-oil for salads is recorded—but no notice occurs of oil-cake for feeding cattle, the import of which was 73,029 tons in 1848, and 59,144 tons in 1849. Among 'provisions,' fresh pork is alone set down, amounting to 924 cwt.—while of salted pork, amounting to 347,352 cwt., and of beef, amounting to nearly 150,000 cwt., nothing is said. Among seeds, clover seed is equally ignored—though it is the only import under that head which paid duty. In spices none but pepper is given. In the return of *sugar* this abstract-maker includes more than a million hundred weights of *molasses*. Tallow he altogether omits.

But all this is correctness itself when compared with the abstract of exports. A table is given, purporting to be an 'abstract of the export-trade in the under-mentioned articles during the years 1848 and 1849;' but neither in the said *abstract*, nor in any other part of this singular 'Digest,' is there the slightest record of the export of any one single article of British production. The compiler, by accident we are to hope, fell upon the official table of the export of *Foreign and Colonial* merchandise from the United Kingdom, and ~~this~~ he copies as if it were the total export. Thus if one were to rely upon the 'facts' of our very *liberal* master of 'figures,' the export of cotton goods from the United Kingdom would be taken at about 225,000*l.*—this being in truth only the foreign supplement to an export of nearly twenty-seven millions' worth of home manufacture, about which he says not one word!

It is not necessary to pursue further the stupidities of this publication.

Great as our foreign trade is, the ideas which generally prevail here,

here, and yet more upon the Continent, with respect to its *comparative* importance, are much exaggerated. In France it appears to be taken for granted by public writers that the principal part of the industry of Great Britain is devoted to the manufacture of goods for foreign markets, and that the principal dependence of this country is upon the sale of domestic or colonial productions to foreigners. This is a most erroneous supposition. Let us take the last year (1849), when the exports of Great Britain exceeded by 20 per cent. the exports of the preceding year. According to the official return of the Board of Trade, the total value of the exports of the principal articles of British and Irish produce and manufactures for the year 1849 was 58,848,042*l.*, and this includes the value of the raw material, which, in respect to some of the most important articles of British export, is of foreign production. Now this sum, large though it be, is probably not more than an eighth part of the annual production of wealth in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. W. F. Spackman, in his elaborate work on 'the Occupations of the People,' gives the following estimate as an approximation to a correct statement of the annual 'creation' of wealth in the United Kingdom:—

Agriculture	£250,000,000
Manufactures (deducting the value of the raw material)	127,000,000
Mining interest	37,000,000
Colonial interest	18,000,000
Foreign commerce, including the shipping interest, 10 per cent. on the amount of our exports and imports	15,000,000
Fisheries	3,000,000
	<hr/>
	£450,000,000
	<hr/>

Mr. Porter estimates (or did estimate some two or three years ago) the annual value of the produce of the land of the United Kingdom at upwards of three hundred millions. As to the gross value of manufactured productions, Mr. Spackman estimates it at 187,184,292*l.*, of which 118,600,000*l.* are for the home trade, and 58,584,292*l.* for the foreign trade. His general conclusion is, that of the products of manufacturing industry, the foreign trade absorbs *one* third, and the home trade *two* thirds. It is probable that foreign writers may have been misled by looking too exclusively at our cotton manufacture. Of the products of that particular branch of industry the larger portion is exported. It is calculated that the home consumption is to the export consumption as 20 to 25.

The official return of *Exports* for 1849 gives of—

Cotton Cloth, 1,335,654,751 yards (value)	£18,834,601
Lace and Net, 105,918,378 yards	487,300
Thread, 4,950,451 lbs.	427,422
Stockings (value)	439,551
Cotton Yarn, 149,502,495 lbs.	6,701,920
	<hr/>
	£26,890,794

The *import* of raw cotton in the year 1849 is officially returned as 6,745,259 cwt. Taking this at the value of 50s. the cwt., the sum paid out of the kingdom for the raw material would be 16,863,147*l.*; so the gain upon this branch of trade is not so very great as might at first be supposed from looking merely at its vast extent. Even in that view, however, especially as regards the employment of the people, misapprehension very widely prevails. Writers of some authority are found to assert that the cotton manufacture of Great Britain gives employment to nearly two millions of the population. It seems, however, by a carefully prepared digest of the Population Returns of 1841, presented to Parliament in 1844, that ‘the numbers employed in and about the manufacture of cotton have been estimated much beyond, and as far below the truth. The actual number, including men, women, and children, amounts to 302,376.’ The same return states that the number of boot and shoemakers is 214,780. Thus it will appear that the manufacture of cotton goods does not stand in so toweringly pre-eminent a position among the sources of British employment as is generally believed—even though we take into account a subsequent statement of the commissioners, that if to the numbers strictly employed upon the cotton fabric were added those returned as lace and hose manufacturers, together with a proportion of weavers, spinners, &c., the whole number to whom the cotton manufacture furnished employment in 1841 might be fairly assumed to be *near upon half a million*.

The following is a list, taken from the official return for 1849, of the export of each article of home production, the total value of which exceeded half a million of money.

	£.
Coal and culm	1,088,148
Cotton manufactures	26,890,794
Earthenware	807,466
Haberdashery and millinery	1,183,229
Hardware and cutlery	2,198,597
Linen cloth, thread, and yarn	4,103,463
Machinery and mill-work	709,074

Iron

Iron and steel	4,967,643
Copper and brass	1,863,287
Lead and tin	1,140,563
Silk manufactures of all kinds	1,000,357
Wool, sheep or lambs'	535,801
Woollen manufactures of all kinds	8,420,342

The most remarkable feature in the history of our export trade is, that the increase of the quantity of goods exported is prodigiously greater than the increase of the money value of our exports. In our Custom-house returns, what is called the 'official value' (according to rates fixed in 1694) remains unchanged, and its fluctuations of amount mark only fluctuations of the quantity of goods. The 'declared value,' which is also entered, fluctuates according to the value of the article in the market. In the first year of the present century the 'official value' of the exports was 24,927,684*l.*, and the real or declared value 39,730,659*l.* In 1846 the official value was 134,385,829*l.*—showing the *quantity* of goods exported to be about five and a half times as much as in 1801;—but the real or declared value of the exports in 1846 was 59,837,660*l.*—so that while the business done had increased more than 400 per cent., the price, or remuneration obtained, had increased only 50 per cent. This change appears more in the cotton manufacture than in any other, because more than any other it has been affected by the progress of mechanical invention, as well as by a decrease in the money value of the raw material. The change, however, may be seen more or less in almost every product of our industry. If we compare the export of bar and rod-iron in 1848 and 1849, we find the quantity in 1848 was 338,688 tons, and in 1849 it was 398,007 tons; but the declared value in 1849 was only 2,567,783*l.*, while in 1848 it was 2,615,554*l.*

The official return of imports states only the quantities imported, the amount taken for home consumption, and the duties paid. Looking at the Board of Trade Returns for 1849, the most striking circumstance is the increase in the quantity of food imported.* Two important causes have led to this effect: first, the failure of late years in the potato crop; secondly, the removal of the duties upon the import of corn; for, though under the self-modifying system of the late corn law these duties vanished as corn became dear, they certainly restrained importation when corn was cheap. The *average* annual import of foreign bread-corn

* The quantity of foreign corn *taken into use* in 1849 was, however, much larger than the quantity *imported*. In fact we have been using up the stocks of former years.

from the commencement of the century to the year 1844 was rather more than three-fourths of a million of quarters, or 360,000,000 lbs. In 1849, though the potato had in a great measure recovered from the disease of 1847 and 1848, the import of bread-corn has been enormous. The quantities taken into home consumption in 1849 have been, of wheat 4,509,626 quarters; of Indian corn 2,249,571 quarters; of wheat flour 3,937,219 cwt.; of Indian corn meal 102,181 cwt.; besides 1,554,860 quarters of barley, 1,368,673 quarters of oats, and 1,417,863 cwt. of potatoes. Even at the comparatively cheap rate at which this immense supply of foreign food has been purchased, the money value is so considerable that the equivalent payment must constitute a very serious drain upon the wealth of the country. The partisans of free imports, however, finding how much distress and dissatisfaction have been caused by a range of prices for agricultural produce much lower than they had prophesied, are now anxious to persuade the public that *a continuance of such cheapness is by no means to be relied upon*. They now say, what we so often said when warning the country against a sweeping abolition of the Corn Laws, that though their repeal might give us excessive cheapness at one period, it must bring with it the danger of excessive dearness at another. A writer in the *Economist* of the 2nd of March, whose communication has been copied by many of the other Liberal newspapers, gives the following warning:—

‘What position should we be in to stand a general deficiency in crops (such as occurred in this and most Continental countries in 1846) compared with that we occupied then, and on other similar occasions in times past, should such a deficiency again take place? We commenced 1846 with a bonded stock of nearly two millions of quarters, or about the average consumption of foreign wheat for each of the previous seven years. In addition to that there was invariably, *previously to our adoption of free trade*, a large stock of farmers’ wheat retained in the country, often held over for years by the growers themselves or speculators, all of which was available to check any inordinate advance in famine years. Against those supplies what stock have we now, or are we likely to have when the next failure takes place, or to what foreign countries can we turn for a prompt supply of such magnitude? And it is to be remembered that our dependence on foreign countries is increasing so much that a supply of four million quarters would not be more felt now than half the quantity a few years ago. This question is a most serious one, and I fear much evil may at some future period spring from the idea now so prevalent throughout the country, that with free trade we can never have high prices.’

All this is very sound doctrine—but very extraordinary doctrine to come from journalists who used to insist that there never could be *general* scarcity, and that the only infallible method for securing

securing equality of price from year to year was to legalize an absolutely free import of foreign corn.

The foreign animals imported in 1849 were below the number imported in 1848. They were—

Oxen and bulls	.	.	.	21,751
Cows	.	.	.	17,921
Calves	.	.	.	13,645
Sheep	.	.	.	126,247
Lambs	.	.	.	3,018
Swine	.	.	.	2,653

Of meat the import was—

Bacon	.	.	.	384,325 cwt.
Pork	.	.	.	348,276 „
Beef	.	.	.	149,917 „

Of foreign butter, the amount taken for home consumption was 279,462 cwt., and of cheese 390,978 cwt.

Other imports of 1849 for home consumption, which may be classed with food, were, cocoa, 3,233,372 lbs.; coffee, 34,431,074 lbs.—of which 29,769,730 lbs. were from our own colonies; lard, 185,838 cwt. (which is a very considerable decrease from the import of 1848); oil-cake, 59,144 tons; rice, 537,326 cwt.; sugar (unrefined), 5,922,154 cwt.; molasses, 812,330 cwt.; tea, 50,024,688 lbs. The import of foreign eggs reached the extraordinary number of 97,884,557, which paid a duty of 35,694*l*. There were 433,450 cwt. of foreign currants taken for home consumption, and 31,165 cwt. of foreign figs; 193,811 cwt. of raisins, and upwards of 340,000 boxes or chests of oranges and lemons. Of pepper there were 3,257,746 lbs., and of pimento 3419 cwt. Of rum, independently of the quantity re-exported, we received 3,044,758 gallons, and of brandy 2,187,500 gallons; of French wine 355,504 gallons; of Cape wine 241,890 gallons; and of all other sorts of foreign wines 5,890,295 gallons.

This supply of eatables and drinkables is quite astounding, and when it is considered that all this importation from abroad comes in addition to our own produce—greater in proportion to our extent of territory than that of any other kingdom in the world—it might perhaps be hastily concluded that every one in Great Britain was well fed. Unfortunately, however, the business of distribution is not so well managed as that of supply, and, surrounded by all this abundance, there are thousands of the people who scarcely obtain the necessaries of life.

Great as our progress in mercantile intercourse with foreign countries may have been since the close of the war in 1815, it has
not

not equalled—according to the information most laboriously collected by Mr. Spackman—the progress of our great rivals in activity, the French and the Americans. He gives the following statement:—

ENGLAND...	Average of 5 years' imports, 1816 to 1820,	£.31,273,309
	" " 1840 to 1844	70,510,112
	Increase	. 120 per cent.

FRANCE...	Average of 5 years' imports, 1816 to 1820,	£.13,045,168
	" " 1840 to 1844	45,564,747
	Increase	. 250 per cent.

AMERICA...	Average of 5 years' imports, 1816 to 1820,	£.22,391,982
	" " 1840 to 1844	22,206,071
	Increase	. Nil.

ENGLAND...	Average of 5 years' exports, 1816 to 1820,	£.40,211,045
	" " 1840 to 1844	52,256,963
	Increase	. 30 per cent.

FRANCE...	Average of 5 years' exports, 1816 to 1820,	£.17,420,900*
	" " 1840 to 1844	41,242,251
	Increase	. 143 per cent.

AMERICA...	Average of 5 years' exports, 1816 to 1820,	£.12,900,429
	" " 1840 to 1844	20,448,221
	Increase	. 62½ per cent.

Supposing this statement to be correct, it will be seen that our rate of progress—at all events as regards the *value* of imports and exports—is much inferior to that of France, and, as regards exports, to that of America. It is very remarkable that a country making such strides in population and wealth as the United States should appear to be stationary as regards imports. This can only be accounted for by supposing a gradually-increasing and more earnest direction of the industry of the people to the supply of their own wants. The political economist may see in this no reason for congratulation, but the American patriot may well rejoice to find his country growing more and more sufficient to itself—more able to

to maintain a noble existence independently of the favour of foreign powers and the fluctuations of foreign commerce.

Among the many wondrous things accomplished by the British nation between 1795 and 1815, certainly the payment of enormous taxation was not the least extraordinary. The revenue raised by taxation, from 21,000,000*l.* in 1796, had risen to 72,000,000*l.* within the year 1815. Besides this contribution to the public expenses in the form of tax, the capitalists were enabled to lend so much money to Government, that the expenditure for public purposes (including war) reached in each of the years 1814 and 1815 the enormous amount of 117,000,000*l.* Either the will or the way to pay taxes has been much enfeebled since that time, for now, with a population increased probably by two-fifths since 1815, it is with no slight difficulty that a much smaller revenue is raised.

All matters of finance are rendered somewhat perplexing to the investigator by the different ways in which our public accounts are stated, the very same terms being sometimes used to signify different things. Thus we find in public returns for the year 1849 the *net* revenue of Customs set down as 22,194,600*l.*, and the *net* revenue of Excise as 14,985,865*l.*—but in such returns ‘net revenue’ appears to indicate what has been received after deducting drawbacks, allowances, &c., but *not* deducting the expenses of collection. Other returns of ‘net revenue’ show what the Exchequer has actually received in the years 1848 and 1849, after deducting the expenses of collection. The figures are as follows:—

	1848.	1849.
Customs	£.18,929,360	£.18,695,798
Excise	12,832,140	12,753,815
Stamps, including Legacy-Duty	6,110,848	6,265,475
Assessed Taxes	4,314,704	4,303,849
Property and Income-Tax	5,347,365	5,408,159
Post Office	776,000	806,000
Crown Lands	81,000	160,000
Miscellaneous	101,166	249,242
	£.48,492,583	£.48,742,338

Owing to the bias of the legislative classes of late years towards the encouragement of foreign commerce, almost all the efforts that have been made in favour of freedom of trade have had reference to Customs duties, or other restrictions upon the importation of foreign commodities. The operations of merchants are impeded and in some degree perplexed, as well as rendered more expensive, by Customs duties, or by prohibitions of certain commodities.

All Custom-House regulations are and must be more or less a hindrance to international commerce. But if we look to the productive industry of the country, the greatest public obstruction to its free and full development is undoubtedly the Excise. This arises not so much from the enhancement of the price of the articles produced and sold, as from the vexatious restrictions and interferences which are considered necessary in order to secure the collection of the Excise duty, and to prevent production going on surreptitiously. It is in vain that heavy fines are imposed and in many cases rigorously levied. The temptation is so great that no mere prohibition or penalty is found sufficient to deter the smuggler from the exercise of his ingenuity. Neither the enactments of Parliament nor the most solemn regulations of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Inland Revenue have that effect upon the general conscience which is the best safeguard against the commission of offences. Notwithstanding that Mr. M'Culloch deprecates in his most amiable and persuasive manner the earnestness of Judge Blackstone and the violence of Dr. Johnson against this branch of taxation, it is as difficult to persuade mankind in general that it ought to be borne with uncomplaining patience, as it is to convince the manufacturers of malt, of spirits, of paper, and of soap in particular, that to send these articles into the world without the payment of duty is a violation of the moral law.

The following is an account of the 'Net Receipt' of Excise in the United Kingdom for the years 1848 and 1849—but the expenses of collection are not deducted:—

	1848.	1849.
	£.	£.
Bricks	455,845	456,452
Game Certificates	11,167	9,062
Hops	392,381	205,936
Licences	1,103,435	1,107,890
Malt	5,225,071	4,964,066
Paper	745,795	810,554
Post Horse Duty	146,012	144,194
Ditto Licences	6,593	6,801
Soap	990,512	1,026,080
Spirits	5,455,475	5,757,336
Railways	232,270	235,475
Stage-carriage	196,874	188,785
Hackney ditto	70,409	73,234
	<hr/>	
	£14,985,865	

It is impossible that anything like perfect freedom of industry can exist in this country while such burdens as these are imposed upon

upon it; and yet they are burdens which the circumstances of the State appear to render necessary. It seems inconceivable that anything but the prejudice of party, or the bias of self-interest, should lead any one to suppose that there can be justice, or anything like justice, in admitting the products of foreign industry without any sort of let or impediment into our markets, while the products of our own industry are so heavily taxed. What would the manufacturers of cotton yarn say, if it were proposed to levy five millions a-year upon all the produce which issues from their mills? And yet they view with the utmost coolness and equanimity the impost of that sum upon the manufactured barley which issues from the kilns of the British maltster. What hardship would there be in the one which does not belong to the other? We must do Mr. M'Culloch the justice to say that, whatever be his present opinion, his book 'On Taxation and the Funding System,' published in 1845, recognized the justice of a protecting duty upon foreign corn as a compensation to the land for the burdens thrown upon it, and upon its produce. The injurious influence of the Corn Laws, he then said, had been 'stupidly and factiously exaggerated;' and he added, that the substitution of a fixed duty of 5s. or 6s. a quarter instead of the then existing scale, in order 'to countervail the peculiar burdens falling on the land,' would be a signal improvement.

The truth is, that we have not abandoned the system of Protection. We are still very strenuous Protectionists. The only difference is, that we have reversed the application of the principle—and, in place of protecting our own most important industry, protect to the utmost of our power the comparatively untaxed labour of other nations.

It is curious to observe how very largely the Revenue of Great Britain depends on what goes into the mouth. In the above list of Excise Duties, we have Malt, Hops, Spirits, Licences to sell beer and spirits, and wine, producing an aggregate of upwards of twelve millions. Let us add a selection from the Customs Duties.

GROSS RECEIPT.

	£.
Butter	138,406
Cheese	97,686
Cocoa	16,644
Coffee	643,210
Corn and Meal	617,814
Eggs	35,694
Fruits	582,903
Hams	3,284

Rice

	£.
Rice	15,207
Spices	112,825
Spirits	1,803,527
Sugar	3,855,928
Refined ditto	68,328
Molasses	214,695
Tea	5,471,641

These make not far short of fourteen millions more; and if to these we add Tobacco, which Sir James Graham classes with beer and spirits as the 'stimulants' of the people,* we have another sum of nearly four and a half millions. The gross receipt of duty in 1849 was—

	£.
Unmanufactured Tobacco . .	4,328,217
Manufactured ditto and Snuff .	96,814

We have now a total of between thirty and thirty-one millions of money derived from taxation of the various articles which the mass of the people eat, drink, or smoke. Were the duties levied upon Wine included in this summary, the amount would be increased by 1,835,071*l.*, but foreign wines are consumed only by the comparatively rich. The duty of between thirty and thirty-one millions is levied upon articles of universal consumption in England. All but a mere fraction of this may be in some sort regarded as voluntary taxation so far as the consumers are concerned. The 'stimulants' might be done without. We have, however, no wish that they should be. We should be glad to see the moderate and prudent consumption of them more general; but it may at the same time be affirmed that the Government will never have fully discharged its duties to society till the most stringent measures are resorted to for checking the vice of drunkenness, which is the parent of almost every other vice among the lower classes of the people.

If every measure which tended to increase the price of the necessities and comforts of life was therefore a burden to all classes, so far as it went, and if every measure which tended to diminish the price were in like manner a relief, the philosophy of taxation would be a simpler matter than it is. It is assumed by many dogmatizers that such simplicity exists. Whoever justly reflects upon the matter will see, however, that the question is in truth much more complex than these gentlemen admit—they will see that a measure which in its operation increases the price, even of the necessities of life, may increase also the remuneration of those who produce such necessities, and render

* House of Commons Debate, 21st February, 1850.

them better able to pay a higher price than, in the absence of such a measure, they would be to pay a lower price. Taxation may operate, not as a burden upon all alike, in proportion to their consumption of the commodity taxed, but as a transfer of wealth from the non-workers to the workers—causing the non-workers to pay, and the workers to receive a larger price than otherwise would be paid and received respectively for what the one wants and the other supplies. When this theory is understood by ‘the masses,’ as it will be one day or another, they will revolt against the *cheap system* as a grinding oppression; and we are much of the opinion that, until the matter is distinctly understood throughout our working classes generally, there is little hope for the interests already so grievously smitten. That a widely spreading distress must teach the universal lesson, is our firm and sorrowful belief. For *that* they will in due time be made to feel themselves responsible, who condescended to take up, whether as the weapon of their vanity, or the cloak of their cowardice, the anti-patriotic theories of the old deluders of the people—those dexterous manipulators of ‘facts’ and of ‘figures,’ who, as Napoleon Buona-parté long ago prophetically said, ‘if an empire were of adamant, would have power to grind it into dust.’

ART. VII.—*Diary of a Dutiful Son.* By H. E. O. London, 12mo. 1849.

THIS little volume was printed only for a limited circle of its author’s friends; but though we have not the honour to be even among his acquaintance, a copy fell accidentally into our hands, and to our request for leave to quote a particular passage, the answer was, that we might make any use we chose of it. In such cases we can never suppose ourselves entitled to criticise with the freedom invited by actual publication; but we are always very willing to let our readers participate in the entertainment which we had privately relished. We shall do therefore by this *Diary* as we did lately in the case of Baron Wessenberg’s *Note-books*.

The brief Introduction is as follows—form of type included:—

After passing through the usual course of education, I spent some years in reading and reflection rather than in qualifying myself for any profitable employment. The result was a sufficiently good opinion of myself, and a serious discontent at the unjust dispensation of Providence in not having placed me in a station to become distinguished without taking any trouble about it. My father was of a very different way of thinking. He was a cautious man, had married late in life, and was convinced that no person ever ascertained that two and two make

make four unless he was assisted by the experience of his elders. Young men may think old men fools; but old men know young ones to be so, was my father's favourite quotation. I had a settled contempt of his understanding and advice, although, in other respects, I had towards him the ordinary feeling of children towards their parents—at least of such children as are wholly dependent on their parents.

My society at home consisted of a tribe of unmarried sisters, from whom I usually took refuge in my own apartment. But I was a frequent visitor at the house of one of my more distant relations, a literary man in affluent circumstances, who had made the rare discovery that the triumph of human felicity is a party of five intelligent men assembled at a good dinner.

My father more than once took occasion to remind me, that the persons whom I was thus in the habit of meeting were generally much older than myself, and that I should do wisely to keep a diary of their talk—that by these means I should gather the fruits of their experience, and should also acquire habits of industry which might be otherwise useful to me. As he seemed much to cherish this notion, I told him that, though I could not undertake to make a chronicle of all I heard, I would write down the substance of the conversation whenever it seemed to be worth it. My father would have greatly preferred a more precise adherence to the form of a diary, because it reminded him of the posting of his own ledger; but thinking, probably, that I had a touch of his condition, and that, if he did not take what I offered, he would get nothing, he was fain to acquiesce in my proposal, and I wrote down what follows.

The table-talk of the gastronomes does not supply one single sentence either on eating or drinking. Nor is there a word of love or gallantry, flirtation or scandal. They are, we suspect, elderly Templars—possibly a bencher or two among them—but even these enjoying the ‘opportunity of leisure’ lauded by King Solomon. They seem to have outlived, among other vanities, political zeal: discussing occasionally the vexed and vexing questions of the time, but with a supreme indifference as to parties, and small respect for Blue-books. The fiercest of our debates stirs in them less emotion than we often see exhibited on some small controversy of Corinth or Syracuse two-and-twenty centuries ago: they speak of the Duke of Wellington far more coolly than Mr. Grote does of Miltiades—of Peel or Cobden with a tranquillity he rarely commands as to rival interpretations of a Thucydidean parable. In respect of religion also they betray somewhat of the philosophical indifference ascribed (*in petto*) to their profession generally—not excepting ‘Puseyite attorneys,’—to the shriek of one of which class, on first catching a glimpse of the infernal regions, their friend the late Rev. Canon Smith likened the railway-whistle. They are, however, agreed that it is expedient to ‘get the ring through the nose’ of the most ungovernable of the 300 animals—
and

and patronise Church establishments on high police principles. Their literature is old-fashioned. They have kept up or rubbed up their classics—have conversed with those who had conversed with Johnson—are well seen in Pope and Dryden—patronise Campbell and ignore Wordsworth—prefer Fielding to Dickens—Burnet to Macaulay. Among the turbulence of faction and the contempt of antiquity which enlivens the existence of moderns and embellishes their taste, a few specimens of these quasi-monastic ANA may amuse the elder and idler of our own congregation.

School-learning.

Most men seem to consider their school-learning as if it were like a tadpole's tail, meant to drop off as soon as the owner comes to full growth.

March of Intellect.

Men now pick up knowledge as the Jews did manna in the wilderness. *He that gathers most, has nothing over; and he that gathers least, has no luck.* Every one knows something of every thing—the sure way to know nothing well.

The depression of the standard of literature in an advanced state of civilization is easily accounted for. The many are the customers catered for instead of the few. . . . It is the same with art. The best works were executed when they were within the reach of few. In whatever degree you extend the patronage of art, in the same degree you lower the standard of it. The applause of ignorance is necessarily the applause of the most numerous. The increased size of theatres hastened the downfall of the drama, not so much because people heard and saw worse, as because, in pleasing a greater number, it was necessary to please a worse taste.

Homer.

One of the company mentioned that he had heard a discussion at a club-dinner as to what it was which made the poetry of Homer to be preferred in all ages and countries where it was known.—*T.* And what did they attribute it to?—*N.* They did not come to any conclusion. One said, it was its simplicity; another, that it was its having been written in a heroic age; another observed, that Pope had attributed it to the power of invention.—*S.* It is impossible to say that other authors have not shown as much power of invention; and the early poetry of other countries is as simple and written at periods which may be equally called heroic.—*Q.* Then what is the peculiarity of Homer's poetry?—*S.* Perhaps you want an answer in a word, which is no uncommon case. There are many men who are unwilling to listen to half a dozen sentences, while there is scarcely any fallacy which they will not believe if it is told them in one. What has made Homer's poetry popular and what constitutes its peculiarity may be different things, and I believe are. It is his vivacity, in which he surpasses all other

other epic poets, which is probably the chief cause of his popularity: but his chief peculiarity is the union of the simplicity of the early stages of society with the skill of later times. This is a phenomenon which has never been satisfactorily accounted for. Homer is no less remarkable for the structure of his poems than for the variety of his imagery; and you remember what Horace says of his delineation of character.—*Q.* Some persons prefer Virgil to Homer.—*S.* Very few, I believe, who can read both. The *Æneid* wants reality. It is like an enamelled copy of a portrait. Virgil saw none except civilized life; but from that he could not take his subject, for the realities of civilized life are not epic. Dante and Camoens, indeed, have succeeded in making them poetical: but the *Divina Commedia* wants the interest of a continuous story; and in the *Lusiad* the heathen mythology is brought to the aid of Christianity.—*T.* It comes to what has often been asserted. Manners are never well described by those who have not seen them; and therefore there is no alternative for modern writers of epic poetry but to choose a subject wholly unreal, as Milton has done.—*S.* Yes. Any one may judge of the attempts to describe manners and customs which the authors have not seen, by referring to what are called Ossian's Poems. All is vague generality, as if the author feared to commit himself to particulars, and no impression remains on the mind of the reader. In those authors, on the other hand, who make out their details from antiquarian research, there is an affected accumulation of minutiae, and a constant striving to put them forward, which defeats its own purpose. In Homer the description comes incidentally, but it is always distinct and always impressive. You may observe with regard to authors of whose works description is a less essential part, that, if they have lived in the scenes of their stories, something of local peculiarity never fails to occur, like the winecoolers of Guzman d'Alfarache, the courtyard of Diego de Miranda in *Don Quixote*, or the atrium of Byrrhæna in the Golden Ass of Apuleius. But you may read *Gil Blas* from the beginning to the end without discovering any allusion to local peculiarities; and you may convince yourself by this test that the notion of its being a translation or a paraphrase of a Spanish work is not true.

Modern Poetry.

*Prince Christian by the mainmast stood
In smoke and mist—*

is quite Homeric; and so is the 'nailing the colours to the mast' of the English sailor: but in these times there are few circumstances to furnish such lines. A modern sovereign is not like a Roman Emperor before his rebellious legions—*Stabat Drusus silentium manu poscens*. Every thing now is veiled with the mysteries of office, and perhaps better so politically, though not poetically. The advantage of early times for literary purposes results from the simplicity which showed the springs of every action. When princes were actually changed into beggars, striking incidents might be introduced without violating propriety; and when no one concealed his condition, striking characteristics might be

be displayed without deviating from truth of portraiture. Philip de Comines says he saw the Duke of Exeter following the Duke of Burgundy's equipage—serving for his livelihood as a footman. This was in the war of the Roses.

Modern Historians.

M. It is commonly assumed that Lord Bacon's great work was directed against the custom of system-mongering—that is, generalizing too hastily: and so it was, but not solely. It was directed quite as much against the custom of heaping up facts without regard to their points of connexion and resemblance. In truth it is to the establishment of a method of generalization by an unerring course of intermediate steps, founded on a comparison of observations, that his rules are principally addressed. But he seems to have been more successful in the first part of his object than the last; for we constantly meet with men whose minds are filled with little notes of quantities, and measurements, and isolated facts which they imagine to comprise the concentrated essence of all the wisdom of the world, like the people described by Rabelais as *gens nourriz dedans uny barril, et qui oncques ne regarderent que par ung trou.*

S. That is often the case as regards statistics, but Lord Bacon's work chiefly regards natural philosophy. The error of system-mongering, however, which he extinguished in that department has started up in another—the philosophy of history, as it is called—in which every thing is to be accounted for by principles elaborated from the mind of the author—no doubt a most convenient course for book-makers, for when once the theory is laid down, the facts have all the more novelty for being twisted into conformity with it. Historians now are like parliamentary orators, who choose a subject, not because they can give information upon it, but because they think they can say fine things upon it.

L. But some recent historians have thrown great additional lights upon history.—*S.* What are these lights? What can they be more than the existing authorities teach us? All the rest is nothing but speculation turned into assertion. Niebuhr and his followers have engrafted their own fancies upon old facts, and persuaded the world that they have made great discoveries.—*Q.* How comes the world to believe them?—*S.* Because when an author makes a modern version of his subject, like * * * *, for instance, in his Roman history, talking of burgesses and rights of common, his readers being acquainted with the concomitants of these things seem to themselves to be making great advances in knowledge, and never stay to inquire what better authority than his predecessors the writer has for the use of such terms. Even if we take the works of this class of authors as inferences and observations on history already known, what are they worth? One illustrious lecturer informs us that the leading principle of the feudal system was the same as that of the federal system of modern times, because it left a very small power in the sovereign authority. Supposing it did, what is the
resemblance

resemblance in other respects? The feudal system is essentially a system of dependence—the federal system is essentially a system of equality. One might as well compare a pig's tail with a string of sausages. And this is the philosophy of history. A page of Machiavelli is worth a cart-load of such trash.

Plutarch satisfied himself that the Jewish feast of tabernacles and the celebrations which followed it were identical with the festivities of Bacchus. There were the tables spread after the vintage—the covering of ivy—the goblet and the thyrsus—the trumpets and the priests, called Levites (whether from Lysius or from Evius, either name agreed with Bacchus). Neither were the Sabbaths foreign from the same deity, for Bacchi were called Sabbi, and that word was used in the orgies of Bacchus. Here is a number of coincidences far surpassing what commonly suffice for a German professor to trace pedigrees from Noah, and Deities from the antipodes; and yet we know that it is all false. The Jews forfeited their lives rather than join in the worship which they are here charged as habitually celebrating.

Still more absurd is the attempt to trace the origin of religions to allegory. It is contrary to all experience of human nature. There may be allegory; but the fable comes first and the allegory afterwards. What religion do we find in the wilds of America? Monstrous idols and monstrous fables. If the religion should last till the introduction of learning, no doubt there will be plenty of allegory—but not till then.

German Style.

S. The essence of authorship is compression, or selection, which is a species of it. But compression is the result of deliberation: carelessness and uncertainty are always diffuse. It is the same with respect to language. It requires much more study to express ideas in short and simple terms than in metaphysical verbiage. 'Your easy writing is damned hard reading' is as true of style as it is of penmanship.—*N.* Do you suppose German metaphysical works to be speedily written?—*S.* That is difficult to determine, because one cannot know to what extent a puzzle-pated fellow may puzzle himself. Whereas the object of every good writer is to make profound things clear, the object of the Germans is to make clear things profound. If you take the trouble to hunt a German abstraction into a meaning, you will commonly find that it is either a mere truism or a mysterious something—*quod ideo credendum quia impossibile*.

Wit.

In some instances we understand a subject from the definition; but in others we understand the thing itself better than the definition—*si non rogas, intelligo*. This is the case with wit. Addison says, the way to try it is to translate it into a different language. But the effect of this test is only to distinguish the wit of ideas from the wit of words. The last may be admitted to be an inferior kind of wit; but common consent will not allow it to be denied that it is wit. Locke's definition identifies

identifies wit with liveliness of imagination, and in that sense it seems to have been understood in his time. But what is now called wit consists in the discovery of an unexpected congruity in things otherwise incongruous; and this may be in language as well as in ideas. Humour consists of an unexpected peculiarity either in the subject or mode of narration, but without the congruity which constitutes wit. That men of wit are necessarily bad, though asserted from antiquity and affirmed by Pascal, cannot be admitted. It may be true that they are generally heartless. Their minds must be disengaged for the sudden turn.

Vulgarity.

The present meaning of the word is very different from its original. It does by no means imply what is common, except so far as it is the common effect of an endeavour to go beyond ourselves. A thing may be very uncommon and very vulgar. Every new Lord Mayor of London provides himself with an equipage which is vulgar, though there is not another like it in Europe. In short, vulgarity may be described to be unsuccessful affectation, as fashion is successful affectation. Real politeness is ease free from coarseness, free from selfishness, and free from affectation. Coarseness and brutality may be worse than vulgarity, but they are not vulgarity. When Henry VIII. called the Lord Chancellor 'Knave, arrant knave, and beastly fool,' and commanded him to 'avant' out of his presence, it was coarse, but it was not vulgar.

Sentences.

N. Johnson said of good talk—'We must wait to see whether it comes from a spring or a reservoir.'—*M.* But condensed sentences are wine, not water, and can come only from a reservoir. Most men too draw their ideas, whether casual or elaborated, from a fund of the precise nature of which they are themselves unaware. The *Pensées* de Pascal, though noted as they occurred, are not always original. Pope says that his and Swift's *Thoughts* at the end of the *Miscellanies* were written at hazard; yet they contain the substance of some of their best lines; and one of Pope's is the same as one of Rochefoucauld's maxims—no doubt unconsciously recollected. Milton's prose contains the essence of some of his finest poetry. Men accumulate in their minds illustrations which are apt to recur to them whenever the subjects are mentioned. In a blockhead this is a train of silly stories—in a wiser man perhaps certain set sentences: but very few, not even Johnson himself, use none but illustrations invented at the moment. Even if any one should endeavour to ascertain his own degree of originality in this respect, he would most likely be unsuccessful. We sometimes recall at intervals an idea of our own till it seems to us to have been picked up from another—sometimes invent what others have invented before us—and sometimes fancy we invent what recurs after having been forgotten.—*T. Bayle* observes something of this sort with reference to the Marquis de Racan, who believed himself to be the author of a quatrain which he afterwards found in the works of Pierre Mathieu.

Epitaphs.

An epitaph should be short enough for everybody to read, simple enough for everybody to understand, and pungent enough for everybody to remember. It would also be desirable that it should be native, that it may be known to natives, and Latin, that it may be known to foreigners and future ages.

Dolus versatur in generalibus.

Those who in moral philosophy affect general rules often expose themselves to contradiction, or else are obliged to reduce their rules to nothing by qualifying words. This may be seen in Rochefoucauld's Maxims—for example, *Ceux qui s'appliquent trop aux petites choses deviennent ordinairement incapables des grands*. What is *trop*, unless, instead of guiding us to a result, the result itself is the measure of it? The maxim in effect amounts only to this, that a capacity for little things, and a capacity for great things, sometimes do, but more frequently do not go together—a discovery which scarcely deserves to be ticketed and set apart as if it were oracular. But, if the qualifications are omitted, what becomes of the maxims? This is one—*Il y a du mérite sans élévation ; mais il n'y a point d'élévation sans quelque mérite*. Did the Duc de la Rochefoucauld never hear of a man's owing his elevation to the complaisance of a pretty wife? or is that perchance a merit in the husband? In other instances it would seem that the truth was quite lost sight of. *Les seules bonnes copies sont celles qui nous font voir le ridicule des méchants originaux*. This stood in a former edition *des excellents originaux*. One is as true as the other. Is not that a good copy which shows the excellence of an excellent original? Another maxim announces how the most skilful people use finesse; and another asserts that there is no finesse except what proceeds from want of skill. From want of power it may proceed; but it can hardly be said that there is none except what proceeds from want of skill, if there are occasions when the most skilful use it. Such are the results of a desire to impose upon the world by 'the grandeur of generality.' It cannot be denied that the maxims show great acuteness, and the terseness of expression in them is admirable; but they have the prevailing faults, that they count indirect motives as always more powerful than direct ones, and that they treat what is applicable to a court as applicable to all the world. It is not a little remarkable, however, that the maxim which has been most quoted, and which most confirms this observation—*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas*—was expunged by the author himself, and restored in the later editions after his death.

Novelty.

If we examine modern works of fancy, we often find that little more is done than to add new wings to an old body. Even in illustrations of philosophical subjects we see the same examples repeated. Paley boldly commences his Natural Theology with the example of the watch, although the same example had been already used by Nieuwentyt,

ventyt, and still earlier by Sir Matthew Hale. That of the types casually forming treatises, which has travelled through Montaigne's works to more recent authors, is also to be found in Cicero—in terms not a little remarkable when printing was unknown. The illustration of the advantage of modern over ancient learning, by comparing it with a dwarf mounted on the shoulders of a giant, is alluded to by Sir William Temple and ridiculed in Hudibras. It is quoted in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy from Didacus Stella, and appears in a poem of the twelfth century written by one of the medical poets of the school of Salerno. How much higher it is to be traced may be known to those better informed than myself; and a more acceptable service could scarcely be done to literature than that such a person should execute Johnson's purpose of composing 'a work to show how small a quantity of real fiction there is in the world, and that the same images, with very little variation, have served all the authors who have ever written.'

Ministerial Maxim.

An independent man, said Pitt, is a man who cannot be depended on.

Proverbs.

S. There is so great a similarity in the proverbs and even in the occasional sentences of different countries, that it is not easy to determine whether they are borrowed and dressed in new clothing, or whether similar circumstances have suggested similar ideas. When Oliver Cromwell told his soldiers to put their trust in the Lord and keep their powder dry, he probably had not read Montaigne's paraphrase of the pilot's address to Neptune—*Tu me sauveras, si tu veux; si tu veux, tu me perdras: mais si tiendray je toujours droit mon timon.* Mr. Justice Burnet may have remembered in Seneca—*Nam, ut Plato ait, nemo prudens punit quia peccatum est, sed ne peccetur; revocari enim præterita non possunt: futura prohibentur,*—when the convict said to him—My Lord, am I to be hanged only for stealing a horse? and he answered—No; you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen. Sometimes a very slight change in the words of a sentence may make it difficult to trace the original authority, as in that of 'money the sinews of war.' Machiavelli quotes it from Quintus Curtius and controverts it: so does Lord Bacon. Tacitus attributes it to Mucianus, who applied it practically—*Eos esse belli civilis nervos dictitans.* But the word *civil* makes all the difference, because in that case military prowess is presumptively the same on both sides. Louis XIV. said of the struggle with William III.—*Le dernier écu l'emportera.* The oldest authors, however, do not appear to have referred to war in particular. Bion said only—*τον πλουτον νευρα πραγµατων*—and Cicero—*Vectigalia nervos esse reipublicæ semper duximus.* In other instances, where the sense at first appears to be the same, the application is different. We find in Publius Syrus—*Mage cavenda est amicorum invidia, quam insidiæ hostium*—upon which Rochefoucauld's famous maxim, which he afterwards expunged, is as it were a scholium. Charles II. is reported to have said, 'Defend

me from my friends: I'll defend myself from my enemies'—alluding to the imprudent zeal of his friends. Antigonus prayed the Gods to save him from his friends, alluding to the danger of misplaced confidence. And in the same sense the Spaniards say—*De quien me fio, Dios me guarde: de quien no fio, me guardaré yo.* In common proverbs the meaning is frequently altered by a slight change in the sound. John Wesley said, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,'—and so it is now commonly said; but the original word is 'goodliness,' meaning 'beauty.' Sometimes a proverb made purposely equivocal settles into the meaning which was not intended. 'Mushrooms never grow after they are seen' is imputed to the Irish as a superstition, and may possibly have become so; but the real meaning is, that they are sure to be gathered as soon as they are seen. Sometimes a figurative saying comes to be taken literally. 'As far as Johnny Groat's House,' is—as far as money is current; but the Scotch have found an actual locality for it. These are unimportant examples; but the rectification of proverbs in general is by no means unimportant; for even stupid men, who have firmness enough to adhere to them, will commonly pass through the world with greater success than the more talented ones who judge of every occasion for themselves. *I consigli son tutti buoni; ma i proverbj son tutti provati.*

N. I fancy your men of proverbs will be something like Lord Bacon's fortunate men. He says, there are not two more fortunate properties than to have *modicum ex stulto et non nimium ex honesto.*

S. I believe they will be more like Dean Swift's men of business, whom he compares to an ivory paper-knife which, with a blunt edge, needs nothing but a strong hand to make it cut even; whereas men of quick intellects are like a sharp penknife which runs out of the line and disfigures the paper with its irregularity.

Sensibility.

N. It is questionable whether great sensibility is a curse or a blessing. Dante says—

*Quanto la cosa è più perfetta,
Più senta 'l bene e così la doglienza.*

But there is more in the world to be endured than enjoyed: so that at last it is but playing for a higher stake with a greater chance of losing—at least as regards ourselves. As regards others, it is reasonable to suppose that those who have the finest feelings have the most benevolence. —M. If you mean practical benevolence, the supposition is so far from being warranted by experience that it will usually be found that persons of great sensibility are of all human beings the most selfish and the least to be depended on. Their sense of pain and sense of enjoyment being stronger, are more apt to master their reason; and whenever sensation has the mastery of reason, the gratification of self and the present are sure to prevail. Though their feeling for others may be greater than that of ordinary persons, it is overcome in a still greater degree by their feeling for themselves. There is another sort of men not very different in practice, though somewhat different in kind—those of whom it is commonly said, that they are nobody's enemies but their own. They are

are nobody's friends but their own, and have not the wisdom to be even that to any good purpose.

'What great Events from little Causes spring.'

S. There are few absurdities more remarkable than that favourite one of attributing great events to trifling causes. It captivates ingenious men by the appearance of paradox, which is their usual stumbling-block: it captivates the common people by that violence of contrast which is most suited to their taste. Even good authors are not always exempt from this propensity. Pliny says that it was the sight of a fig which caused the destruction of Carthage; and so he does that a woman produced an elephant: and one is as likely as the other. Is it not evident that it was the hatred of the Romans, fostered by a succession of most important events, that caused its destruction? Cato might have shot a waggon-load of figs on the floor of the Senate-house without any effect if the senators had known nothing more of the country they grew in. In effect Pliny himself, in that very eloquent and silly passage, states the real causes, while he hitches them off upon his fig. An eminent example of this sort of nonsense is in the *Pensées* de Pascal about Cromwell—'But for a little grain of sand the royal family was lost and his own established for ever.' Without noticing that this is falsely assumed as the cause of Cromwell's death, it is more than probable that, had he himself lived, he would have had the greatest difficulty to maintain his position; and it is certain that no one of his family would have had the least chance of it.* Livy intimates that the admission of plebeians to the consulate was owing to the accident of the consul's lictor knocking at the door of his house to announce his return, whilst his wife's sister, who was married to a plebeian, was present. She was indignant that her own husband could not acquire such a distinction, and hence arose the contest which terminated in breaking down the exclusion. But here also the train had been laid eighty years before by Canuleius, and this was but the spark which lighted it. Such are the instances adduced by those who would refer every thing to the divinity of Fortune: but *nullum numen habet, si sit prudentia*. Sallust says, 'Men should govern chance instead of chance governing them.' A bad general talks about the fortune of war; but the greatest of modern generals† found that 'Providence always takes the side of the strongest.' Important events may be brought about or counteracted by trifling causes, but it must be under circumstances which have predisposed them to be so acted upon.

Protection.

P. A great difficulty has been made about what is called the agricultural question. Apply a little common sense to it. Let us suppose that two men, working ten hours a day for a month, will cause a barren acre of land to produce a quarter of wheat. Suppose the same two men, working for the same time, will manufacture twenty razors, in exchange

* The greatest fault of the saying is, that it is a mere pun. It was no more grain of sand than a plumstone is a pebble.

† Was Frederick II. not only the Great, but the Greatest?

for which there will be exported from France and delivered here two quarters of wheat—then will not the labourers be employed twice as profitably for themselves and the community in manufacturing razors as in cultivating barren acres?—*T.* But the agriculturists are the best customers of the manufacturers.—*P.* Indeed? when they require in return to be paid a higher price for their produce than other people would supply it for?—*T.* But if there were no agricultural produce there could be no manufactures.—*P.* What? if men dwelled on a rock of barren surface—if they dug iron and coals from its bowels—if they attained to such a proficiency in hardware that no others equalled them—would no nations send corn in exchange for ploughshares? Would no countries give beef in exchange for carving-knives? As long as they were industrious, depend upon it they would be fed; as long as they were wise, depend upon it they would not make laws to encourage the cultivation of corn like mignonette in bowpots. The Venetians of old were the richest people in Europe, though they lived upon stilts in the sea, and had nothing to plough but the ocean. A taxation upon imported corn, to countervail home imposts, is a widely different affair. Without that we do in effect give a preference to the foreigner; and it may be expedient to pay something for the certainty of a home supply, in case we should be shut out of the foreign market. But this is a matter of war politics, and a question of probability.

‘Luxuries are what ought to be taxed.’

But luxuries are in their very nature what can be dispensed with, so that the tax defeats itself. This drives us to tax necessities. But, say they, tax property—that is, capital, or the income of it; but moveable capital will be removed to countries where it is not taxed. Then we are driven to the land, a tax on which enters into the price of produce (for if highly taxed some will be left uncultivated, and the supply of produce be diminished), and so it comes again on necessities.

But in taxing necessities you tax the poor who consume them as well as the rich. Effectually, however, you cannot tax the poor, for they must live; and what you take from them in one way you must pay them in another. The result is, that the chief weight of taxation falls on the middle classes; and the great mystery of finance is included in the old monkish rhyme—

Deux ace non possunt, et sise cinque solvere nolunt:

Est igitur notum quater trey solvere totum.

A graduated property-tax has been a favourite scheme with some candidates for popularity. But even Cobbett remarked that ‘a graduated property-tax would bring the country to a state when a good house would never be built, and when a tree would never be planted.’

‘Property has its duties as well as its rights.’

P. A mighty fine-sounding sentence, bating that it is sheer nonsense. Duties are what an accountable agent is bound to perform. How can property have duties?—*R.* It is meant that people have duties in respect of property.—*P.* Then why not say so?—*R.* It comes to the same thing.
—*P.* No :

—*P.* No : it doesn't.—*R.* Why not?—*P.* Because, by transferring the duties to the property, the circumstances of the owner are overlooked, and land being the most visible species of property, the notion of an agrarian right is set up, which is the real and ultimate purpose of the knaves who put forth such doctrine, in hopes that another class of persons will give currency to it. Supposing two men to have equal properties; one is a bachelor—the other has a numerous family : are their duties alike? If the duties depend on property only, where the properties are the same, the duties must be the same ; and yet one may be better able to spare half his income than the other to spare anything—so that at last it results in this, that *every man ought, of such things as he possesseth, to give alms to the poor according to his ability.* I grieve that the doctrine of the apostles of the new light should have to be rectified by the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England ; but there you will find it.

The Reformers.

L. The reformers ask why people should not be brought to think giving a vote for a bribe as disgraceful as giving a verdict for a bribe.

M. The answer is very palpable. Because, by a verdict, you affect an individual, and by a vote the community. It is an obligation too general to be practical. Thousands of persons evade a tax who would be horrified at picking a pocket.—*L.* Then does not that show the necessity for voting by ballot?—*M.* The chief danger of the ballot is that you may do exactly the reverse of what you intend. It is very probable that it might afford secrecy enough to render bribery undiscoverable, and not enough to render it ineffectual. But supposing it to be successful as far as bribery is concerned, there is this strong objection to it, that it intercepts public opinion. Representatives could not know which of their constituents approved and which disapproved their conduct. It is, however, one of those measures the precise operation of which can never be known except by experiment.

S. In strictly popular elections, a candidate must pay either in money or lies. There are but these two ways. If you put down the influence of property, lying rises in proportion.

L. The people find out the best physician : why should they not find out the best politician?—*S.* I deny the assumption. Except so far as they are directed by imitation of their betters, they invariably choose a quack for their physician ; and as surely, when they judge for themselves, they choose a quack for their representative.

In Louis XVIII.'s narrative of his escape from Paris, he notices with approbation the remark of his English servant, that there were neither democrats nor aristocrats in France ; for every man who had but sixpence considered one who had a shilling an aristocrat. This is the ultimatum of all thorough-going reformers ; and if they stop short of it they are outbid. *Nil moderatum vulgo gratum.* If there remains any extravagance greater than what has yet been proposed, he who proposes it is sure to get the upper hand. O'Connell fought off repeal as long as he could, knowing that there was no greater absurdity short of rebellion.

rebellion. Smith O'Brien did not stick at rebellion. O'Connell was outbid ; and the master of fifty votes in Parliament sunk like a bubble upon water.

Statesmanship.

S. The institution of laws does more to change nations than conquest does. Henry VII. made a more durable impression on England than Bonaparte did anywhere. If Louis-Philippe, instead of shuffling and trickery for the immediate aggrandisement of his family, had established a right of testamentary disposition of property, he might have laid the foundation of an aristocracy and a permanent dynasty.—*L.* However, it cannot be denied that Louis-Philippe is a great practical statesman, notwithstanding his ultimate ill-success.—*S.* If to provide for the future be an essential attribute of a great statesman, he is not one.—*L.* He never had the power.—*S.* What sort of argument is that? It is like saying a man is a great traveller, but because he has been in prison all his life he never could travel. To uphold the great maxims of policy instead of serving present interests is precisely the difference between a good politician and a bad one. If a minister acts upon sound principles of government, and follows them ably, he may be defeated by circumstances—still he is a statesman. But when he aims only to accommodate himself to the time, and overcome the difficulty of the moment, if he does not succeed he is contemptible. Success is the only test of such merit. *Godere li beneficj del tempo* is Machiavelli's badge of a shallow politician. It seems to have been Talleyrand's maxim, and to be * * *'s.

N. The charge against this last personage is, that he came into power on the shoulders of the landed interest, meaning all the while to abolish the corn-laws.

S. I believe he had no such intention, nor any intention, except to humour the strongest party. The boroughs had been hitherto indifferent ; and he shouted, 'Protection for ever!' The boroughs showed their teeth : he was on their side. The pretence that he had changed his opinion from the experience of the last three years, was futile, seeing that his strongest declaration in favour of protection was not a year old.

N. But the Reform Bill has made such compliances necessary.

S. If he had said that and nothing more, it would have been his best excuse. As to the fine things about becoming wiser, and having the moral courage to own it, they are trash. If a man undertakes office, and is years behind other men in finding out that which it is his duty to know, where is his competency?

S. The Duke of Wellington, in the later years of his life, has been in the unexampled position of a man having nothing to desire for himself—a man not so much unconnected with party as above it. But no man—no great man at least—has made more serious political blunders than the Duke of Wellington.

T. Was not England, then, well governed whilst he was in place?

S. Not only well governed, but better, I fear, than it is ever likely to be again. I speak of party tactics. Coming into power at the head
of

of the Tories, the tone of his administration was—‘If you, my Lord, do not choose to execute your office according to my views, I will find a drill-serjeant who shall.’ His principle was, that the public will appreciate the merits of good government, and will support it for their own sake. Now this is precisely the doctrine of the Liberals—a mistaken one, I believe, but in their hands consistent and intelligible. The aristocratical party was alienated by it; and that alienation, though not openly manifested, was increased by the emancipation of the Catholics. Then came the question of parliamentary reform; and the Duke, whilst he was outraging the Tories by his practical reforms, outraged the Radicals by his sweeping declaration against their theoretical reforms. The Tories seized the opportunity, and at the expense of their interest—almost of their existence—they joined with their old enemies to be revenged on their former friends. The Duke was left without a party. This was the bright day of the Radicals. The success of the tricolor in France, the recent accession of a king supposed to be imbued with old Whig predilections, together with an opponent who joined issue with them on the least tenable ground, formed a combination of circumstances such as no skill of their own could have brought about, and which led to a result probably as little expected by themselves as it was by their antagonists.

N. Is it to be inferred, then, that reform in Parliament could have been avoided?

S. Made to assume a very different aspect at least. If the Duke had said, ‘I wish it to be understood that the King’s government has no objection to reform—provided a satisfactory plan is proposed,’ he would have had fifty—which might have been fought one against the other till he had the game in his own hands.

The volume concludes with the following *Envoy*—of which we consider it our duty to believe just as much as we do of the *Introduction* :—

When I had written this I gave it to my father to read, hoping he would admire it, because I was sure he would not understand it. He returned it two days afterwards, saying that he thought I must now be sensible of the advantage of attending to his advice, since, in consequence of it, I had laid the foundation of a treasure such as nothing but the experience of age could supply. I told him I was delighted with his approbation; for I had invented the whole myself. From that time he showed a kind of awkward respect for me, which partook a little of fear. He continued nevertheless to use his most earnest endeavours to prevent my following any course by which I might have a chance of rising above the level of his own station in society; but he greatly improved my station in his will. He lived beyond ninety years of age, and his death was at last occasioned by an accident. I believe he had begun to think himself immortal—but he is dead; and I wish he may be as much at his ease in the next world as I am in this.

THESE PAGES I DEDICATE TO HIS MEMORY.

ART.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Handbook for London.* By Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. 2 vols., post 8vo.
 2. *A Survey of London, by John Stow: A New Edition, by John Thoms, Esq., F.S.A.* 1842. 8vo.

THE professed historians of London are not numerous; none between the monk Fitzstephen, who died in 1191, and Stow, 'the first painefull searcher into the reverend Antiquities concerning this famous Citie of London,' who in 1598 published his 'Survey of London,' the product of eight years' laborious search into ancient records, and the corner-stone on which Strype and others built their more extended accounts. Stow was deservedly popular, for he was essentially a man of facts and information. He wrote for the citizens of London, and his compact little volume, in the old quarto, not so tall as *our* post octavo, followed the division of his matter best suited to *their* use and entertainment. Under each of the city wards they would readily find a mass of local description interesting to those of the neighbourhood—relieved by such heads as *Orders and Customes, Sports and Pastimes, Schooles and Houses of Learning, Towers and Castels*, abounding in piquant quotations from the elder chroniclers, including Fitzstephen, and illustrative of civic habits in the olden time. *The worthy house keeping of Thomas Woolsey, Lord Archbishop of Yorke*, is detailed, as in Cavendish; and the chapter of *the Temporall Government of this City, somewhat discoursed in briefe manner*, is highly curious, for the elections, the liveries, the riding to Paules at the winter festivals, and the order of the Lord Maior, the Aldermen, and the Sheriffes for their meetings and wearing of their Apparell throughout the yere according as formerly it hath been used, when the real importance of those personages gave interest even to their costume and ceremonial. Such a work served its purpose at the time, as is proved by its going through three editions in twenty years—a quick sale as books went. The second edition, 'increased with divers rare notes of antiquity' by himself, came out in 1603, 4to. Stow survived this edition but two years. From 1603 the simple text of Stow, a work pronounced by a late writer 'now perfectly invaluable,' was never reprinted until 1842, when Mr. Thoms carefully reproduced it, accompanied with a notice of the life and writings of John Stow, and such notes, illustrative of early manners, or explanatory of obsolete terms and usages, as might serve to bring Stow's vivid portraiture of London life at the close of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century distinctly beneath the eye, not merely of the antiquary but of the general reader. A third edition in 1618, and a fourth in 1633 in folio, contained numerous additions

additions by the editors, Munday and Dyson, but no amendments. Had not poverty and ill-health cut short his useful labours, Stow himself would have left us an enlarged and improved edition of his work. As it is, the success was such as to check all similar attempts for a considerable period.

At length, in the reign of Queen Anne, Stow had become sufficiently antiquated, and changes and additions had also multiplied considerably. In the interval previous to Stow's re-production in 1720 by Strype, a work of humble form, but worth attention from being in its plan more like a *Handbook*, presented itself in two octavo volumes, closely printed, in 1708. The author of this, and of some other useful books, was one Edward Hatton, a surveyor to one of the Fire Offices in London.* The duty of his employment obliged him to survey houses in several parts of the city, and in the discharge thereof he took every opportunity of recording what appeared to him worthy of note. Being skilled in architecture, his descriptions of churches and public edifices have more technical accuracy than is usual in ordinary accounts. His copies of monumental inscriptions are however taxed with inaccuracy. It would be well if official persons, who have access to records, or themselves furnish surveys, had that union of taste and discretion requisite to enable them to preserve and publish, without endangering private rights, particulars valuable to the antiquary and even the historian. Hatton employed his leisure in this species of occupation. The result is a book simply of utility. His 'New View of London in two Volumes' professes to be 'a more particular description thereof than has hitherto been known to be published of any city in the world.' Slender as is the reputation of Hatton, the vaunt of being most 'particular' cannot be gainsaid. 'Streets, squares, lanes, markets, courts, alleys, rows, rents, yards, and inns—alphabetically showing their names, derivation, quality of building, and inhabitants, dimensions, bearing, and distance from Charing Cross, St. Paul's, or the Tower.' Then 'the churches, companies, palaces, and noblemen's houses, colleges, libraries, &c., inns of court, free-schools, offices, hospitals, prisons, workhouses, almshouses, charity-schools, fountains, bridges, conduits, ferries, docks, keys, wharfs, plying-places for boats and their distances from London Bridge, waters, lights, insurances of all kinds, bagnios, baths hot and cold.' And not the least singular is 'an alphabetical account of the public statues in and about the city,' whether 'curiously done in brass,' or 'lively represented carved in fine white marble,' or such as* Pompey the Great, his statue sprightly carved in stone, standing on a pedestal, in Lincoln's-inn walks, given by Peter Hussey, Esq. Anno 1675. May 20.'

* Hawkins, 'Hist. of Musick,' iv. p. 504.

The peculiar advantage of Hatton is the alphabetical arrangement of each division of his matter. It would have been still better if he had followed, what Mr. Cunningham terms the 'dictionary form,' throughout, which takes us direct to our object. His reasons, and still more the example of his *Handbook*, convince us that it is after all the very best mode of conveying information. Stow is arranged in wards, but the inquirer can scarcely be expected to know without reference to an index in which ward some particular church or street is situated.

John Moiley, the compiler of 'Joe Miller,' was the real author of the so-called Seymour's 'Survey,' in two folio volumes, 1734, professing to be 'an improvement of Mr. Stow's, and other surveys,' which however it did not supersede. Unlike his immortal jest-book, it sunk into neglect with the public, though repeatedly vamped up under new titles. Nor did Maitland's 'History of London,' in 1739, and enlarged in a fourth edition to two volumes folio, 1772, with a profusion of plates, mostly in a hard mechanical style; or the succeeding ones by Entick, in 1766; Noorthouck, in 1773; and others by Harrison, Chamberlain, and compilers for the trade, attain to a superiority in point of style, arrangement, or original matter: the merit even of a very copious index was wanting to them;—and, finally, they and all other accounts both great and small were eclipsed by Pennant's brilliant and popular volume, which, in virtue of its excellencies of style and piquancy of matter, was accepted for what it certainly was not—the best history of London. It has all the qualities that amuse and interest, and reads admirably. Walpole and Pennant between them hold supreme rule in antiquarian gossip: they spoil us by their light and judicious treatment of minor history. They give *la crème de la crème*, and quality always rather than quantity. They are the 'desespoir' of all successors. Hence the bulky tomes of Hunter in 1811, and the accounts by Hughson in six volumes, and Lambert in four, had but a limited success. Lysons's 'Environs,' and Malcolm's 'Londinium redivivum,' fared somewhat better; but it was after all to Pennant that they owed the interest newly awakened on these subjects, as is shown by the comparative decay into which almost every other writer since him has fallen. A standard History of London, in short, still remains to be done; for as yet none sells better than the editions of Strype's 'Stow,' printed as long ago as 1720 and 1754, in two volumes folio; and these, so far from helping us to London as it *is*, only go about halfway in describing what forms London as it *was* with reference to present readers, London and its institutions having had a century's growth since their publication. Special accounts meanwhile, antiquarian, artistical, and
statistical,

statistical, have supplied the place of a comprehensive history, and sprung up as occasions of public interest arose. It would be tedious to examine the multifarious purposes and merits of such a class of books, no catalogue of which but a very full one is of use to aid research and inquiry. Guide-books have ever been the most sure publications of the historical class, the most individually interesting, and the fullest pennyworths. But they are essentially ephemeral. 'Ambulators' and 'Strangers' Companions' (the 11th edition was in 1811) pass away:—the 'Microcosm, or London in *Miniature*,' belying that prefix by its *three* volumes *royal quarto*, is now seldom heard of—and we may say *ditto* of the 'Picture of London' in 12mo., which had gone through 17 editions in 1816. Still there is room for something new and popular, which the hurried careworn triflers of this chaotic age may turn over in the brougham and on the railway, if perchance any such brief intervals may be snatched from the bustlings and journeyings, the money making and money begging, and, not the least in its hourly oppressiveness, the penny postage, that make a very treadmill of the Englishman's existence.

Very much to be pitied are those who cannot afford the time, or rather fractions of time, necessary for the enjoyment which Mr. Cunningham sets before them. The most recent of all our *Londiniana* is a specimen of the originality which may be achieved by following a better plan than those who have gone before, and breaking fresh ground for materials. To this 'Handbook for London' the praise of being most instructive as well as entertaining cannot be denied. Doubtless it might be augmented—there is, we are satisfied, abundance of new stores from whence it is susceptible of being enriched. But this is incident to the eclectic nature of the work, and it would be ungracious not to accept it as a comfortable instalment at any rate. Whether its degree of completeness warrants the title which has been chosen, is a mere question of words. If it be contended that, for purposes of mere use, a Handbook, strictly so called, should afford a greater amount of information of a detailed and practical kind; still it is consistent with present usage to bring out under that convenient appellative, works different (and differing in being of a higher order) from mere Guide-books, nor can Mr. Cunningham justly be charged with appearing under false colours. True it is, that Handbooks originally and *properly* were for travellers and strangers; to tell them everything that everybody in the place knows but themselves. To the reading public they were no more than Hornbooks and Primers. But, what is in a name? The Handbook of our days affects a sublime never dreamt of in the philosophy of Gazetteers and Guide-books. The Guthries and Lemprières, the Mavors,

Mavors, Enticks, and Salmons, even Goldsmith, the prince of epitomists, achieved no such pre-eminence. There is something—*si magna licet componere parvis*—that may be called astounding and revolutionary in its rise to the upper shelves of the body literary. From being a menial and a drudge, it now aspires to be a favourite and companion; it is bought as a dictionary—it is read like a novel. Whatever subject the Handbook takes in hand, it exhausts—yet learning and industry go but a small way towards its concoction. Genius and taste preside over the researches of the compiler, and direct him in sifting as well as collecting, in laying all literature under contribution, and superadding the choicest fruits of travel and observation. Sir F. Palgrave's Handbook for Northern Italy, and Mr. Ford's still more valuable one for Spain, were among the first, and are still the most notable specimens of this improvement; but many others have followed in the same track with more or less of the same agreeable and useful qualifications—insomuch that the time seems fast approaching when anything very good and very complete on any subject whatever will be called a Handbook, and the public will not think anything good and complete that does not come under that denomination.

In deference to the growing appetite for this article, Mr. Peter Cunningham—a worthy son of our old friend 'honest Allan'—has added his contingent to the series. The light though elaborate work on London, Past and Present, which he offers to the public under this modest form and title, he tells us, was seven years in hand. 'It has not only engrossed all my leisure, and cost me much thought and anxiety, but has imposed upon me a very painful amount of minute research among unexamined papers, often difficult of access, and never very clean or legible, for the chance of opening up new sources of intelligence.' The rate-books and overseers' books of parishes, which are particularly complete and important in St. Martin's and St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, and the baptismal, marriage, and burial registers, are among the most important of those sources which have been consulted in addition to the more accessible collections at the British Museum and elsewhere. But the copious and satisfactory gleanings from them which have enriched the work prove that these documents have not been the ones most difficult of access. Every liberal mind must be pained at the too just occasion for the following animadversions:—

'It is much to be regretted that the facilities afforded by the Prerogative Will-Office are so very few, and that no plan has yet been adopted by which proper persons might have unrestricted access to the registers of the Court. The office abounds in matter of great biographical

biographical importance, illustrative of the lives of eminent men, of the descent of property, and of the manners and customs of bygone times. To literary men of known attainments, the freedom of the office might be given with perfect security. This Handbook of London would have been less imperfect than it is, had the authorities of the Prerogative Will-Office granted any increased facility of research to its author.'—vol. ii. p. 677.

It is deplorable that literature should be crippled in its services to the public, for the sake of enforcing such regulations as these: 'The charges for searching the calendars of names is one shilling for every name. The charge for seeing the original will is a shilling extra.' But the worst is this: 'Persons are not allowed to make even a pencil memorandum, but official copies of wills may be had at so much per folio.' Such regulations, it is needless to remark, amount to a prohibition, and are inconsistent with the method involved in the very nature of literary research. The fee system, however, is the cause why these and other contradictions to the spirit of the age (such, for instance, as ecclesiastical law in England, and passports in France) have not been long ago abolished.

A less energetic will, and a mind less in love with the subject, might have succumbed. Not deterred by the drudgeries and difficulties of the task, Mr. Cunningham has gathered from hitherto unexplored sources such a 'multum in parvo' of novelty and interest as the subject, not by any means new, seemed scarcely to admit of. It is a dictionary in which any building, street, institution, or other particular of London topography may be looked out and found in its alphabetical place—with its whereabouts, its history, nature, contents, inhabitants, changes and modifications, succinctly given; and subjoined, any passages that contain facts, dates, allusions, or anecdotes illustrative of it. These are cited textually, not only from histories and other obvious records of passing events, but from poetry and the drama, from works where such matters, being purely incidental, would not be sought, or lurk unnoticed. Such is the unexpected touch of local colour at i. 468:

'*Trick.* You have seen Mrs. Brainsick—she's a beauty.

'*Wood.* With one cheek blue, the other red; just like the covering of Lambeth Palace.—*Dryden's Limberham*, 4to. 1678.'

It is difficult to select from the many striking instances of this species of happy illustration. The account of Pall-Mall is very complete. St. James's Park is also rich. Pepys and Evelyn come in copiously, and we are aided in our associations of Charles II. playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks there, by the veritable advertisements for 'Towser,' a lost spaniel of his royal brother, as well as for—'a Dogg of his Majestic's; full of
blew

blew spots, with a white cross on his forehead, and about the bigness of a Tumbler'—both of them lost in St. James's Park—and also by some astounding items of the expense of the Decoy which would make the Woods and Forests ring again to repeat.

' To Edward Maybanke and Tho. Greene for digging the Decoy and carrying out the earth and levelling the ground about the said Decoy	£128	2	11½
To Edward Storey for wyer and other things used about the Decoy, and for 100 Baskets for the Ducks	8	9	0
To Oliver Honey for paving the feeding place for the Ducks and breaking the ground	1	10	0
To St' George Waterman for several Netts for the Decoy	15	3	0
To James Rimes for plants, sets and 400 Bolts of Reeds for the use of the Decoy	15	11	8
To Edward Storey for money paid to sundry workmen for setting the Reeds and Polles round the Decoy and wyering it	9	10	0
To Sydrach Hilcus for y ^e contriveing of the Decoy in St. James' Parke	30	0	0
For lookeing to the Plantacon and pruninge the Trees in St. James' Parke	73	0	7
For Oatmeal, Tares, Hempseed and other corn for the Birdes and Fowles from September 1660 to 24th June 1670	246	18	0
To William Thawsell for fish for the Cormorant the 12th of March 1661	1	13	0
To John Scott for Carpenters Worke done in Wharfing and making Bridges in the Island and Borders and for Boards used about the Decoy and other Work	45	15	4

—*From the original Account signed by Charles II.*—vol. ii. p. 434.

Under 'Hyde Park,' we have, among other notices, the origin of its name according to Lysons, ii. 181.

' Adjoining to Knightsbridge were two ancient manors, called Neyte and Hyde, both belonging to the church of Westminster till the reign of Henry VIII., when they became the property of the Crown, having been given, together with the advowson of Chelsea, in exchange for the priory of Hurley in Berkshire. The site of the manor of Hyde constitutes, no doubt, Hyde Park, which adjoins to Knightsbridge on the north, lying between the two roads which lead to Hounslow and Uxbridge.'

It was fenced in with deer-fences from a very early period; was first walled in with brick in the reign of Charles II.; and first enclosed with an open iron railing in the reign of George IV. In 1550 the French Ambassador hunted in Hyde Park with the King;* in 1578 the Duke Cassimir 'killed a barren doe with his piece in Hyde Park, from amongst 300 other deer.'† In

* Tytler's 'Edward VI. and Mary.'

† Lodge's 'Illustrations,' ii. 140.

Charles I.'s reign it became celebrated for its foot and horse races round the ring; in Cromwell's time for its musters and coach-races; in Charles II.'s reign for its drives and promenades.

'Alas! what is it to his scene, to know
How many coaches in Hyde Park did show
Last spring?'—*Ben Jonson, Prologue to the Staple of News.*

'Of all parts of England Hyde Park hath the name
For coaches and horses, and persons of fame.'

Old Ballad in Roxburgh Collection, ii. 379.

We can only select the following out of many illustrations:—

'11 April, 1653. I went to take the aire in Hide Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse 6d., by the sordid fellow who had purchas'd it of the State as they were cal'd.'—*Evelyn.*

'25 April, 1669. Abroad with my wife in the afternoon to the Park, where very much company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge, the first time this year, and there in our coach eat a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk. I shewed her also this day first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the park, and many very fine ladies.'—*Pepys.*

'Hyde Park every one knows is the promenade of London; nothing was so much in fashion, during the fine weather, as this promenade, which was the rendezvous of fashion and beauty. Every one therefore, who had either sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither, and the King [Charles II.] seemed pleased with the place.'—*De Grammont.*

'*Lord Malapert.* O law! what shou'd I do in the country? there's no levees, no Mall, no plays, no Opera, no tea at Siam's, no Hyde Park.

'*Lady Malapert.* There are a thousand innocent diversions more wholesome and diverting than always the dusty mill-horse driving in Hyde Park.

'*Lord Malapert.* O law! don't prophane Hyde Park: is there anything so pleasant as to go there alone, and find fault with the company? Why, there can't a horse or a livery 'scape a man that has a mind to be witty; and then I sell bargains to the orange-women.'—*Southerne, The Maid's Last Prayer, 4to, 1693.*

'Kynaston [the actor who played female parts] at that time was so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his theatrical habit after the play; which in those days they might have sufficient time to do, because plays then were us'd to begin at four a clock: the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner. Of this truth I had the curiosity to enquire, and had it confirmed from his own mouth in his advanced age.'—*Colley Cibber.*

'London, June 7, 1695. Some days since several persons of quality having been affronted at the Ring in Hyde Park, by some of the persons that rode in hackney-coaches with masks, and complaint

thereof being made to the Lords Justices, an order is made that no hackney-coaches be permitted to go into the said park, and that none presume to appear there in masks.'—*The Post Boy*, June 8th, 1695.

'From Spring Garden we set our faces towards Hyde Park, where horses have their diversions as well as men. . . . Here people coach it to take the air amidst a cloud of dust able to choak a foot-soldier, and hindered us from seeing those that come thither on purpose to show themselves. . . . So, says my Indian, what a bevy of gallant ladies are in yonder coaches! some are singing, others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring cheese-cakes, marchpane, and China oranges.'—*Tom Brown's Amusements calculated for the Meridian of London*, p. 54, 8vo, 1700.

Among the 'memorable occurrences in Hyde Park' is Oliver Cromwell's coachmanship, when his Highness was run away with in driving six-in-hand, and flung off the coach-box upon the pole, upon which he lay with his body, and afterwards fell upon the ground. His foot caught for a while in the harness, and he had a narrow escape with his life. The account is given at length from Thurloe's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 652. There is also an account of the duel in 1712, between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, which excited so much horror in the public mind from its fatal results to the principals, and the suspicion of foul play in General Macartney, Lord Mohun's second.

Under 'Holland House, Kensington,' where occurred that 'awful scene,' as Johnson has called it, when Addison summoned the young Earl of Warwick to see how a Christian could die, extracts are subjoined, mentioning it as at various times the scene of balls and private theatricals.

'In Oliver's time they [the players] used to act privately, three or four miles or more out of town, now here, now there, sometimes in noblemen's houses, in particular Holland House at Kensington, where the nobility and gentry who met (but in no great numbers) used to make a sum for them, each giving a broad piece or the like.'—*Historia Histrionica*, 1699.

The Duchess of Buckinghamshire, James II.'s daughter by Catherine Sedley, went there in 1735, for the benefit of the air. On the death, in 1759, of Edward Rich, the last Earl of Holland and Warwick, the house (originally built in 1607 for Sir Walter Cope) descended by females to William Edwardes, created Baron Kensington, and by him was sold to Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland of that name, and the father of Charles James Fox. During the last illness of Lord H., who died here, July 1st, 1774, George Selwyn called and left his card. Selwyn had a fondness for seeing dead bodies, and Lord Holland, fully comprehending his feeling, is said to have remarked,

'If

'If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up; if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him, and if I am dead he would like to see me.' Walter Scott thus speaks of this 'brave old house,' as Walpole terms it:—

'It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down, and give way to rows and crescents. It is not that Holland House is fine as a building; on the contrary, it has a tumble-down look; and although decorated with the bastard-gothic of James I.'s time, the front is heavy. But it resembles many respectable matrons, who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity. But one is chiefly affected by the air of deep seclusion which is spread around the domain.'

Under 'Westminster Hall' are quoted Wycherley, Congreve, and Farquhar, and the observation of Peter the Great, who, when taken into Westminster Hall, inquired who those busy people were in wigs and black gowns. He was answered they are lawyers. 'Lawyers!' said he, with astonishment; 'why, I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home.' And here we cannot adduce a more fitting example of Mr. Cunningham's power of embodying the past by an assemblage of graphic particulars than the following:—

'Let the spectator picture to himself the appearance which this venerable Hall has presented on many occasions. Here were hung the banners taken from Charles I. at the battle of Naseby; from Charles II. at the battle of Worcester; at Preston and Dunbar; and, somewhat later, those taken at the battle of Blenheim. Here, at the upper end of the Hall, Oliver Cromwell was inaugurated as Lord Protector, sitting in a robe of purple velvet lined with ermine, on a rich cloth of state, with the gold sceptre in one hand, the Bible richly gilt and bossed in the other, and his sword at his side; and here, four years later, at the top of the Hall fronting Palace Yard, his head was set on a pole, with the skull of Ireton on one side of it, and the skull of Bradshaw on the other. Here shameless ruffians sought employment as hired witnesses, and walked openly in the Hall with a straw in the shoe to denote their quality; and here the good, the great, the brave, the wise, and the abandoned have been brought to trial. Here, in the Hall of Rufus, Sir William Wallace was tried and condemned; here, in this very Hall, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset were doomed to the scaffold. Here, in Henry VIII.'s reign (1517), entered the City apprentices, implicated in the murders on "Evil May Day" of the aliens settled in London, each with a halter round his neck, and crying, "Mercy, gracious Lord, mercy;" while Wolsey stood by, and the King, beneath his cloth of state, heard their defence and pronounced their pardon—the prisoners shouting with delight, and casting up their halters to the Hall roof, "so that the King," as the chroniclers observe, "might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort." Here

the notorious Earl and Countess of Somerset were tried in the reign of James I. for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Here the great Earl of Strafford was condemned :

“ Each seemed to act the part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.”—*Denham*.

—the King being present, and the Commons sitting bareheaded all the time. Here the High Court of Justice sat which condemned King Charles I., the upper part of the Hall hung with scarlet cloth, and the King sitting covered, with the Naseby banners above his head; here Lilly, the astrologer, who was present, saw the silver top fall from the King's staff; and others heard Lady Fairfax exclaim, when her husband's name was called over, “He has more wit than to be here.” Here, in the reign of James II., the Seven Bishops were acquitted. Here Dr. Sacheverel was tried, and pronounced guilty by a majority of 17. Here the rebel Lords of 1745, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, were heard and condemned. Here Lord Byron was tried for killing Mr. Chaworth; Lord Ferrers for murdering his steward; and the Duchess of Kingston a few years later for bigamy. Here Warren Hastings was tried, and Burke and Sheridan grew eloquent and impassioned, while senators by birth and election, and the beauty and rank of Great Britain, sat earnest spectators and listeners of the extraordinary scene. The last public trial in the Hall itself was Lord Melville's in 1806; and the last coronation dinner in the Hall was that of George IV., when for the last time probably, according to the custom maintained for ages, the King's champion (young Dymocke) rode on horseback into the Hall in full armour, and threw down the gauntlet on the floor, challenging the world in a King's behalf.—vol. ii. pp. 899, 900.

Under the ‘Blue Boar Inn,’ Holborn, is an extract from the Orrery Papers of the highest interest. Cromwell, in a letter to Lord Broghill, narrates circumstantially how he and Ireton intercepted at this inn a letter from Charles I. to his Queen, sewed up in the skirt of a saddle :—

“The reason,” says Cromwell, “why we would once have closed with the king was this: We found that the Scots and the presbyterians began to be more powerful than we; and if they made up matters with the king, we should be left in the lurch: therefore, we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in, upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied in these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bedchamber, which acquainted us that on that day our final doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but we might find it out, if we could intercept a letter, sent from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar Inn in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle.”

saddle, but some persons at Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received this letter; and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go the Inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the Inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice, when any one came with a saddle, whilst we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for canss of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock: the centinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle and carried it into the stall, where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our centinel: then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man and bid him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter we opened it, in which we found the king had acquainted the queen, that he was now courted by both the factions, the Scotch presbyterians and the Army; and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other.—Upon this," adds Cromwell, "we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately from that time forward resolved his ruin."—*Memoirs of Roger Earl of Orrery, by Rev. Mr. Thomas Morrice, his Lordship's Chaplain—Earl of Orrery's State Letters*, fol. 1742, p. 15.

Illustrations of 'Bartholomew Fair' are furnished by passages in Ben Jonson's play of that name;—by Lady Castlemaine's visit—

"30th Aug. 1667. I to Bartholomew Fayre to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient Grizill), and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her. But they, silly people, do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away without any trouble at all."—*Pepys*.*

And no doubt they might be multiplied by many curious handbills, after the fashion of this specimen:—

'The Tiger in Bartholomew Fair, that yesterday gave such satisfaction to persons of all qualities by pulling the feathers so nicely from live fowls, will, at the request of several persons, do the same this day; price 6d. each.'—*The Postman of Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1701*.

* The 30th of August, 1667, was the day on which the Great Seal was taken from Lord Clarendon, more by the means of this very Countess than perhaps of any other person.

The Royal Exchange has not so many quotations as might be expected—or scenes described. We remember the appearance there after the war of the first Cossack that had been seen in England, and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted.

We can do no more than direct attention to the articles ‘Cheapside,’ ‘Chelsea,’ ‘Piccadilly,’ ‘Old St. Paul’s,’ ‘Spring Gardens,’ ‘Fleet Bridge, Ditch, Market, Prison, and Street.’ Among the most curious are ‘Heaven and Hell,’ ‘Pimlico,’ ‘Whetstone’s Park,’ and ‘Tyburn Gallows,’—and for completeness ‘Clarendon House,’ ‘The Tower,’ ‘Westminster Abbey,’ and ‘Whitehall.’ For illustration of manners nothing can exceed the aptness of the quotations for the club-houses, coffee-houses, and taverns,* celebrated as the resorts of the beaux and wits of old. ‘Button’s,’ ‘The Rose Tavern,’ and ‘Wills’s’ are very rich. We may point out ‘The Smyrna Coffee-house,’ ‘The Beef-steak Club,’ ‘Locket’s,’ ‘Tom’s,’ and the French eating-houses, ‘Chatelain’s,’ and ‘Pontack’s.’ Under ‘Bedford Coffee-house,’ frequented by Garrick, Quin, Foote, Murphy, and others, will be found an inimitable description of one of its habitués, ‘Tiger Roach;’ and under ‘Devil Tavern’ a series of excellent quotations closes with the account of a whole night spent in festivity by Dr. Johnson till day began to dawn; ‘the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before we could get a bill, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure.’ The following extracts accompany ‘George’s Coffee-house:’—

‘Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in George’s coffee-house, and paying two-pence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot, for he was then very lame and infirm, and went home; some little time after, he returned to the same coffee-house, on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about 40,000*l.* per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.’—*Dr. King’s Anecdotes*, p. 102.

‘What do you think must be my expence, who love to pry into everything of the kind? Why, truly, one shilling. My company goes to George’s coffee-house, where, for that small subscription, I read all pamphlets under a three shilling’s dimensions; and, indeed, any larger ones would not be fit for coffee-house perusal.’—*Shenstone’s Works*, iii. 11.

‘The people that were carrying Lord Orford in effigy, to behead him on Tower-hill, came into the box where he was accidentally at George’s, to beg money of him amongst others.’—*Ibid.*, iii. 33.

* ‘All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White’s Chocolate-house; poetry under that of Will’s Coffee-house; learning under the title of the Grecian; foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James’s Coffee-house.’—*The Tatler*, No. I.

'I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's Letters. . . . There is another anecdote equally vulgar and void of truth: that my father sitting in George's coffee-house (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought that, after he quitted his place, he went to the coffee-houses to learn news), was asked to contribute to a figure of himself that was to be beheaded by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob just after my father was out, in Hanover-square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story.'—*Horace Walpole to Cole, June 14th, 1769.*

'By law let others toil to gain renown!
 Florio's a gentleman, a man o' th' town.
 He nor courts clients, or the law regarding,
 Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-garden.
 Yet he's a scholar; mark him in the pit—
 With critic catcall sound the stops of wit!
 Supreme at George's, he harangues the throng,
 Censor of style, from tragedy to song.'—*Lloyd.*

To the 'Garrick Club' is appended a valuable list of the collection of theatrical portraits formed by Charles Mathews, the actor, and bought from his executors by this Club. Nor are the notices of the great successors to the coffee-houses of old, 'Brookes's' and 'White's,' &c. &c. &c., less piquant: 'White's' is particularly full. We select a few characteristic anecdotes:—

'They have put in the papers a good story made on White's. A man dropped down dead at the door was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not; and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.'—*Walpole.*

'Very often the taste of running perpetually after diversions is not a mark of any pleasure taken in them, but of none taken in ourselves. This sallying abroad is only from uneasiness at home, which is in every one's self. Like a gentleman who, overlooking them at White's at picquet till three or four in the morning; on a dispute they referred to him; when he protested "he knew nothing of the game." "Zounds," say they, "and sit here till this time?" "Gentlemen, I'm married." "Oh! sir, we beg pardon."—*Richardsoniana.*

'Selwyn and Charles Townshend had a kind of wit combat together—Selwyn, it is said, prevailed—and Charles Townshend took the wit home in his carriage and dropt him at White's. "Remember," said Selwyn as they parted, "this is the first set-down you have given me to-day."—*Sir Geo. Colebrooke's Memoirs.*

We have not space for the extracts from the records and rules of the club, which are highly interesting.

Theatres, it is obvious, and places of public recreation, lend themselves readily to illustration. 'Ranelagh' has several apposite extracts from Walpole's letters; 'Vauxhall Gardens,' a

series of contemporary notices and allusions, from 1661, when it was called 'the New Spring Garden at Lambeth,' to the time when the Spectator and Sir Roger de Coverley take boat at the Temple for 'Fox-hall,'—

'We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrantcy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look on the place as a kind of Mahometan Paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an Aviary of Nightingales. . . . He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap on the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her "she was a wanton baggage," and bid her go about her business. We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef.'—*The Spectator*, No. 383.

This was in 1714. Fielding, Boswell, and Horace Walpole, carry us on to the middle of the last century, when we have the pleasures of Vauxhall portrayed less sentimentally in the following lively picture of high life at that period :—

'I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. . . . We marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall. . . . Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny Whims. At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring and rattling and laughing, and we every minute expecting the dish to fly about our ears. She had brought Betty the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. . . . In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the Gardens; so much so, that from 11 o'clock till half an hour after 1 we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedoms. It was 3 o'clock before we got home.—*Walpole to Montague, June 23rd, 1750.*'—vol. ii. p. 862.

But

But perhaps we cannot, in justice to Mr. Cunningham, select a more apt and piquant series of extracts appended to any single article than the passages which he has prefixed to the entire work. More pithy and pregnant sayings on London in general never were brought together :—

‘When I consider this great City in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations, distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The Courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another as the Court and City in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James’s, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together.’—*Addison, Spectator*, No. 403.

‘If you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of the City, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.’—*Johnson (Boswell, by Croker, i. 434)*.

‘I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of Government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon ‘Change; a dramatic enthusiast as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure as an assemblage of taverns. . . . But the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.’—*Boswell (ibid.)*

‘*Lucia*. I have vow’d to spend all my life in London. People do really live nowhere else; they breathe, and move, and have a kind of insipid dull being, but there is no life but in London. I had rather be Countess of Puddle-Dock than Queen of Sussex.’—*Epsom Wells, by T. Shadwell, 4to. 1676*.

‘London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship that the next door neighbours don’t know one another.’—*Joseph Andrews, by Henry Fielding; Letter to Pamela*.

‘I have been at London this month, that tiresome, dull place! where all people under thirty find so much amusement.’—*Gray to the Rev. N. Nicholls*.

‘Dull as London is in the summer, there is always more company in it than in any one place in the country.’—*Walpole to Mann, April 14th, 1743*.

‘Would you know why I like London so much? There is no being

being alone but in a metropolis : the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country ; questions grow there, and that unpleasant Christian commodity, neighbours.'—*Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, Oct. 3rd, 1743.*

'Where has Commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
As London? opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London!'—*Cowper, The Task.*

'What is London? Clean, commodious, neat; but, a very few things indeed excepted, an endless addition of littleness to littleness, extending itself over a great tract of land.'—*Edmund Burke in 1792, (Corres., iii. 422, ed. 1844).*

'I began to study the map of London, though dismayed at the sight of its prodigious extent. The river is no assistance to a stranger in finding his way. There is no street along its banks, and no eminence from whence you can look around and take your bearings.'—*Southey, (Espriella's Letters, i. 73.)*

We see a second edition of this Handbook advertised, and are pleased to learn that, though it is to be in one volume in place of two, not only is there to be no curtailment of matter, but the author will be found to have added largely to what he originally produced. We meditate a longer article on 'Londoniana' in our next Number, and may probably find reason to include Mr. Cunningham's revised work in our list. That he will have many opportunities of still further enriching the book, we have no sort of doubt.

ART. IX.—*The Affair at Dolly's Brae.* The Speeches of the Right Honourable the Lord Stanley, the Earl of Roden, and the Earl of Enniskillen, in the House of Lords, on Monday the 18th February, 1850. Pp. 39.*

SINCE we last addressed the public, the dismissal of the Earl of Roden and his brother magistrates has been the subject of a debate in the House of Lords, on which occasion these three speeches were delivered. It is certainly gratifying to us to find that the view which we had taken of this question has been confirmed, even to its minutest detail, by the masterly exposition and unanswerable logic of Lord Stanley, and by the plain, straightforward, and decisive testimony of Lords Roden and

* It has been said in the *Edinburgh Review* that this pass was so called from a poor woman whose son was some thirty-four years ago murdered there by some Orangemen. We will take upon ourselves to assert that there is no colour whatever for this absurd derivation. It is so called, we are assured, from one *Dolly Jameson*, who kept a public-house on the hill-side, and was a rather notorious personage in those parts.

Enniskillen.

Enniskillen. Nor was anything even alleged by Lord Clarendon, in a defence chiefly remarkable for a not very dexterous evasion of all the *facts* of the case, which has in the slightest degree impugned our statements or weakened our conclusions—nothing that could justify this (as Lord Stanley justly characterised it) ‘inpolitic, unjust, and arbitrary act on the part of the Government.’ The debate demonstrated that the whole conduct of the Irish Executive in this case was, from first to last, indefensible—weak in the outset, blundering in its progress, and unconstitutional in its conclusions; and that its officer, Mr. Berwick, was most partial, one-sided, and wrong-sided, in his manner of executing the duties of his illegal commission.

There are, however, two points, and two points only, in Lord Clarendon’s defence which seem to deserve some notice. The first is, that his Lordship repeats his denial of any participation in the supply of arms to the Dublin Orangemen in 1848, as stated in the ‘*Report of the Grand Lodge*,’ and particularly that he knew absolutely nothing of the advance of 600*l.* made by Captain Kennedy to buy those arms. We before said that this denial seemed to us hardly reconcilable with admitted facts. It becomes more incomprehensible still from this passage of Lord Enniskillen’s speech:—

‘My Lords, there is not one word contained in that “*Report*” which is not founded upon facts, able to be established upon oath. The noble Earl states that he never gave a single stand of arms to the Orangemen of Dublin. I never said that he did; for, at an interview that I had with the noble Earl at the Viceregal Lodge, he distinctly told me that he could not do so;—but at a meeting which took place one or two days afterwards, I met, by appointment, *Major Turner, the Master of the Horse* to the Lord-Lieutenant, with two or three other gentlemen. I sincerely regret, my Lords, that Major Turner has been removed, by the hand of Providence, from this world; for he would have borne me out in what I now state. This interview lasted about an hour; the result was, that the Orangemen received a *promise from Major Turner that they should have arms*; and the next day they received *cheques, to the amount of 600*l.*, for the purpose of purchasing arms, to be distributed amongst them exclusively*, and which were accordingly procured and given out amongst them.’

We entreat our readers to observe this: Lord Enniskillen, in a tête-à-tête conference with the Lord-Lieutenant, asks for arms. The Lord-Lieutenant says he could not give them; but a day or two after, *Major Turner*, Master of the Horse to his Excellency, with whom Lord Enniskillen had had no previous communication, shows that he is aware of what passed at the tête-à-tête conference between the two Earls, and, in consequence, supplies
what

what Lord Enniskillen had in that conference demanded. Who told *Major Turner* of the particulars of that conference? And who authorized the *Master of the Horse* to comply with a request which Lord Enniskillen had *made in private to Lord Clarendon*?

It is due to Lord Clarendon to record, as we do, his denial of the fact, and it is due to ourselves to state why we are still unable to understand it. But this episode—*valeat quantum*—only concerns Lord Clarendon's personal consistency; and if he could make his view of it as clear as the *rebel flag* was on the top of Magheramayo hill, it would not at all affect the transactions of July, 1849.

But there is a second point which was much insisted on by Lord Clarendon, which indeed constituted his whole defence, and on which—weak and narrow as that defence was—it may be a satisfaction to our readers to have a few words of explanation: we mean the bold but futile attempt to impeach the correctness of *that* 'Report of the Evidence' upon which our strictures on Mr. Berwick were mainly founded. We take upon ourselves to repeat, and we shall prove, that *no point of that evidence that we produced* has been or can be impugned—no link, not the smallest, of our chain of either narrative or reasoning has been weakened.* The 'Report of the Evidence' we made use of was published in a pamphlet form 'by the editor of the *Newry Telegraph* in Newry on the 26th of September, 1849, eight days after the Commission closed, and *before* Mr. Berwick's Report was made known to the world. That evidence remained unimpeached up to the date of our last publication—a period of three months: subsequently its accuracy received a confirmation of the most solemn kind; the *Newry* reporter verified 'the faithfulness and correctness' of his notes of the evidence by an affidavit in the Queen's Bench in Ireland; this affidavit was used on a motion in that court, was not impeached in any way, and was even relied on by the counsel for the person opposed to those who had filed the affidavit. After having passed through that ordeal, which admitted the opportunity of a counter-affidavit if there had been any error, we were a little surprised to find that the accuracy of a portion of it was impeached by Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords, upon the mere statement of a 'rival reporter.' The noble Earl on such information told the House

* Of one inaccuracy (not our own) we have been informed. We had stated that *it was said* that Lord Jocelyn answered the Duke of Bedford's suggestion that Lady Jocelyn should not attend the Queen to Dublin by saying, 'If you think so, tell her so, for I won't.' It certainly '*was so said*,' and by what we thought good authority; but we have since heard that Lord Jocelyn's reply was not in *those discourteous terms*. This is the only point in our whole paper in which we see anything to explain.
that

that the reporter of the *Newry Telegraph* had sworn that he 'had diligently taken the notes, when in point of fact on the day of the *adjourned inquiry* he took no notes whatsoever, and was not even present upon that occasion, but received the notes for that day from another reporter and afterwards falsified them; and then his Lordship triumphantly asked the House how could they believe a man who swore 'that he had taken down evidence in a court where he was not present?' Had the state of facts existed as the noble Earl was informed, a very strong case would have been made out against the personal veracity of the *Newry* reporter, but not against the great body of the report—not even against the correctness of the small portion thus vicariously reported, which might be all perfectly true, though the person commissioned by the *Newry Telegraph* should have falsely sworn that he had made it with his own pen.

But Lord Clarendon was misinformed; the facts being these:—The reporter took all the notes *himself* during the first, much the largest and most important portion, of the inquiry—occupying 110 pages out of 126 of the report; and six long days of investigation, while the *adjourned* investigation lasted only one: but on the day of the *adjourned inquiry*, the regular reporter, *being about to be examined as a witness*, thought that it would be more proper to employ another reporter. Not, however, being excluded from the court, he attended closely to all that passed, and on the next day he compared the notes thus taken by his substitute in his presence with the report of the *Newry Examiner*, a paper of opposite politics, and made such alterations in them as made them agree with his own recollection of the evidence, which (his personal recollection) was borne out by the report of the *Newry Examiner*. Having done so, he was prepared to swear to their 'faithfulness and correctness,' which otherwise he could not have done, and which he was fully justified in doing: but he did not swear, as Lord Clarendon was informed, that he took down the last day's notes himself. It must also be borne in mind that no evidence of the slightest importance was given on that day, it being almost entirely a repetition of parts of the evidence of the former witnesses. Thus the accusation of perjury falls to the ground, and the notes stand verified as to their 'faithfulness and correctness' by the *oath* of the reporter.

A copy of Mr. Berwick's notes of the evidence had been laid before the Houses of Parliament—but Lord Clarendon did not attempt to show that even Mr. Berwick's own notes bore out Mr. Berwick's Report; in truth, it was impossible, as they are in almost every important particular quite contradictory. Had the attempt
to

to throw discredit on the evidence we used been as successful as its failure was signal, we could have shown from Mr. Berwick's own^f Notes how partial and one-sided was *his* Report. We certainly perused those Notes with no small curiosity, and were by no means surprised to find that even they contradicted his Report, but we were not prepared to find such a wholesale misrepresentation of 'material evidence' as we discovered on reading them. The comparative correctness of the 'Newry Report' and of Mr. Berwick's 'Notes' is tested and determined by the following portion of Lord Roden's speech:—

'I thought it not unlikely that the report of the evidence read by my noble friend (Lord Stanley) might be attempted to be impugned. An application, therefore, was made to certain gentlemen who had given evidence, and were utterly indifferent parties; some of them being officers in her Majesty's service. Considering that it would be the best means of arriving at the truth, copies of the evidence, as given in Mr. Berwick's notes, and as given in the report read by my noble friend (Lord Stanley), were sent to them, with a request that they would read them both, and give their opinion as to which was the best report of the two; and they certified that their evidence, as taken by the short-hand writer, was much fuller and far more accurate than that given by Mr. Berwick. The following are the letters I have received:—

Belfast, Feb. 14, 1850.

My Lord,—I have the honour to state, in reply to your Lordship's note, that I consider the report of my evidence, as taken by short-hand, as giving a much fuller account than that of Mr. Berwick, &c.—A. G. WILKINSON, C.B., Major, 13th Light Infantry.

Castlewellan, Feb. 13, 1850.

My dear Lord,—I have carefully read over Mr. Berwick's minutes of the evidence given by me relative to the affray at Magheramayo on the 12th July. On comparing it with the report of the same, taken by the short-hand writer, and published by Mr. Henderson, I am clearly of opinion that the latter is the most correct and fullest, &c.—GEORGE SHAW, J.P.

Castlewellan, Feb. 13, 1850.

My Lord,—I have carefully read over the reports of my evidence taken at the investigation last year. I think that Mr. Berwick has left out two or three material points which are reported in the short-hand writer's one; and that, of the two, I should recommend it as the best, &c.—WILLIAM PARKER TERRY, Ensign, 9th Foot.

Streamville, Rathfriland, Feb. 15, 1850.

Dear Sir,—I shall feel much obliged by your informing Lord Jocelyn, that I consider my evidence, as reported in Mr. Berwick's notes, neither full, clear, nor correct; and that I am satisfied it is given as fully and fairly as possible in the pamphlet published at Newry.—THOMAS SCOTT, J.P.

Castlewellan,

Castlewellan, Feb. 13, 1850.

My Lord,—I have had the honour to receive your letter, with enclosures, giving a report of my evidence with reference to the affray at Maghera-mayo, as taken at the investigation held at Castlewellan; and in reply, I must say that, of the two extracts which you have forwarded me, and which I return, I consider that from *The Newry Telegraph* gives a better idea of such evidence, as being more full, than does the one taken from the notes of evidence produced by Mr. Berwick, &c.—SYDNEY DARLING, Captain, 9th Foot.

Thus the 'faithfulness and correctness' of the report of the evidence upon which we founded our strictures in December, 1849, stand beyond doubt or cavil. The part questioned—*of one-tenth in extent, and wholly insignificant in point of importance*—is as well established as the other nine-tenths, which contain all the substance, and against which Lord Clarendon did not even breathe a suspicion. So vanishes that which, we are informed by those who heard the debate, was the most successful of Lord Clarendon's topics. Poor would have been the triumph over the Newry reporter even if achieved—but what shall we call his Lordship's charge when thus refuted?

We could fill pages with additional examples of the misrepresentations of Mr. Berwick's report and the suppression of evidence exhibited in his notes—if it were not enough for our purpose to repeat that no syllable of the evidence on which we relied has been contradicted, nor indeed even put in question, by those notes. It is however worth while to add that, on the contrary, if we had had Mr. Berwick's notes, we could have made, if possible, a stronger case. Let us take an instance. When we first received Mr. Berwick's Notes, we naturally turned to them to search for the evidence on which he founded the remarkable charge—the most remarkable in his whole Report—against the Orangemen of having 'beaten in the skull of an idiot with the butt-ends of their muskets;' but we searched in vain from the beginning to the end of some thirty pages of notes, and we could find nothing to prove any such allegation. The idiot is only mentioned by three witnesses—Mr. Fitzmaurice, at p. 26, who says 'he was shot through the head;' P. M'Graddy, p. 36, who says 'his head was driven in, and the blood out of his body, and the two eyes out of his head;' and J. M'Graddy, p. 39, who says that 'the idiot boy was afterwards found shot in the road.' This is all that appears in *Mr. Berwick's Notes* about the idiot; not one syllable is there to show *who* did this: while his *Report* states boldly, without doubt or qualification, not only *who* did it, but *how* it was done—*by the butt-ends of the Orangemen's muskets!*—there not being the least pretence for alleging any such brutal outrage to be found in the evidence. Yet Lord Clarendon did not scruple to repeat Mr.
Berwick's

Berwick's calumny. We know not how the poor creature's head may have been stricken or trampled on in the *mêlée* after his death; all that we are concerned about is the fact, that he was killed by shot through the head, probably from the hill, and that the imputation as to the butt-ends of the Orangemen's muskets is, as appears from the evidence, a gratuitous fable of Mr. Berwick's.

We find, however, by a comparison of Mr. Berwick's notes with other reports, the easy mode in which the learned gentleman enabled himself to make such charges. An important passage is omitted by the Commissioner from Mr. Fitzmaurice's evidence, which tells still more against his accuracy.

Mr. Fitzmaurice's Evidence, as reported in

<i>Newry Telegraph.</i>	<i>Dublin Evening Post, Aug. 4th.</i>	<i>Mr. Berwick's Notes.</i>
My impression at the time was that he was shot from the hill.	MY OPINION AT THE TIME WAS THAT HE WAS SHOT FROM THE HILL.	Blank!!!

Here we have the *Dublin Evening Post*, Lord Clarendon's organ, and in which he himself writes, corroborating the *Newry Telegraph* and exhibiting Mr. Berwick's suppression of evidence. It cannot be set up as an excuse that an 'impression' is no evidence, for Mr. Berwick frequently asked the witnesses what their opinions and impressions were, and gave full weight to all 'impressions' against the Orangemen. As in the question about the squib, he sets off the 'impressions' of some witnesses who stated they did not see it fired, against the positive testimony of six unimpeachable witnesses, who swore that they distinctly saw it fired by the Ribbonmen.

One more sample of Mr. Berwick's notes, and we have done. It will be remembered that the grand charge brought against the magistrates was, that they 'made no efforts to prevent the return of the Orange party through Dolly's Brae,' which conduct 'led to the disastrous consequences detailed in the evidence,' and thus 'showed themselves most indifferent to the preservation of the public peace'—and it was implied that they had been careless about 'the effusion of blood.' But *all* the evidence given on the subject directly negatived the charge, and proved that it was most fortunate that they did return by Dolly's Brae, or the consequences would have been awful. Five or six witnesses gave such evidence, but almost all their testimony is suppressed or misrepresented. Captain Darling's impartial and important evidence

on this point is all suppressed, and dismissed with three lines having nothing to do with the subject. Priest Morgan's testimony is misstated. The priest said, 'that since the Orangemen had gone that road, they might as well come back the same way.' Mr. Berwick, in his Report, endeavours to explain away this by stating that the priest qualified his opinion by saying that he said so because he feared the *Roman Catholic population would be more exposed* without the protection afforded by the military stationed on the old road. Now we have looked in vain through Mr. Berwick's notes of the priest's evidence for such an explanation, and we find none. It seems to be the pure invention of the Commissioner, and we know by the real evidence that the reason assigned by the priest was that he thought the new road was the road where there would be a greater danger of an attack upon the Orangemen. And there is a passage, inadvertently, we presume, permitted to appear in Mr. Berwick's notes, which settles this question. It is in Mr. Scott's evidence, who says, when asked as to the propriety of stopping the procession's going back by the old road, '*I believe there would have been tenfold the damage done if we had hindered them; the attempting to hinder them would have increased the danger tenfold.*' This is conclusive.

All this proves how sound is the principle of the constitution that condemns such commissions as illegal; for that they are illegal is now admitted; and they are not only illegal, but unprecedented; for, although Lord Clarendon produced some instances of *inquiries* ordered, and very properly, by former Lord-Lieutenants, he could not produce one in which it was ever attempted to issue a formal *commission* and *warrant* to authorize and direct the '*holding of a Court*'—an usurpation of power expressly prohibited in *Magna Charta*, and never, we believe, practised since King James I.

So much we have thought it *necessary* to say in confirmation of every particle of evidence produced by us, and in exposure of the partiality of Mr. Berwick's *Notes*, though we repeat that even Mr. Berwick's inaccuracy, though it damages his own case, does not at all invalidate ours.

We are aware that some disappointment has been felt in England, and still more in Ireland, that so strong a case as Lord Stanley made out should be followed by no practical result. The disappointment is natural; but a few words will remove it, and place the result in its proper and quite opposite light. Lord Stanley himself stated:—

'I may be asked why, if these are my sentiments, I do not move a direct vote of censure against the Government. I abstain from doing so, not because I think that the conduct of Her Majesty's Government is not open to serious imputation, but because I desire, as far as possible,

sible, on a great constitutional question like this, to avoid a party conflict. I ask no parliamentary triumph in the case. I do not think it would be fair either to the House or to my noble friend [Lord Roden], if I were to place the question before you so as to involve in its decision the acquittal of the Government, and the condemnation of my noble friend, or the condemnation of the Government and the acquittal of my noble friend, feeling as I do, that, with every desire to do justice, you could not help being influenced by party feelings in deciding a question which should come in the shape of censure upon Government, and that the question would be decided not upon its own merits, or with reference to the hardship of the case of my noble friend, but simply with regard to the point as to whether Government should submit to a political defeat.'—p. 30.

That is, in plainer though less parliamentary terms, I have no desire to torment the Government at this time on this question, and I will not press the case to a division, not because it is weak, but because it is too strong. If his Lordship had been prepared to assume at that moment such a responsibility, we have a firm conviction, from what was observed of the aspect of the House, that a censure on the Lord-Lieutenant would have been carried by a large majority. But the Ministers themselves have relieved Lord Stanley from all doubt or difficulty as to such a course, by themselves passing on their Irish colleague the highest and most flagrant censure that ever was, within our memory or reading, inflicted on a great public functionary—they have abolished the great and ancient office of Lord-Lieutenant; and by that decisive and unmistakeable act have ratified and promulgated what was already the public judgment—that the Lord-Lieutenant himself was, at first inadvertently and subsequently by factious advice, the immediate cause of all the mischief as well as scandal of this unhappy affair. Lord Clarendon, to excuse himself, dismissed Lord Roden; the public and even the Government have at last put the saddle on the right horse, and dismissed Lord Clarendon.

His Excellency has made a disastrous campaign throughout. All his intentions—those that we might approve as well as those that we do not—have been defeated. He meant, we are satisfied, to prevent a collision, and a single prudent word would have done so; but a course of imprudent conduct produced one. He now says the procession was illegal, yet his own delegated magistrates and forces organized the procession, and marched at its head. He sent troops and police to keep the peace, yet it was the troops and police that were fired on. A squabble between Orangemen and Ribbonmen was apprehended—his Excellency's measures turned it into a battle between rebels and her Majesty's forces. He then sent down a lawyer to inquire into an alleged breach of the law, and the most indisputable breach
of

of the law established was the lawyer's own mission. Better—or, as far as he is concerned, worse—advised, he has since put the case into a due course of law; and the law is so clearly against him, that he is defeated in the first step: the grand jury at the assizes, under the direction of one of the judges of the land (formerly a Whig Solicitor-General), *have come to the same decision as the magistrates at Castlewellan!* Baffled everywhere, because everywhere in the wrong, he comes over to England to excuse himself in the House of Lords; and the excuse, if successful, would have been no more than a quibbling triumph over the reporter of the *Newry Telegraph*. Even in this paltry by-battle he has failed; and the result of all has been the extinguishing, by his suicidal hands, of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland.

Such is the result of the battle of Magheramayo, which has some analogies to that of the Boyne. It was fought—as the famous anonymous challenge to the Orangemen announced (*see our last No.*, p. 243)—between the same Protestant and Popish parties, and the last were defeated; their priest-ridden leader lost his kingdom, and escaped with no little discredit and the additional mortification of seeing his beloved *Berwick*, whom he had placed with the Irish Papists in the front of the battle, signally defeated, and not without some personal damage (*Mémoires de Berwick*, vol. i. p. 59).

Will any one be bold enough to pretend that this strange and sudden abolition of the vice-royalty was not produced by Lord Clarendon's deplorable failure? We think not—at least no one who has a name to risk. *The Globe*, indeed,—

‘ regards it as fortunate that the present Ministry have been enabled to announce this important change at a time when all men must agree that it has in no manner been precipitated by any personal unfitness of the functionary for the position—but rather by accumulated evidence that the position is unfit for a functionary of that highest class, whom alone it can be fit to place before the public as the representative of national policy in the sister island.’

We doubt whether this sugar-plum (a sweet coat with a bitter kernel) will console poor Lord Clarendon. It will certainly not countervail the following facts and dates:—The Queen's speech was delivered on the 31st of January. No allusion to the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy. Perhaps it was too small a matter to be noticed in that programme; but was it of less importance than a change in ‘*the government of Australia?*’ Was it of less importance than other measures, so solemnly announced, ‘for improving the condition of Ireland—a law against party processions—imperfect state of grand jury acts?’ &c. &c. Does any man believe that if so important a change in the system under

which Ireland has been administered for nearly seven hundred years was in contemplation, it would not have been announced in preference to an amendment in some '*Grand Jury Act*'? But we have still more direct and indeed positive proof, that up to the very moment when Lord Clarendon began his lamentable defence on the 19th of February, 1850, no such idea had crossed his imagination, or, as it seems, that of his colleagues. That speech began in the following very remarkable manner:—

'Before I proceed to offer a few remarks upon the speech of my noble friend who has just sat down, you will perhaps permit me to express a hope that my presence here this evening may not be considered as *constituting a precedent*. I did not determine to come without much doubt and reflection, because I thought it would be injurious to the public service, and to the position of Her Majesty's representative in Ireland, *if the Lord-Lieutenant were required to appear here in his place upon every occasion when any noble lord might think fit to require his attendance to explain the acts of the Executive Government*. If such should become the practice, the result would be, that when party spirit ran high (degenerating, as it too often does, into personal questions), it would be impossible for the Lord-Lieutenant to maintain the position and *prestige* which are essential to his authority. (*Cheers.*)'

This prospective anxiety, so ostentatiously and elaborately expressed, to guard *himself* as well as *future* lord-lieutenants from so inconvenient a *precedent*—to prevent such summonses becoming a common *practice*—proves more strongly than even a direct assertion would have done, that Lord Clarendon looked like Banquo on a long line of successors, against whose even momentary absence from Ireland he thought it necessary to enter this reiterated protest, amidst the approving *cheers* of his friends and colleagues around. At that moment then—up to six o'clock on the evening of the 19th of February, 1850—Lord Clarendon no more thought of abdication or dethronement than Louis-Philippe did on the 19th of February, 1848. We do not forget that such a measure has been often theoretically discussed, and even within a year or two debated in parliament; but it is clear that its sudden adoption by the present Government,—so sudden that Lord Lansdowne spoke of it as *not settled* on Thursday, the 7th of March, and Lord John Russell on Friday, the 8th, announced *that it was*—that its sudden adoption, we say, arose from the irresistible conviction, forced, by the general reception of that debate, on the reluctant Cabinet, that the public mind of England was awakened to a true sense of the importance of the great principles involved in the mountain skirmish of Magheramayo—that every lawyer in England and Ireland who looked into the case pronounced the illegality of Mr. Berwick's Commission, and every reading man

was

was convinced of the shameful, or rather shameless, partiality of his Report—and finally that Lord Clarendon had come over with no better, in fact no other, apology than to try—failing, too, in the attempt—to pick holes in newspaper reports, upon one or two incidental points altogether extraneous to the main charges brought against him. Then, for the first time, it was that a little paragraph was permitted to whisper that the Ministers had in contemplation to abolish the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland.

Of the measure itself we have not space nor time to treat. We admit at once that it will have some, at least specious, advantages; it promises at first sight to put an end to much petty intrigue, and not-petty jobbing, and to the reign of a faction, of which the originally good intentions, honourable feelings, and conciliatory address of Lord Clarendon could not prevent his being made the tool. There are also, we admit, many circumstances of a more general and permanent character, that, at a future day and under more favourable circumstances, might render such an amalgamation of the administrative powers of the empire not merely desirable, but necessary; but under present circumstances we think the measure—though rendered palatable by the general odium that Lord Clarendon has incurred—adventurous and impolitic. We do not exactly see our way to the governing Ireland through Mr. Stephenson's *iron pipe*, and doubt whether it may not accelerate the dire necessity of governing her with an iron hand; and in any case we can bode no good from such hasty experiments on so delicate a patient as Ireland. It took the Government two years of deliberation and hesitation before they could bring themselves to abolish the *Palace Court at Westminster*; but the *Vice-regal Court of the Castle of Dublin* they made up their minds to get rid of in about a fortnight. We think we may safely predict that those who make great administrative and political changes—suddenly—rashly—to get rid of some personal or temporary inconvenience, run the risk of creating consequential and permanent dangers and difficulties even more serious than those which they pretend to remedy.

But, however that may turn out, thus much is certain, that Lord Clarendon's discomfiture has directly and immediately produced the extinction of the Viceroyalty. His colleagues, silent and ashamed, had not the face to defend nor the heart to recall him; and they have treated him like a true Irish tenant—they have *pulled down the house* as the *dacentest* way of getting rid of him.

And so—*Exit Clarendon Pro-regum Ultimus.*

- ART. X.—1. *Impressions of Central and Southern Europe.* By William Edward Baxter. 1850.
 2. *The Soldier on Active Service.* 1850.
 3. *A Voice from the Danube.* 1850.
 4. *Hungary: its Constitution, and its Catastrophe.* By Corvinus. 8vo. 1850.
 5. *Relazione delle Operazioni Militari, dal Generale Bava, nel 1849. Con Documenti.*

WHATEVER rashness we occasionally may have exhibited in offering admonitions to travellers whose views have differed from our own, or whose mode of explaining them we could not approve, we shall take no such liberty with a gentleman who addresses us with such authority as Mr. Baxter, and who casts forth his volume for the guidance and edification of mankind from the romantic capital of Forfar, the birth-place of the learned Boethius. This writer comes not to dispute, but to instruct. He forms his opinions and acquaints us with the result. In emphatic sententiousness of style, as well as in many of his moral qualities, he recalls the Eidolon of the learned Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham; but he addresses us from an elevation yet more conspicuous than that to which 'the careful performance of his Sabbath duties' had raised 'the sedulous instructor' of the youth of Gandercleugh. Mr. Baxter, we must suppose, is a bailie or at least a deacon of his native city: none of less rank, we think, would decide with such a magisterial loftiness:—we imagined indeed at first that he had been accompanied in his expedition by a deputation of the town council, or a select commission appointed to inquire and report on things in general—in short, might be considered as the chairman of a body of Dundee Reviewers in the senatorial 'garb of old Gaul'—but on continuing our perusal we find that our teacher is decidedly 'singular' and himself alone, though he employs the plural pronoun with a dignified pertinacity that reminds us of the Tamerlanes of the stage.

He does not indeed expect that the world will be universally docile;—but he 'finds it consolatory to know that his sentiments are heartily approved by many men of great acquirements and European experience' (p. 4). This approbation we must say does credit to the candour of these high personages, since every creed, political, social, and religious in every state, with hardly an exception, falls in turn under the lash of his impartial censure. He disclaims with lofty modesty all intentions of writing a volume of travels, though he does not conceal from us the weight which we ought to attach to his 'impressions' of countries which he whirled over on railroads, or at whose capitals he touched

touched in a steam-boat, performing (as he avows) his whole circuit with a rapidity unusual in 'an age emphatically of locomotion.'

He tells us in his preface that on the Continent, between the fall of Buonaparte and the year 1848, there occurred few events sufficiently important to engage the attention of the British public; and truly this sentiment, unfortunately not peculiar to the lights of Dundee, can alone account for the apathy with which 'the British public' have of late years regarded many foreign transactions pregnant with danger to ourselves.

Our bailie is a radical reformer, a redresser of grievances, the Quixote of progress, an enemy to peers and prelates, a thorough-paced utilitarian, who despises all arts which contribute not immediately to the material comfort of man or the replenishment of his purse. He is so warm an advocate of peace, that he would drive all military sovereigns and their satellites from the earth at the bayonet's point; he has the true orthodox hatred of Austrians and Bourbons, and attributes all the recent calamities of Europe to the policy of Prince Metternich. He professes a boundless admiration for the principles of universal toleration, but proscribes all forms of Christianity except the precise shade of dissent (such as he boasts it at p. 47) to which he personally adheres; and while declaring the most devoted attachment to religion, he elevates Mazzini, Sterbini, and their co-operators into the regenerators of mankind, although they are the avowed enemies of Christianity and unblushing blasphemers of its divine author.

In recording his 'impressions' he loses sight so entirely of the objects by which they are suggested, that his volume might as well have been composed without the trouble of visiting them. So exclusively does he see what his political leaning teaches him to desire, that in the Tyrol he discovers only an abject, timid race, morally and *literally* prostrated before a tyrannical prince and an usurping priesthood. 'Often have we seen,' he says (p. 31), 'these poor mountaineers falling prostrate on the path, that these begging gentry might tread on their bodies.' But Monarchy and Romanism hardly excite his indignation so strongly as the practice and cultivation of the fine arts. To the ambitious architecture of Munich, and the profusion of its external frescoes, he seems to attribute, with equal confidence, all the public and political, and all the private and personal, errors and delinquencies of the ex-king. As to the arts themselves, he professes the ignorance, not of humility, but of disdain. 'How inferior,' he has often heard it remarked, 'are the Britons to the Italians in taste!' and he proceeds thus to vindicate the former: 'How immeasurably

immeasurably more intellectual and enlightened is the *essayist*, the mechanic; or the manufacturing inventor, than your Raphaels, Vandykes, and Thorwaldsens!' He boldly appeals to the admirers of Michelangelo to decide between the comparative civilisation of Florence and Dundee. 'Look to Italy,' he says; 'when prosperity flowed into that country and princely fortunes were made, the people turned their minds to the fine arts, leaving mental science, politics, mechanism, manufactures, and literature to after-generations. . . . Italy became a vast museum, and treasures were exchanged for well-executed statues:'—to which melancholy delusions he attributes among other things the fall of Venice and the decay of Genoa, with its 'half-tenanted palaces.' It is very obvious to us that Mr. Baxter never had occasion to inquire the price of lodgings in this last populous city—he would otherwise have discovered the difficulty of finding an apartment at all—the all but impossibility of securing a good one—and that even very inferior accommodation is, to use a phrase of his own, 'unpleasantly dear.'

'We shall tremble,' he continues, 'for old England when she begins to emulate foreign countries in spending money upon paint and marble, when it can be much more profitably employed in ships, books, manufactories, and machine-shops. . . . The English have no taste for national decay, and they do not relish the prospect of sharing the fate which an inordinate taste for the fine arts materially assisted in bringing on in Italy.'—p. 26.

We have never been of that school which connects religion and liberty with the progress of the fine arts; but few modern theorists, with the exception of Rousseau, have insisted on their necessary divorce—and as Dr. Johnson, on a memorable occasion, kindly hinted to a Scotch friend, who had met an exclamation of *nonsense*, applied to a dictum of Lord Monboddo's, by quoting something he had himself heard when on his travels from the lips of the Swiss sage, 'Ah! Sir—but a man who talks nonsense so well as Rousseau does, must know it to be nonsense—*whereas* (laughing and chuckling) I fear Monboddo does not.' We must be allowed to add that the distinguished countryman of Monboddo and Boswell now enlightening us is, when he maintains the incompatibility of the fine arts with mechanical and physical science, with literature and material civilisation, at variance with the express testimony of history, to which, with rather an unusual want of self-reliance, he appeals for the support of his theory. The reign of art in ancient Greece, from the birth of Pericles to the death of Alexander, was precisely the period of her most rapid social and intellectual development. In the final struggle of Syracuse, the mechanical and scientific resources of Archimedes

Archimedes astonished the generals of Rome, more even than after the fall its treasures of art delighted her connoisseurs. In Rome the fine arts flourished with arms and literature,—the flower withered before the plant began to droop—and their decline was the first symptom of decay. With the general revival of mental vigour, the fine arts also revived. It was not only in painting and sculpture, but in every department of industry, that Italy led the van of civilisation. The inventors of modern luxury employed the fine arts to adorn and grace its progress, and the Italian of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries demanded beauty and elegance of form in whatever met his eye. This was the period of his social superiority and his political independence. Italy spread her ships over every sea, and her factories on every coast. She invented the mariner's compass, and originated the code of European commercial and international law. Her navigators opened a new world, and Galileo revealed the mysteries of the heavens to incredulous ears. It was while Raphael, Titian, Bramante, and Michelangelo flourished, that the stuffs of Genoa and Florence monopolised the market from Madrid to Constantinople; that the armour of Milan defended the breast of the warrior, and the glass of Venice adorned his table.

However lowly our traveller may think of the state of modern Italy, he ought to acquit the fine arts of any share in her degeneracy. Taste for art, indeed, is now rarely felt or affected in that country. Painting and even music are little cultivated for mere amusement; works of art, such as they are, are produced almost exclusively for foreign purchasers. The artists of Italy are not more in advance of the rest of Europe than her manufacturers and her mechanics; and the churches and public buildings now raised would scarcely satisfy Deacon Bearcliff, who regulated the taste of the 'Antiquary's' burgh of Fairport. Neither can the exhibitions of art have any effect in corrupting the national character—they are frequented almost exclusively by foreigners; and of the lower orders a much greater number will be found every day in our National Gallery than any day in any of the museums of Italy.

We are not very sanguine as to the result of the attempts which have recently been made to inoculate the people of this country with a love of the fine arts as a means of social improvement; but we hold it quite superfluous to guard them against sacrificing material comfort and commercial speculation to the love of unproductive art. We wish our national institutions and commercial prosperity had no more dangerous enemies than picture lotteries and art-unions.

We

We are glad to have it in our power to agree better, on the whole, with Mr. Baxter in his observations on the Sunday occupations and amusements of the Continent:—

‘The encouragement of idleness and gaiety amongst the people is just one of the masterpieces of worldly policy which have so unworthily distinguished the Anti-Christ of prophecy. Never may we live to see the day when the peace and serenity characteristic of a Scottish family circle on the Lord’s-day evening, shall be changed into the giddy mirth and unreflecting jar of a German coffee-house or a Bavarian beer-shop.’—p. 19.

We have some fears that this exemplary Presbyterian may regard the Sabbath-observance of Episcopal England as by no means sufficiently distinguished from that of the realms of ‘Anti-Christ.’ We on our part cannot conceal a fear that some danger attends the over-rigidity of the Calvinistic North; but we agree cordially in the main with his opinion as to the importance of ‘keeping the Sabbath-day holy,’ and are only surprised that a writer who holds that opinion should in another page introduce such a statement as the following. It is one which we should suppose will hardly be approved in the Free-Kirk Session of Dundee, or even in the town council of that respectable burgh:—

‘The sailors, having nothing to do, spent the *Sabbath* in firing guns and singing national airs. Sweetly did they join in the *Marseillaise*, and the song of the Girondins. Arion’s dolphin might have left its haunts to echo back the chorus of the gallant tars.’—p. 270.

We think ‘the gallant tars’ might have been better employed on the Sabbath than in singing the knell that had marshalled so many innocent victims to butchery. Such a bloody selection would hardly have been sanctioned even by ‘Arion or his dolphin,’ heathens as they unfortunately were.

For some of the schemes for improvements which this topic recalls, we confess we have no great respect. The idle man who passes his time in the drudgery of pleasure-hunting cannot understand that the workman after a week of labour may find his best recreation in the mere cessation of toil; and that a stroll in the fields, the parks, or even in the streets, with the varieties of sight and sound which they afford, are more welcome to him than the boisterous games which one set of his benefactors recommend, or the literary clubs, with their newspapers, pamphlets, and political disputes, which another would prepare for his entertainment. Whilst we protest against forcing amusement on an unwilling people, we also agree with Mr. Baxter in resisting as steadily any proposal for a system of national education which takes children from their parents, and ‘thus forcibly interferes,’ as he justly observes, ‘with a tie more sacred than govern-
ment

ment itself.'—(p. 143.) Any *system* of education to be effectual must be compulsory; but how can such a system be established in England, and what power of coercion could be used, or what means even of persuasion does a Government possess, whose number of servants is so small, and whose patronage is so limited? The Prussian method of education has been much vaunted, and the Swedes are, we think, allowed to be the best-instructed people of Europe; yet we have seen one country convulsed and upset by a handful of demagogues and tipsy students, and the other is notoriously the most dissolute among civilised nations. Many of those who profess most zeal for the education of our peasantry have little knowledge of the class they wish to improve, and a very indistinct notion of the real end and effect of education. An increase of knowledge will not teach morality, and the peasant often understands his duties and his rights when he may not have language to express his feelings; his religious progress is the secret of his forbearance and his patient endurance of the ills he is too frequently exposed to. The religion of the Continent, whether in Protestant or in Catholic countries, was insufficient to arm the reason or to guard the heart from the Socialist's sophisms; and this—and not in any degree the taste and cultivation of the fine arts—is the cause—we believe the sole cause—(for the much talked of misgovernment, even where it existed, was little felt by the majority of the people)—of the disastrous revolutions which had devastated the Continent just before the Bailie's travels began.

No opinions but those he professes he seems to think are entitled to respect; and none but those who share them, to any toleration: on those who differ from him he is as hard as if they were all Hapsburgs or Romanoffs; and he extols the foreign policy of our ministers while he is passing over the very scenes where their mistakes, mismanagement, and intrigues have prolonged discontent and strife, and accumulated contempt and hatred on the country which endures them. He visits Hamburgh, where he observes the injury that German ambition has wrought on the great emporium of northern commerce, but he does not condemn the want of decision in our ministers which permitted an unjust aggression—and where an impotent mediation affords an ample field for Prussian duplicity and intrigue; while it prolongs anxiety and spreads the evils of war, and of a war, too, in which no laurels can be gathered. At Vienna, it will be readily conceived, he finds ample occasion for that contemptuous invective in which he loves to indulge. The Hungarian war furnishes many a paragraph; and while deploring the ignorance of his countrymen (nine-tenths of the *anti-reforming* portion

portion of whom, he says, are in *total blindness*) as to the nature and progress of the struggle, he gives a sketch of it (p. 165) not more likely to enlighten them, we think, than several accounts with which the House of Commons has been favoured. It is not our intention in this place to enter at length into that important subject, but we will briefly notice some of the most glaring mis-statements which this magistrate repeats.

The admiration of the British public has been demanded for the Hungarian constitution, which has been compared with that of which Englishmen are, or formerly were, so justly proud. Let us see how far this comparison is just. Most of our readers are aware that the Hungarian monarchy dates from the reign of St. Stephen, himself a convert to Christianity, who assumed the royal title in the year 1000, and that the race of Arpad, to which this popular hero belonged, became extinct in the beginning of the fourteenth century, in the person of Andrew, surnamed the Venetian. The organization of the kingdom—its division into counties, with the institution of the high office of Palatine or royal representative—was the work of the founder of the monarchy, as well as several other hardly less important regulations, the object of which was to balance the power of the higher nobility by bestowing political influence and equal rights on the nobles of a lower class.

In the year 1215 the English barons extorted the Magna Charta from King John. In 1222, only seven years later, the lesser barons of Hungary, irritated rather by the insolence of the higher nobility than by the tyranny of the sovereign, wrested from Andrew II. the 'Golden Bull,' which from that time forward became in Hungary, what the Magna Charta is in England, the fundamental law of the monarchy, till in the revolutions of 1848 every vestige of the ancient constitution was swept away. But with this approximation of date all resemblance ceases. The Magna Charta contains all that in its subsequent development was needed to secure the liberties we now enjoy; and indeed so far in advance of the age was that wonderful monument of the sagacity and moderation of our forefathers, that many of its provisions, though unrepealed, remained a dead letter till advancing civilization required their re-enactment. The Golden Bull too answered the objects of its framers. It limited the authority of the crown, and equalised the privileges of the nobles, but it deprived a vast majority of the population of political existence, condemning the native inhabitants (for the Magyars hold the country by right of conquest) to legal servitude. This state of things was by no means unprecedented in the thirteenth century, but it will surprise those who have implicitly believed the panegyrics of the Hungarian constitution to hear that it subsisted
without

without material change till the present day. The nobles, who exceed 800,000 in number, paid no taxes, tolls, nor tithes; the rest of the population were *serfs*, who supported the whole burden of the state, and who, in addition to the labour exacted from them by their lords, were compelled to work for the public service, and to bear the expense and inconvenience of furnishing military quarters; in short, they were no more than what their ancestors had been, '*la gent corvéable et taillable à merci et miséricorde*'—in the technical language of their own jurists, *misera plebs contribuens*. The whole constituency was confined to the nobles; and the towns or royal burghs, forty-nine in number,* had been virtually disfranchised on account of their supposed subserviency to the crown, or more properly to the Austrian cabinet; their deputies *collectively* only possessing a single vote, though they retained the privilege of speech. The widows of Magnates, as well as their infant sons, were represented in the Lower Chamber (though these proxies had not the power of voting); and to complete the distinction between the constitutions of the two countries, we must again observe, that the whole representation of Hungary was in the hands of the narrowest of oligarchies.

The Upper Chamber consisted of a limited number of the higher nobles (in whose family the privilege was hereditary), termed Magnates, some of the prelates of the Roman Catholic and Greek churches (all those of other forms of Christianity were excluded), together with certain great state dignitaries, who sat in virtue of their office. When the tide of revolution broke over Hungary in 1848, the nobles were immediately overwhelmed by it: in an instant they found their privileges abolished, and that power wrenched from their hands, of which it must be owned they had made but an ill use. The transformation which the constitution then underwent was such as to leave it no more like the ancient charter of the Magyars, that the reigning prince had sworn to preserve, than it resembled a Saxon *Witenagemot* or a Turkish Divan. The new charter was presented to the Emperor for his approbation when he was notoriously in duress, and many of the concessions then extorted from him his ministers advised him to revoke after he had placed his person in a state of security. When the civil war had actually broken out in Hungary—(a war waged with the gold and by the soldiers of republican Europe)—after the flight of the Palatine and the assassination of the Imperial Commissioner,† we should have thought it could hardly have

* Containing about 400,000 inhabitants.

† For this atrocious murder, the defence set up by the Hungarian press, and adopted by

have been asserted, even before an audience as prejudiced and as ignorant as the ministerial majority in the House of Commons, that it was the ancient Constitution of Hungary that was at stake!

Such a charter as the Magyars possessed was indeed but little likely to preserve the peace of the country, and Hungary from the earliest times seems to have been the chosen seat of anarchy. The crown of St. Stephen, nominally elective, but more generally hereditary, descended in the beginning of the sixteenth century to Lewis II., who was also king of Bohemia, and represented, in the female line, branches of the illustrious houses of Austria and Luxemburgh. The alarm of all Europe was at this period greatly excited by the increasing power of the Turkish Sultans, who, having overcome all opposition in Asia, had recently fixed their residence in the capital of the Greek emperors. The young king of Hungary was interrupted in his dream of luxury by the rapid advance of Solymán the Magnificent, who was justly considered the most brilliant as well as the most powerful sovereign of Europe. The imminence of the danger aroused him to those exertions which, if made in time, might have saved the monarchy. It was on this occasion that an ancient custom, long disused, was revived: a bloody sword was hurried from town to town and from castle to castle, to excite the enthusiasm of the people, and to warn them to arm in their own defence. It was too late. The year 1526 was fatal to the chivalry of Hungary. On the field of Mohacz there fell seven bishops, five hundred nobles, the king himself, and three-fourths of his army, and from thenceforth Hungary became a dependence of Turkey, till again, on the very same field of Mohacz, a hundred and sixty years later (in 1687) the honour of Christendom was redeemed in a pitched battle, fought by the Imperial army under the Margrave of Baden, and the Infidels were compelled to evacuate the kingdom.

During this long interval the history of Hungary is a tissue of confusion and disaster. In the year 1526 the Archduke Ferdi-

by the Radicals throughout the Continent, was, that 'there was simply a mistake in the form of Count Lemberg's death.' We wish we could exonerate all Englishmen, of whatever party, from the guilt of having advocated the code of *assassination*. We read with equal astonishment and disgust a communication signed by Mr. W. S. Lander, in the *Examiner* for January 5th, 1850, in which that gentleman says:—

'The Americans must offer an asylum to whoever, rising up against oppression and indignity, shall, in the absence of law and equity, have slain those who caused it. For it is impossible that such iniquities as certain men in high places have perpetrated should be unavenged. Conspiracies will never more exist: two persons (but preferably one) will undertake the glorious task, which not only antiquity applauded, but which has been applauded also year after year, generation after generation, century after century, in the seclusion of colleges, and raised the first tumult in the boyish heart.'

It is exceedingly to be regretted that such sentiments should be promulgated in an English journal of distinguished ability.

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nand of Austria succeeded by family rights and international compacts, no less than by election, to the vacant sovereignty, but his claim was not undisputed. He was opposed by John Zapoly, Waivode of Transylvania, who secured the assistance of the Turks by consenting to hold his crown as a fief of the Porte, and to receive it from the hands of a Pacha at Buda. Had the Hungarians been united, the Turks could never have kept permanent possession of the country; but the powerful nobles preferred a turbulent existence of intrigue and war under the Turkish yoke to a return to order and legality under a Christian sovereign.

Ferdinand and his rival having both appealed to the Sultan, and having secured a truce by an ignominious submission to that prince, and a hardly less discreditable compromise between themselves, the capital of the country and its fairest provinces were the permanent prize of the victorious Turk. The princes of the house of Hapsburg, Ferdinand's successors, retained the title of king with little of the authority; while the country, abandoned to the ruthless despotism of the Porte, and the tyranny, hardly less relentless, of the native nobles, was harassed by religious wars, perpetual rebellions, and the ineffectual attempts of the Emperors to re-assert their supremacy. The enemies of the House of Austria would not overlook so vulnerable a point as Hungary, and the internal distresses of the country were for ever fomented by the intrigues of France and *Prussia*. Hungary during this period was prolific in men of talent, and even of virtue; but by a strange fatality all these contributed their various powers to ruin and not to rescue their native land. Bethlem Gabor, the Ragockys, and the celebrated Tekeli, were all willing to rise to power by a degrading dependence on the Turk, and all contributed to rivet the fetters of the infidel yoke. To remedy some of these disorders, the Emperor Leopold I., after the successful close of the Turkish war, procured the consent of the Diet, in the year 1687, to declare the Hungarian throne hereditary in the male line of the house of Austria; and the Archduke Joseph, who afterwards reigned as Emperor, was the first strictly *hereditary* sovereign crowned in Presburg. In the year 1722, the Emperor Charles VI., to prevent the evils of a contested succession, induced the Hungarian Diet to accept the Pragmatic Sanction, by which all his states were secured, in default of male issue, to his descendants in the female line; whence the clear title of the present family. By the Pragmatic Sanction, *so accepted*, the crowns of Austria and Hungary were declared for ever indivisible, though separate administrations were to be maintained.

We deny neither the valour, the patriotism, nor the energy of the present race of Magyars or their ancestors; but we
must

must observe, that this brave nation suffered two-thirds of their country, with its much-loved capital, to remain for one hundred and fifty years in the possession of the Turks; and that at last its deliverance was effected (in spite of Mr. Baxter's assertion to the contrary) by the armies, the resources, and the generals of Austria. Since that period—ever since the House of Austria has re-acquired that power and influence in the European commonwealth which the junior branch had lost between the accession of Ferdinand I. and the death of Charles VI.—the constant endeavour of the able and enlightened sovereigns who have succeeded each other has been, to develop, in spite of its bigoted Diet, the dormant resources of Hungary—to civilize its barbarous inhabitants—to protect the Slavonic and Wallachian races from the tyranny of the Magyar, and the peasantry from the tyranny of all who had power to oppress them. It was in pursuance of this humane policy—to relieve the peasantry, or rather the *serfs* of Hungary from a part of their burdens, that the 'Urbarium,' or peasant's charter, was accorded by Maria-Teresa—a boon which, though granted in 1743, did not receive the sanction of the Diet until after the lapse of fifty years, in 1791. It is this wise and salutary policy that has been stigmatized as 'class legislation,' and which was long opposed by the haughty Magyars with a vehemence too notorious to be denied, and so must be attributed to a patriotic cause. The innovations of the Emperor Joseph, however well intended, were generally condemned, and were even revoked by himself. The prudence and temper of his successor secured a constitutional triumph to himself, and compelled a Hungarian Diet to imitate him in forbearance and moderation.

The admirers of the Hungarian Constitution—Mr. Baxter among them—admit, we presume, that it existed in all its vigour till the late tumults began; the merits of that Constitution* will best be tested by the state of the country;—and what was the state of the country? Everywhere, and eternally, oppression, discontent, and sloth; a rich and fertile territory, blessed with every variety of climate, was suffered to remain untilled, undrained, and barren; roads and canals were wanting, while every facility existed for making them; and each successive scheme for the improvement of the country was negated by a jealous and ignorant oligarchy, because it was supposed to emanate from the central Government.

* We may assure our readers that the essay 'On Hungary' by *Corvinus*—which reaches us while we are correcting our proof-sheets—is the result of very deliberate study, and embodies much just statement and sensible reflection. We believe that the author has done as much to explain the mysteries of the Hungarian constitution as it was possible for any foreigner to do.

When the French Revolution of February broke over Europe, the Diet at Pesth was already in open opposition to the Government. It had been convoked in November, 1847, in strict observance of the constitutional provision, and a series of measures had been proposed by the Crown, of which the principal were:—

1. A new system of billeting troops, so as to relieve the peasant.
2. A reform of the law relating to property, so as to facilitate the sale and transfer of nobles' estates.
3. A new criminal code.
4. A bill for amending the municipal laws of counties and towns.
5. A bill for regulating the commercial intercourse between Hungary and Austria, with the view of modifying or repealing duties.
6. A bill for the total enfranchisement from all feudal services of lands which had by legal steps become the property of peasants.
7. A bill for the improvement and construction of roads and railways—the effect of which would have been to lay an indirect tax on the noble classes.

These liberal measures of the Court had been negatived by a large majority in the Assembly; one section alleging that they encroached on the independence of Hungary, another that they did not proceed far enough on the road of reform. Those who had hitherto resisted reform now welcomed revolution, and measures were proposed and tumultuously carried in the Diet which were equally illegal in substance and in form. The members of the Diet, delegates in the strictest sense of the word,* were specially instructed by their constituents as to the manner in which they should vote on every subject, a preliminary deliberation having already taken place in the provincial *congregation*; and should any new matter arise in the course of the session, fresh instructions must be forwarded from the congregation to the delegate before he presumed to vote. In defiance of this law, of which the constituencies had hitherto been so jealous, the address of Kossuth—an upstart adventurer, who had recently been elected by the influence of a noble dupe)—was accepted by acclamation in one chamber, and passed without a division in the other, though it demanded the virtual separation of Hungary from the Imperial dominions, and a complete revolution in its internal government. The insurrection at Vienna, which had now taken place, had paralysed authority, and banished all wisdom from the Imperial council-board, and the petition of Hungary was accepted by the cabinet.

What might have been the result had the Hungarian usurpers conducted themselves with more prudence or forbearance, it is

* The members of the Diet were paid from the public purse, by a vote from their constituents, regulated by some capricious valuation of the supposed price of provisions in the capital.

useless to speculate ; but while they clamoured in defence of their own nationality, they insisted on suppressing or destroying that of their fellow-subjects.

No act of the dominant party was more offensive to the majority of their fellow-subjects than the adoption of the Magyar language in the Diet—none could more strongly denote the arrogant contempt with which the primitive and far more numerous part of the native population was regarded.* In the same spirit, the provinces of Croatia, Transylvania, and the Banat, conquered by Austria from the Turks, were to be compelled, in spite of their reluctance, into a closer union with, or rather, we should say, *subjection to*, the faction that oppressed them ; and amongst other demands pressed on the sovereign by the Diet of Pesth, it was insisted that the Polish provinces of Gallicia and Lodomeria should be detached from the Austrian crown and united to that of Hungary, together with Istria and Dalmatia and the islands on the coast, which had formed part of the Venetian territory for five hundred years, had been afterwards annexed to France by Buonaparte, and subsequently assigned, by an European Congress, to Austria in 1815. These demands, with partial and tyrannical decrees against the Croatian and Slavonic populations, being refused by the justice or policy of the central Government, afforded the demagogues of Pesth the long-sought pretext for breaking into open rebellion, and renouncing even a nominal allegiance to the Austrian House.

Insult and contempt were added to injury, and insurrection in the Slavonic provinces was the immediate result,—civil war in Servia—while the Croats found an able vindicator of their rights in the person of their brave and eloquent Ban, the Baron Jellachich. So anxious, however, was the Emperor to avoid the effusion of blood, and so timidly did his ministers endeavour to avoid a conflict, which the demagogues of Pesth were only anxious to provoke, that an order was procured, condemning the proceedings of the faithful Croats, and denouncing their leader as a traitor. But it was destined that the Austrian monarchy should be saved in spite of the feeble and foolish if not the treacherous hands into which its government had fallen. The triumphant march of the Ban was favoured by the secret hopes of many even who professed to condemn it ; and had he been provided with a commission from Vienna, nay, could he have alleged any secret orders, many officers and soldiers who imagined themselves abandoned would have preserved their fidelity, and his ultimate success would have been more rapid and complete. But he possessed no such ad-

* The Magyars comprise about five of the eleven million inhabitants which Hungary is calculated to contain.

vantage—he openly avowed he did not. His loyalty was his only commission, and the bravery and fidelity of his troops his only support.*

Hungary meanwhile had been the theatre of every species of disorder and crime. The power of the nobles, with their privileges and their wealth, had been swept away, and the whole authority of the state had been bestowed on their former flatterer Kossuth. Those of the nobles who desired to retain any portion of their influence could only purchase it by affecting an emulous devotion to the popular idol, who had deceived, supplanted, and robbed them. This person, who had hitherto occupied a subaltern post in the ranks of sedition, and whose youth had been passed in a series of discreditable adventures, was eminently fitted for his present task.† Without fortune, he had nothing to risk; without integrity, self-respect, or scruples, and with an unbounded assurance, he was restrained by no considerations but those which a regard for his personal safety (of that he was very careful) enjoined. The advance of the Ban of Croatia alarmed him for the maintenance of his power and the security of his recently acquired wealth—perhaps even of his life. From the nobles ‡—by the weakness of some of whose body he had emerged and risen—he knew he had nothing to hope;—they had had sufficient intimations of his feelings and intentions towards them—and the revival of their influence must be the signal for the downfall of his own. The finances of the country he had ruined, and paralyzed its industry by an enormous issue of paper money, to which he had given a forced currency; and in the still more atrocious measure he now pursued he had the double object of destroying the power of the nobles by depriving them of their property, and of securing the support of the peasantry by enlisting

* We refer our readers to our 167th Number, art. 'Austria and Germany,' where they will find details on this singular piece of history.

† We do not mean to deny the talent and energy with which Mr. Kossuth has pursued his ends; and if there are Englishmen who admire the style and tone of his letters and addresses, we can hardly profess to lament that our taste is more fastidious. The popular demagogue is a privileged character: we must, however, remind our readers that there are charges against this man which will not be defended even by those who defend assassination. Accusations have been made to which no reply has been given;—we do not here allude to those preferred before his political celebrity—we would instance a direct charge of robbery made by Count Edmond Zichy, and published in the *Times* newspaper on the 29th of December, 1849.

‡ The most influential of these, the misguided Széchenyi, has severely expiated his errors. The lamentable condition of his native country, a condition to which his conscience did not acquit him of having contributed, brought on an illness which ended in depriving him of his reason. Not only in the passion of his delirium, but in the sad depression of calmer intervals, he is known to have continually invoked the pardon of Prince Metternich—that most misrepresented of statesmen—to the neglect of whose counsels he justly ascribed the calamities that had broken over the Austrian Empire.

their avarice in the service of rebellion. He therefore—the true revolutionary *terror* now silencing all remonstrance among the high-born heroes of the Diet—without difficulty passed an edict, which, at the same time that it emancipated the peasants from any burdens of taxation, &c., which yet pressed on them, bestowed on them the possession of their farms in full property, to the absolute spoliation of their landlords, the rightful owners—who estimated at the right value certain airy promises of *compensation*! This act of the triumphant demagogue was preceded and followed by others of the like audacity. The approach of the Ban and a Sclavonic army announced speedy relief, however, and the days of the dictator's reign seemed numbered—a blow must instantly be struck—a decisive blow at the heart of the empire. The ill-advised and premature return of the Emperor from Innspruck facilitated the enterprise. The Hungarian agents in the capital made common cause with the rebels and outcasts from Germany, from France, and from Poland, who had hurried to Vienna in the hopes of blood and plunder; money was profusely scattered among that class of desperate and abandoned men with which every great city abounds; and if any feeling of humanity or compunction yet remained among them, it was drowned in the quantity of intoxicating liquors which the leaders took care to distribute. Thus prepared, that insurrection was achieved, which commenced with the murder of the brave and gentle Latour,* which drove the Emperor from the capital, and which consigned it for several weeks into the hands of the basest and most depraved of mankind.

Such was the revolution which men of honour have been found to praise, and such are the agents by whom it was accomplished. These are the men whose patriotism and noble qualities have been vaunted in our public assemblies; for whom our succour and our sympathy have been demanded; and some of whom, on their arrival in our country (and those, too, the actual agents of crime, the distributors of the price of blood), have been received not only into the club-houses of our gentry, but into the drawing-rooms of our ministers, and are from time to time blazoned in the morning papers as honoured guests at their country houses.

* Count Latour was the head of a family of ancient nobility in the Netherlands, which, on the separation of those provinces from the Austrian empire, removed to Bohemia. He had served all through the wars of this century with high honour, and was specially recommended for his arduous post of War-Minister by a reputation, justly acquired, of consummate skill in the distribution of troops and the management of the Commissariat department. These qualities secured for him the bitter hostility of the Hungarian rebels; and their intrigues for his extermination are now too well traced for any attempt at denial. Since his murder—he was hanged on the great Place of Vienna, immediately before his office—there has been published a small volume of selections from his private letters and diaries, which must leave on every mind the conviction that a more amiable, pious, humble-minded gentleman never perished by revolutionary violence.

The Russian intervention in the war that ensued, misunderstood and misrepresented by our author, was the immediate result of the armed interference of the French in Italy, and can be defended, we think, by more specious arguments of expediency at least and geographical necessity than the proceeding in which our Ministers declared in Parliament they saw nothing to blame. That it was a most unfortunate necessity we are very willing to admit, and that it *was* a necessity we think will be attributed by posterity to the present British Government as its greatest fault. Had the Ministers not opposed and thwarted Austria both openly and secretly, had they not encouraged the aggression of the King of Sardinia, stood between him and merited chastisement, and prolonged the struggle by mock mediations and a fleet which nullified the blockade of Venice, the Austrian government would have been able to concentrate its forces in Hungary, and Russian assistance would have been needless: unfortunately our honour and our interests were at the mercy of a craven subserviency to France, or feelings of personal spleen and paltry resentment, if possible, still more contemptible.

Upon the punishments which followed the suppression of the bloody and wanton rebellion in Hungary, our traveller repeats all the commonplaces which have been uttered at tavern-dinners, peace-societies, and debating-clubs, reported by Radical newspapers, and reproduced by Radical Members of the House of Commons. According to many of these, the abilities, rank, and fortune of the offenders are deemed valid reasons for their exemption from punishment—an argument which we own we are too democratical in our notions to understand. It is on the more exalted offenders alone, in our judgment, that the penalty should fall. The ignorant peasant, overawed by the influence or tempted by the plunder of his landlord, the misguided soldier who comprehends nothing of the cause in which his immediate commander has chosen to enlist—these we would cover with a complete and general amnesty. That the Austrian Government is little disposed to harshness we think their conduct in Lombardy will prove; and if some severity had not been exercised on the ungrateful rebels, the dishonoured officers, and the perjured ministers of Hungary, ‘laws must be all repealed’ and universal licence proclaimed. Civil war is the greatest of evils, and those who foment it the greatest of criminals; but so excessive is now the sympathy with crime, that till persons are *individually* injured (their feelings then undergo a great revulsion), all punishment is deprecated, and all who inflict it are denounced as murderers. We are of opinion, however, that had our own country been the theatre of civil war, and had our own persons and property
suffered

suffered the injury to which the Hungarians were exposed, we should adopt very different views as to the advantage of civil war and the patriotism of those who designed to prolong it. We wish these declaimers would stoop to facts. The whole number of capital punishments inflicted since the suppression of the recent rebellion amounts to fifty-four, in a population of 1,100,000; while twenty-one individuals, in a population of 70,000, have suffered capitally for their participation in the insurrection in Cephalonia. We would not be understood to pronounce any censure against her Majesty's Chief Commissioner in the Ionian Islands—our remark is made for the benefit of those who share Mr. Baxter's opinions; and we cannot but think that, had Dundee been fined and stripped, its men forced away as conscripts, and its women given up to shame—had its magistrates been scourged and its warehouses pillaged—he himself would have altered his opinion of the expediency of granting impunity to the perpetrators of such outrages.*

This sympathy with crime, and particularly with the greatest of crimes, rebellion and treason, has openly been professed by some of the most popular writers of France. M. Victor Hugo (who was raised to the peerage, for what services we know not) has published several works at different times advocating the abolition of every species of punishment for every description of guilt.† He, with those who think like him, admits, however, a right in the State to take cognizance of crime; and criminals, if we understand his project, ought to be treated as hospital patients, secluded in moral lazaret-houses, where their mental diseases should be assailed by a course of treatment similar to that pursued in the case of bodily infirmities. A profusion of

* Much has been said of the severity of the punishments that have followed the war, but little has been published in the English newspapers of the monstrous cruelties perpetrated by the Magyar army on those who were opposed to their cause, or who even showed any reluctance to join it. Their cruelty to prisoners was excessive; while they were treated by the Austrians, when they fell into their hands, with the humanity due to Christians and fellow-subjects. Of all this the reader may see abundant evidence in the volume lately translated under the title of 'Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary, by an Officer in the Army of the Ban of Croatia.' (1850.) The author is a man of remarkable ability, and his 'Scenes' may be classed with the best of our own military painters with the pen. The narrative of his adventures after being disabled and concealed in an Hungarian farmhouse is of the most natural and touching interest.

† Our readers are probably acquainted with M. Hugo's *Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*, in which work especially his doctrine as to punishments is so eloquently explained. We believe it is, nevertheless, an undeniable fact, that this humane author subsequently prosecuted with inexorable severity a domestic of his own who had committed some petty thefts.

M. Proudhon considers the trial of man by man, his condemnation and sentence by man, as absurdities so extravagant, that he has no words to express his contempt, and is obliged to supply their places by notes of admiration. See *Les Confessions d'un Révolutionnaire*, p. 25.

flowers and perfumes, vocal and instrumental music, a nourishing and rather succulent diet, are prescribed in cases of murder—amusing conversation and the society of children (this might prove too severe in minor cases) and of very young persons are proposed in lieu of secondary punishments—while in all cases light reading and the company of beautiful and not very well conducted women are considered sovereign as means of correction. We see at present, we are sorry to say, very little chance of this system being adopted in France by the dominant party towards their political opponents. In England it has found as yet but few advocates, and it has not been even broached, we believe, in Austria; we can hardly think it reasonable therefore that the Hungarian rebels should be the first to taste its benefits.

Our philosophical traveller also discusses Lombardy, over the surface of which he rapidly passes in a diligence. The plains of Venetian Lombardy he describes as 'the most populous and best cultivated province of Europe, in which irrigation is better understood than in any other part of the world, by means of which the country has been converted into a garden teeming with the fruits of a genial climate and supporting an immense population.' (p. 67.) Shortly after we are astonished to hear that the peasantry is 'condemned to rags and poverty in hovels which only Tipperary can rival.' (p. 71.) If we notice the errors of this most hasty and in-observant of travellers, it is simply because they are shared, or at least repeated, by persons of more weight and who are interested in disseminating discontent. Much of the misery in Lombardy, as throughout the rest of Italy, he seems inclined to attribute to 'the vast properties' which are accumulated in the same hand, and to the defective relations between landlord and tenant. The bailie, however, excludes Tuscany from this censure. 'Next to climate'—[the *climate* is, we presume, what it was in the days of Scipio and of Brutus]—'the tenure by which land is held everywhere, *except in Tuscany*, operates as a depressing cause throughout Italy.' (p. 324.) He has not taken the trouble to inform himself, and he wishes to attack the system of entails without ascertaining whether it exists or not in Italy. We have no intention of confuting his agricultural lectures, and we will leave the Southern and Midland farmers of England to answer the charge of being 'the worst farmers in Europe, excepting the Turks'—we will only remind our readers that the French laws of succession prevail throughout Venetian Lombardy as well as in Tuscany and Naples, and that, whatever mischief may arise in the former from the relations between landlord and tenant, they cannot be attributed to the want of written agreements,

ments, as Mr. Baxter ignorantly supposes, since such are rare in any part of Italy and unknown in Tuscany, where, notwithstanding, the tenants are so seldom ejected, that the ground about Fiesole (near Florence) is in part tilled by the descendants of those who occupied it in the days of Boccaccio. 'The abject poverty' of Lombardy he attributes to the ill usage the peasantry are exposed to from the 'vicious system of landholding.' 'In Milan, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice, are spent the rents which a miserable tenantry pay, first to useless middlemen, and through them to non-resident proprietors. Their condition can scarcely be called superior to that of Russian serfs or Lacedemonian helots.' (p. 71.) We do not comprehend, even if matters were as this traveller pleases to represent them, how the Government is to blame—to compel gentlemen to live on their estates, if they prefer the residence of the capital, has never occurred to the Austrian Government as practicable; nor can we see, if the peasantry are 'restless, sullen, discontented, and trampled on' (p. 67), how the Cabinet of Vienna is responsible—his arguments, we own, are thrown away on us; we are of those 'parties' quite unworthy of the attention of so lofty a censor as Mr. Baxter, with whom, as he constantly expresses it, 'it would be casting pearls before swine to reason.' (p. 63.)

The landlords of Lombardy, we regret to admit, do frequently show themselves indifferent to the comfort and well-being of their tenantry, but the size of their estates is not the cause; an estate yielding 5000*l.* a year is a rare possession even among the wealthiest landowners—the soil is productive, however, and produce finds a certain market. The system of subletting is almost unknown in that country. The bailiffs no doubt are occasionally tyrannical, and not unfrequently dishonest; but great and flagrant injustice, the watchful care of Government, and the admirable system of communal administration, prevent. By this system, together with light and well-adjusted taxation, the interests of the countryman are well protected, and we do not hesitate to affirm that there is no portion of the globe (not even the county of Forfar) in which he is more comfortable, or where the immeasurable inequality in the condition of man is less invidiously marked than in the Imperial dominions of Italy: neither are the peasants unmindful of these advantages, nor ignorant to whom their gratitude is due, and their attachment to the '*foreign*' Government was felt and deplored by their '*liberators*' in numerous occasions, during the late struggle. We suspect Mr. Baxter is hardly so skilful as he fancies himself in reading the thoughts of men on their countenances. On the road near Brescia he meets bands of criminals, escorted by the military—
determination

determination on the faces of the former he saw prognostications of the late revolution, while the peasantry stopped their work to gaze, with unmistakeable hate, on the uniform of the military' (p. 62). We do not deny that he saw the 'hate;' but we suspect he was mistaken as to its objects. General Bava, who commanded a division of the Piedmontese army, has given us an interesting, though we cannot say a very impartial account of the campaign—but his testimony on the matter in question can hardly be rejected, and it by no means confirms the 'impressions' of Mr. Baxter; on the contrary, *he* laments the attachment of the rural population to the Austrians and their aversion to their Piedmontese brethren, which he attributes to want of patriotism and indifference to the cause of freedom. We give the General's own words:—'In questa spedizione [reconnoitring Mantua] ci toccò osservare come quelle popolazioni siano fredde e poco o nulla animate a favore della causa Italiana, inclinando forse più verso il Tedesco, che sempre per lo addietro cercò possibilmente di favorirearle.' (*Relazione*, p. 21.) After the skirmish at Goito, which the General magnifies into a great victory, he observes that it was not prudent to abandon the *immense advantages* the Piedmontese had acquired by pushing their advance, as the whole country between the Mincio and the Oglio would have been exposed to the enemy, who, 'favoured by their numerous emissaries, as has since been proved, would certainly have excited a re-action, and occasioned the ruin of our army.' (p. 56.)

We may refer for similar evidence to the very picturesque narratives, combined, by an accomplished translator, in the volume entitled 'The Soldier on Active Service'—one being that of an officer in the army of Charles Albert—another by a literary gentleman, who accompanied the staff of Marshal Radetsky. In fact, of all the works to which the Italian struggle has given rise, not one will be more likely to illustrate the nature of the contest, and the spirit in which it was conducted, than this unpretending volume.

It is from the pages of a most unprejudiced witness, the officer in Charles-Albert's service—a Frenchman—that we select the following passage:—

'As to the principal cause of this disaster [he speaks generally of the result of the campaign], it is to be described in a word—*Demagogie*. Following his own inspirations, Charles-Albert would not have been reduced to the alternative of battle or deposition, victory or abdication. He would have chosen his own time for combat, and if conquered would have preserved the prestige of a king, and the influence of a negotiator. The democratic principle has sacrificed him to its precipitation, its imprudence, and its cowardice.' (p. 224.)

It is, we rather suspect, for the sake of a point, that this writer tells us the republicans 'now pursue his memory with eulogies.' It may be true, possibly, of 'the republicans' in Paris:—but very different are the impressions which will be left on the mind of persons who converse with Italians, and read Italian accounts. We entirely acquit that unfortunate prince of any of that treachery with which his ungrateful countrymen blacken his memory, but no sophistry can excuse the weakness and duplicity of his general conduct, nor the ingratitude and dishonesty of his dealings with Austria. When he first crossed the frontier, it may be that he gratified his own inclinations, no less than those of his subjects—but long before he signed the capitulation of Milan, he had discovered the hopelessness of the contest, and the perfidy of its noisiest supporters. Had he possessed moral courage, or any love of plain-dealing, he would have adopted very different conduct on his return from that first struggle—he would *then* have made a frank appeal to the good sense of his subjects and to the loyalty of his army—and we think he would not have appealed in vain. He accepted the incompetent ministry dictated to him by the clubs of Genoa and Turin, and still suffered himself to be a puppet in the hands of the treacherous republicans who swayed the licentious populace of the great cities.

Our 'French officer from the head-quarters of Charles-Albert' endeavours to clear the conduct of the Polish General whom Charles Albert placed at the head of his army (p. 177) from the censures that have been passed upon it; and he testifies to the reluctance with which the king submitted to the nomination of Romarino to a command (p. 181). To the deplorable incapacity, and perhaps the treachery, of this General—unfortunately for all parties, fatally for himself—these pages bear ample testimony; but if he indeed was guilty, it was not to the Austrians he betrayed the cause of his sovereign. The troops which he commanded, besides their reluctance to face the Austrians, were corrupted and demoralized by Socialist doctrines, which had widely spread among their ranks, and they perfectly understood the tactics of the party to which they belonged. They were aware that the success of the Piedmontese army was not desired, and that the real object was to avoid a decisive action, to spin out the contest to wearisome length, to provoke insurrection in Lombardy, and to interest the Jacobin clubs of Paris and the ministry of England in the defence of their cause. The energetic measures of the Austrian Generals defeated their projects, which were, however, afterwards manifested in the revolt at Genoa, and the assistance which the rebels
received

received from the Lombard legion. The effrontery of an Italian republican was hardly sufficient to proclaim such a plot, neither could Romarino plead his participation in it before a court martial of Piedmontese officers; he was accordingly made the scapegoat of the sins of the Socialists, and of the Lombard legion; and if he deserved death, it was for having served his party only too well.

It has been the habit of 'liberal' writers and orators to attribute the failure of the Italian movement to the vast military resources of Austria, and to the superiority of the 'veterans' that composed her armies. The clever French officer before us admits distinctly the numerical superiority of the Piedmontese army and extols its good state of discipline when it first took the field: the excellence of its light infantry, and its well-appointed artillery are much enlarged upon. It is true, however, that these young soldiers had no experience in actual war; it is also fatally true that Socialist doctrines had spread insubordination in the ranks, with the usual results of licence and disorder. To this circumstance General Bava attributes the greater part, if not the whole, of the misfortunes which afterwards befel them. He complains that with discipline they lost all their soldierlike deportment, discarding their uniforms, accoutrements, and even their arms (disorders of which their officers gave the example), wearing long hair and beards, and dressing fantastically in scarfs and caps of their own selection, and presenting altogether the appearance rather of a gang of bandits than a regular army. (*Relazioni*, p. 39.) The Austrians certainly did not imitate these irregularities; but we must remind our readers that the strict discipline they observed is not to be attributed to their experience in the practice of war. The Austrian empire had enjoyed a peace as profound as that of Piedmont. Its armies had served in no Circassian wars, like those of Russia; in no colonial campaigns, like those of England; in no civil strife nor African butcheries, like the French; and it was after a prolonged and uninterrupted peace that the troops of the least aggressive power in Europe were found in the fittest state to take the field.

The writer on the other side, who accompanied the headquarters of Radetzky, is Mr. Hackländer—well known as an Eastern Traveller, and still better perhaps as an intelligent correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This gentleman is justly proud of the notice he receives from the aged marshal; and, like all who have approached him, he is impressed with the gentleness and simplicity of his deportment. The army was, indeed, most fortunate in its general. Marshal Radetzky was the idol of his camp.

camp, Accessible at all times, he was the friend and the 'father' (as they loved to call him) of his soldiers, and his attention and his sympathy at least were never denied to their grievances, if he had not the power to redress them.

In the extremity of old age, he exhibited that same devotion to his duty which he exacted from every one under his command. Magnanimous in his disregard of personal injuries, he is a just and an indulgent governor over the people committed to him. Frugal and abstemious in his habits, his table is constantly open to his friends and officers; but it is served with a simplicity unexampled in his exalted station. Careless of personal distinctions, and indifferent to money, his large appointments are bestowed in an overflowing charity; his doors are besieged and his rides are waylaid by beggars he will not suffer his attendants to drive away, and who never left his presence empty handed.

It was the veneration for such a chief, and the feeling of instinctive loyalty, that achieved a victory for Austria in the midst of her political degradation; and it is because we believe these ennobling feelings yet animate her soldiery that we do not despair of the reconstruction of that ancient empire.

But we must return to Mr. Baxter. The indifference of the Lombard peasants to the cause of 'freedom' we can readily believe, and their rooted aversion to the Piedmontese is too well known to be questioned; but we have too good an opinion of human nature not to attribute some, at least, of their coldness to an aversion to rebellion and its consequences, as well as to their gratitude towards a benign and protecting government. The scheme of the revolutionists after their defeat was to create a sort of moral terrorism, similar to that which Mr. Cobden and the Peace Society so unsuccessfully endeavoured to establish in the case of the Russian loan in England,* and by this means

* We allude to those meetings in which the contributors to this speculation were denounced to popular indignation—a proceeding by which the principles of 'free trade' were no less violated than that individual freedom of action of which Englishmen are so tenacious—and which terminated with shouts of applause for all friends of 'liberty,' and 'groans for the Barings.' Can any one doubt that if the power of these patriots equalled their zeal, 'the Barings' and their fellow-speculators would be exposed to worse treatment than the 'groans' with which their names are announced? On this subject, again, we regret to find that the *Examiner* (March 17, 1850) condescends to be the vehicle of Mr. W. S. Landor's pedantic ferocity. After naming 'the Barings and their subscribers,' that classical spirit asks if it be 'reasonable to expect that no exile' among the many 'high-minded Hungarians,' &c. whose advent here he anticipates, will feel disposed to 'resent the loss of his property' on those who furnished 'the Oxt' with a loan? No—'Every boy in the street will be eager to point out the speculator; and fatal to more than scrip may peradventure be the speculation. Capitalists, as the more opulent and the less scrupulous of money-lenders are entitled, are professionally the pioneers of Despotism. Irregular forces may unexpectedly break in upon their operations and carry them suddenly off. A momentary blast of wind, after serene and

means to enforce compliance with the commands of the *secret societies* under the penalty of insult and social persecution. With the upper classes this degrading system of coercion has only been too successful; with the merchants and shopkeepers it has found less favour, for however carefully they might school their tongue, their satisfaction in the return of order could not be entirely concealed; with the lower orders it has failed altogether. A recent occasion has called forth a proof, the strongest that could be given, of the real state of their feeling. Much annoyance, it was hoped, would be created to the government of Lombardy by persuading the people to resist the conscription and to absent themselves from the municipality at the annual muster. The plan was well conceived. The military service is generally little to the Italian taste, and the method of recruiting by conscription is necessarily unpopular. In the present year, however, the young conscripts presented themselves, not with cheerfulness only, but with enthusiasm, and enrolled themselves with cries of 'Viva l' Imperatore!—Viva il Maresciallo—vergogna ai Nobili!'

In concluding his chapter, Mr. Baxter thus writes:—

'It is difficult to describe correctly the character of the modern Italians. With many good points, they seem incapable of acting unitedly, and are guided more by impulse than principle. Eager to form a confederation extending from Monte Rosa to Cape Spartivento, they meet to talk over the matter, and end by splitting the country into independent states scarcely larger than the Marquis of Breadalbane's Highland property. Hating tyranny, they come together to plan its destruction; but in half an hour so differ in opinion and insult each other, that duels must be fought'—[Our pious author must mean that duels *should* be fought: few such unchristian encounters ever actually take place]—'They feel the effects of bad government, and set about applying not only violent but delusive remedies, without forethought or consideration. They speak too much and think too little; rashly defy disciplined armies, and when union is their only safety, rake up old quarrels. Moderation, perseverance, resolution, and self-denial seem no parts of their creed. They present a striking contrast to the Anglo-Saxon race.'—p. 311.

The Anglo-Saxon magistrate speaks truly here; but why, after having done so, does he still think fit to pronounce so dogmatically that 'free institutions and the representative system' are essential to the well-being of a people 'guided by impulse rather than principle, without forethought or consideration, moderation, perseverance, or self-denial, and who,

and sunny weather, hath sometimes checkt and utterly withered up, the unseasonable rankness of a pertilent vegetation.' This is something more than the *moral* terrorism to which we alluded; what! English capitalists knocked on the head in the streets of London by foreign braves, at the suggestion of the most liberal of their own countrymen! moreover,

moreover, are given to *talking* much and thinking little?' Having made such discoveries, a writer of such authority should have spared a volume so well calculated in its main drift to nourish delusion at home and fruitless animosities abroad. That some of the Italian governments are bad, few will deny; but that an 'infallible cure' does not lie in the Constitution, which Mr. Baxter prescribes as his countryman 'the Hygeist Morison' does his yellow pill, is still more undeniable. We are weary of repeating what none but the perverse will contradict. There is no such thing as a constitutional party in Italy. Those who most admire that system of government are convinced by repeated failures that it is impossible to be realised in the peninsula, and those who affect to desire it regard it only as a stepping-stone to the Red Republic, which during the two last years they have ceaselessly endeavoured to establish.

In that solemn chapter which he devotes to 'Thoughts on the Russian question,' he tells us 'the timid, lazy, and degenerate Turks' will soon be driven from Constantinople, but that the occupation of their capital by Russia is 'the most unlikely and unnatural arrangement' he can conceive of: 'as soon will Queen Victoria govern Norway and Sweden' (p. 258). A much more probable termination of the Czar's career, he opines, will be a retirement to Claremont or to Brighton. We will not encroach on our traveller's province of prophecy; we own, however, that even should exile be the destiny of the Russian Emperor, we do not think it will be accomplished in England; none of his acts seem likely to conduce to such a result, nor can we surmise in any case that recent events would predispose him to give such a preference to our shore. We are not among those who tremble under an awful apprehension either of the resources or of the ambition of Russia, nor are we so ungrateful as to join the cry against a power to which Europe owes such inestimable obligations. Twice within forty years has the redemption of Europe been accomplished mainly by Russian exertions—from the evils of universal despotism on one side, and of unbridled democracy on the other. But for the resistance of Russia, the utmost dreams of Buonaparte might have been realised; and to her intervention Europe owes the triumph of civilization just secured by the defeat of the Red Republicans in Hungary, who made that country their fighting ground and the 'nationality' of Magyars their pretext. We have little dread, we repeat, of the ambitious projects of Russia; but, supposing them to exist, our Government, by its recent policy, has done all that it could to forward them, by forcing a close alliance between that power and Austria, and by establishing a cause of quarrel between it and Turkey, which on some future occasion will be avenged.

Though

Though Mr. Baxter, in the course of his extensive tour, passed some days in the Levant, during which he found time to settle most of those complicated questions which have so long puzzled the cabinets of Europe, his hurry was too great to permit him to land at Athens, where he contented himself with surveying 'the fertile (!) plains of Attica' from the deck of the steamboat, and grumbling over the 'ridiculous regulations' of the quarantine service—though, if he had inquired, he would have found that to the rigorous observance of those 'ridiculous regulations' we owe the discontinuance of the plague, which for three centuries had been the scourge of Europe.

At Malta our magistrate inveighs bitterly against Governor O'Ferrall for the conduct he pursued with regard to the exiles from the Papal states—conduct which he attributes entirely to the religion of that functionary—a circumstance which, in the opinion of this liberal gentleman, should have disqualified him for public employment. It is very probable that Mr. More O'Ferrall, in common with every other sincere Roman Catholic, viewed those excommunicated traitors with little favour; but we have no notion that this feeling was the motive of his procedure. Situated as Malta is, almost within sight of the Italian coast, it could hardly have been considered fair in a friendly power to afford protection to rebels, who professed openly to meditate a fresh invasion, and who had even affected to establish a council of regency for the government of the country from which they were exiled. This was the cause, no doubt, why those orders were dispatched to Malta, and not the fears which Mr. Baxter attributes to 'Lords Grey and John Russell,' that the Italian exiles would make an attempt to gain possession of a fortress guarded by British soldiers (p. 287). Ill as he may believe those noble Lords were informed as to the objects, wishes, and designs of the Italian 'patriots,' we feel sure we are not over-rating their sagacity in affirming that they gave no credit to the existence of such daring enterprises. The Minister for Foreign Affairs might, we think, on this occasion have better merited the censure with which Mr. Baxter visits his colleagues, since it was he who afforded countenance to these men, dispatched a cabinet minister to confer with them, and then deserted them; nor can we find any excuse for the industrious agent and enlightened correspondent of that noble Lord, who furnished passports for a haven they were not permitted to reach.

In his chapter on Naples, Mr. Baxter reports all the calumnies against the King of the Sicilies and his generals, which were invented by abler if not more malignant traducers. '*Tous les Bourbons sont canaille*' (p. 318) he says is the opinion of all Neapolitans 'who know French,' 'and who do not give vent to their feelings

feelings in the concise expression "bestia." What *was* the opinion entertained by the Neapolitans of their sovereign they themselves have exhibited in a manner that cannot be misunderstood, and which has doomed them accordingly to the bitterest wrath of all the revolutionary party, from the cabinet of Queen Victoria down to Mr. Baxter.

Mr. Baxter is a warm partisan of our foreign policy. We cannot, however, but suspect that Lord Palmerston was better befriended in days past by the enmity of certain members of the House of Commons—an enmity which we are happy to see has of late been transmuted into admiration and support. We trust now that competent and well-informed statesmen will no longer be deterred from performing an unwelcome duty by the fear of being confounded with such perverse and visionary censors. 'Lord Palmerston,' Mr. Baxter observes (in language which he says best qualifies the style of the opponents of that wise diplomatist), 'is the statesman at whom his English and Continental enemies delight to bark' (p. 321). We do not think the recent acts of that Minister will tend to diminish the number or the weight of his adversaries; nor can we believe that those 'ponderous levities' with which he was wont to baffle the objections of an absurd knot of frivolous declaimers, will in future be accepted in answer to serious charges from the lips of sober men.

That noble Lord has repeatedly and confidently appealed to *public opinion*, as the only tribunal whose awards enforce obedience, and against which no public man can stand; there is, however, a vast load of odium that can be braved, as his own tenure of office proves. It is the misfortune of France that her statesmen dare not proclaim, nor her free press promulgate, unwelcome truths, and that her people are habitually addressed in language of adulation which it would be disgraceful to use to an Oriental despot. The people of this country are wiser—but we deeply grieve to observe that there are motives much stronger than the public feeling of what is *right*—we mean the party feeling of what is *expedient*. The wide-spread sentiment of the nation has hitherto had no effect whatsoever in diminishing the ministerial majority, as respects the conduct of our foreign relations; nay, though we conscientiously believe there is not a man of sense either in the cabinet or out of it who approves of that conduct, so far from undergoing any modification, it has become more and more obnoxious, till it has at last involved us in perplexities from whence we see no honourable escape. It is thought inexpedient to condemn our foreign policy lest any change in the Cabinet should lead to its dissolution, a contingency for which the

various

various parties in the House of Commons are not prepared. The state of parties is, we all know, most perplexing; but we cannot see either why the *Whigs* should make Lord Palmerston their *sine quo non*—nor why the others should acquiesce in a practical toleration, from mere considerations of party convenience, of a course of policy which is in fact *universally* condemned. Are we to cling, with our arms folded, to a ruinous error—until the accumulated indignation of Europe awakens us in a voice of thunder?

The country saw, with the deepest regret, that revolution in France which the Government (some members of it at least) all but hailed with open delight. Among the English (excepting always the ultra-radicals) no share of confidence was ever accorded to the ephemeral demagogues who successively rose and sunk on the giddy theatre of Paris, and upon all of whom in their turn the Foreign Secretary lavished such exaggerated encomiums. Neither was *public opinion* very favourable to that subserviency to the French cabinet which became the characteristic of his Lordship's policy, nor was national vanity particularly flattered by the contemptuous disregard with which our blundering advances were treated.

In the course of the aggressive war in Italy which succeeded the French revolution, public opinion gradually changed sides as information was acquired, while our Ministers obstinately persisted in their error. We never witnessed a more general expression of satisfaction than when, for the second time, the Sardinian army was compelled to capitulate, and the King, his capital, and his country lay prostrate at the feet of the octogenarian hero.

Had the nation felt insulted by the contemptuous treatment our Foreign Minister and his agent met in Spain, is it probable that it would have been endured with patience? Was it not, in fact, received—in spite of all our habitual and sensitive pride—with a feeling that might almost be called gratification?

Had *public opinion* been respected, our amicable relations with Austria would never have been disturbed. If we grant that public opinion was divided while the war in Hungary was pending, our Ministers braved it in both its forms. The prudent would have recommended a strict neutrality: Mr. Cobden, with the votaries of peace, preached a crusade for the purpose of 'crumpling Russia like a sheet of paper';—but our Ministers contented themselves with using a language of pompous ambiguity, which could forward the views of no party, and therefore alike disgusted all.

The country felt no elation when Sir W. Parker assumed 'a hostile attitude' in the Bay of Naples, and the feeling of shame and alarm was very general when, at the command of the French

Admiral, and contrary to the laws of nations, he interfered between the King of the Sicilies and his rebellious subjects, and prolonged the horrors of civil war in the name of humanity. Paradoxical as it may seem, had England been a modern despotism instead of a constitutional Government, public opinion would have made itself felt, and the national councils would have been delivered from an influence so disastrous and dishonourable.

The history of our relations with Greece affords us an instance yet stronger than any we have adduced. In his erratic course Mr. Baxter passes the lofty mountains of the Morea, and observes 'a flat-roofed town at their base. It was Navarino, the scene of Europe's last naval conflict, the place where the maritime power of Turkey received a blow from which it will not speedily recover. The Mussulman frowns when that name is mentioned; it reminds him of his country's disgrace—of the Christian's might in the boundless sea.'—p. 213.

That the Mussulman has cause to *frown* we will not deny, but the '*disgrace*' of that transaction lies with the three great Powers—whose united squadron attacked an unsuspecting ally, while negotiations were still carried on at Constantinople by ambassadors who professed a jealous regard for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and whose tyrannical behests were uttered under the hypocritical pretence of peace and humanity. We rejoice in the recollection that we ourselves never cherished any illusions on this subject, and did all in our power to dispel those of the public.* The Eastern policy of the nation was like shortsighted and discreditable; and Lord Palmerston, who had just then separated himself from the friends and the principles of his better day, must accept his share (though, as yet, a subordinate one) in the responsibility of a folly which even he can hardly but recognize *now*. The kingdom of Greece, in fact, was called into being by a series of tyrannical encroachments on a weaker state, terminating in a deliberate act of piracy: its origin and prospects were regarded with just suspicion by the more intelligent among the inheritors of Greek blood;† and it has ever since (a most just retribution for their perfidy) been a source of anxiety and a bone of contention among the three great Powers by whose decree it

* See the 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xliii. p. 495, art. Greek Question; where the reader will find these matters treated at length.

† It is remarkable that none of the Greek families established in the territories remaining to the Ottoman Porte have purchased land or thought of settling in the kingdom of Otho, whereas many who possessed land in Attica, the Morea, or the adjacent islands, availed themselves of the first gleam of returning prosperity to sell their property and retire to the Fanar, to Scio, Candia, or some other part of the Sultan's dominions.

was created. Saddled from its infancy with a debt it could not discharge, its finances managed by a set of rapacious stock-brokers,* who assumed the ill-fitting cloak of enthusiasm, its King received the reins of government loaded with a weight of obligation he had been no party in contracting. Feeble, depopulated, impoverished, without industry, commerce, or resources, falling alternately under the sway of the 'French,' 'Russian,' or 'English party' (this last, we think, will not speedily re-emerge), the Grecian kingdom can hold no independent existence, and must remain content to afford the plotting-ground, and to be the prize, of the intriguing princes and their ministers who are weak enough to seek for an influence over it.

More than once our own Government, we regret to observe, has thought itself compelled to appear in the character of a harsh and arbitrary creditor, and on the present occasion we are astonished only that the archives of the Foreign Office afforded no better list of grievances than those to redress which, 'right or wrong,' a fleet, as powerful as Nelson's at the Nile, has been sent to the Piræus. So frivolous indeed are those pretexts, so ludicrous we might say, if any feeling akin to merriment could have place where our national honour is at stake, that the public has been driven to seek for hidden causes to account for so wonderful a proceeding.† It is asserted, then, that this unwarrantable act of prepotency

* M. Eynard, who was loaded with praise for his activity and philanthropy during the Greek contest, who presided over meetings, headed subscriptions, and corresponded with congresses and ministers in support of the cause of liberty, has recently appeared before the public as a solicitor for repayment of the sums he subscribed towards Greek emancipation. Even some of our own countrymen, though less susceptible of romantic impressions, and certainly not generally calculating on remuneration, have come forward to demand the price of enthusiasm. Mr. Finlay (see *Blue Book* just submitted to Parliament), who boasts 'his services to Greece,' and his sacrifices in her cause, now shrinks into a mere speculator in 'land for building purposes,' and his claims on the Greek Government for an 'accommodation price' are supported by the authority of the Foreign Office, and backed by a fleet of twelve sail of the line!

† The manifesto in which Louis XIV. proclaimed his complaints against the German empire, and the injuries to which his family had been exposed, contains certain claims of the *Grand Monarque's* sister-in-law, on which Bishop Burnet observes,—'The Duchess of Orleans' pretensions to old furniture was a strange rise to a war; especially when it was not alleged that these had been demanded in the forms of law, and that justice had been denied, which was a course necessarily to be observed in things of that nature. (p. 771, vol. i., 1st edition.) What would the Bishop have said to Don Pacifico's claim for cambric sheets and Portuguese bonds being made the excuse for a blockade of the Grecian Archipelago? One item in this gentleman's list of misfortunes must be brought forward, we presume, in jest. After enumerating all his own losses, and those of his household, in purse and person, we find (*Blue Book*, p. 56)—'4. Enfin une indemnité pour le tort qu'un si déplorable événement a porté à ma réputation et à mon crédit.' We are reminded of an item in the bill of a certain attorney's firm, brought to the successful candidate for Westminster, on an occasion where Parliament was petitioned against his return: after every particular had been enumerated, with the proceeds for which the gentlemen of that profession are famous, and with the same dis-

potency on the part of our Foreign Minister (we exclude his feeble and reluctant colleagues from our consideration), with whom

regard for economy for which they are also said to be distinguished, the closing item appeared a little startling.—'To own anxiety of mind, 1500*l*.'

We would not wish to turn the misfortunes of any one into ridicule; and that Don Pacifico may have been exposed to the insults of a fanatical rabble we believe and regret; but as he had been the *Portuguese consul*, we do not see why the knight-errantry of the *British Foreign Office* should be roused in his favour—nor, in fact, can we think his claims more reasonable than his story is consistent. He represents himself as reduced to destitution by the losses he experienced, and as having become an object of eleemosynary support. His Portuguese bonds, in which (as he states) the greater part of his property was invested—the diamonds that belonged to Madame Pacifico, and the pearls set aside for the *trousseau* of Mademoiselle Esther Pacifico—could hardly have furnished the means with which he maintained his general hospitality, and supported the splendour of his household. Besides the sum deposited by his countrymen for religious purposes, he only lost in cash 84*l*. 12*s*. 4*d*. We do not see how the loss of such a sum could reduce a man of such luxurious habits to destitution. We really want an explanation. Some of the items at first seemed to astonish even Lord Palmerston, and he, too, demanded an *explanation*, but he sought it in no spirit of cavil or doubt, rather, we should say, with the obliging complaisance of one who wishes for information that he may act with more intelligence and vigour. The reply of Don Pacifico is so resentful and peevish, that we feel sure, had it been made by the ministry of any un-revolutionized country, his Lordship would have 'perceived its tone with deep regret.'

On the 2nd of February, 1848, Lord Palmerston writes to Sir Edmund Lyons, requesting to know what was the nature of the papers that had been lost, and what Don Pacifico meant by '*créances sur le Portugal*.' 'These "*créances*,"' he observes, 'are represented by M. Pacifico as amounting to the sum of 21,295*l*. 1*s*. 4*d*., which sum he claims from the Greek government, together with interest thereon at 10 per cent. for 2½ years, namely, from the 24th of January, 1845, the day on which he entered a protest concerning these claims against the Portuguese government, to the 24th of July, 1847. M. Pacifico does not explain,' his Lordship proceeds, 'what were the real value of the *créances*; I have therefore to instruct you to require M. Pacifico to specify more particularly what these documents were; and if it should appear that they were debentures or "*titulos*" issued by the proper authorities in Portugal, and made payable to M. Pacifico or his assigns, then, in proportion as payments are made by the Portuguese government to other holders of similar obligations, the Greek government should be required to make payments on account of these documents to M. Pacifico.' (Blue Book, p. 93.) On the 23rd March, 1848, Sir Edmund Lyons replies to this communication, and encloses a letter from Don Pacifico, dated Athens, 22nd February, 1848, to the following effect:—

'Lord Palmerston me prescrit de spécifier plus particulièrement la nature des documens Portugais et la valeur réelle de ces documens. . . . Les titres, montant à 21,295*l*. 1*s*. 4*d*., étaient émanés des autorités de Dom Miguel; du tribunal de la ville de Faro; du défunt Archevêque d'Alente; du Baron de Faro; de l'agence financière de Londres, &c.; mais je n'ai pas la spécification particulière ni la date de chaque document, et je ne me rapelle plus les signatures. . . . S'il m'était facile, ou même possible, de me procurer de nouveau des originaux ou des copies authentiques des titres dont j'étais possesseur, je mettrais tout en œuvre pour y parvenir; mais les signataires des papiers perdus sont morts ou éloignés du Portugal; et quand même je me souviendrais de la date et de la nature des documens perdus, je ne saurais à qui m'adresser pour les faire refaire: les archives des autorités qui m'avaient délivré ces papiers ont été dispersées par les événemens de la guerre. . . . Les titres perdus n'étaient pas des effets publics susceptibles d'être négociés ou réalisés, moyennant une perte quelconque variable d'après le cours; c'était des titres dont la valeur devait être payée intrinsèquement, sans aucune réduction ni diminution.'

This epistle closes with the modest request that Lord Palmerston will authorize the

British

whom intrigue supplies the place of diplomacy, pique of policy, and wounded vanity of national honour, is attributable mainly to his desire for revenge on Russia, by whose proceedings, it is supposed, he considers himself to have been aggrieved. This noble Lord, who likes rebellion as little in our own dependencies as he is eager in promoting it in those of our allies, believed, on what ground we know not, that the Greek authorities had fomented the discontents in the Ionian Islands, and that Russia had encouraged this hostile policy. According, then, to the maxims of the Foreign Office, as a grudge with France was to be avenged in the palace of Madrid, and one with Austria in the Vatican, so Russia was to be mortified by the humiliation of a quasi-dependency. If this was the object, never was any minister more signally defeated, and never was folly more instantaneously punished. It would appear that those whom this Minister delights to honour are predestined to shame, and that his enmity is the infallible road to triumph. His violence at Athens has terminated in affording a complete victory to the petty state he intended to oppress, and placing him in the mortifying position of seeking the mediation of France to adjust claims which, 'right or wrong,' he had insisted on having acknowledged.

'Our influence in the kingdom of Greece' we value slightly, as indeed we do everywhere that phantom called *influence*—odious to other powers and a vain deception to ourselves. The noble Lord himself, we presume, rates it above all other advantages, since he has sacrificed so much to preserve it. Yet he

British Minister to pass him a monthly pension of 25*l.* till his claims are satisfied.' (p. 125.) We should hardly have thought that, if Lord Palmerston were of opinion previously that any explanation was necessary, he would now be satisfied. In fact, Don Pacifico, who figures in this correspondence as a Spanish, Portuguese, and British subject, and who had applied even for French support when a co-religionist, 'l'illustre M. Crémieux,' was in power at Paris, had received his appointment from the Portuguese Government in consideration of his claims—claims which in fifteen years had never been admitted, and which never would have been recognised till the end of time, had not Lord Palmerston desired to pick a quarrel with the Government of Greece. If we had it not under their own hand, certainly, we could not have believed that any set of British Ministers could sanction such claims, with their accumulation of usurious interest—claims of which no trace exists in the archives of the state upon which they are made—granted by ministers dead or in exile, and preferred against a country revolutionised by England herself, and of which the present tottering usurpation is still upheld by British arms. We have further to regret the tone and style in which this correspondence is conducted. The Greek Ministers are incensed and irritated by the insolence with which they are treated, and they reply in a style which almost justifies Lord Palmerston's impertinence. Diplomatic agents are considered frequently as little better than licensed spies, and are often shunned accordingly; but under Lord Palmerston's directions they are converted into conspirators and tyrants, and we shall soon expect to see them all dismissed as uncereemoniously as they were from Madrid.

must

must believe it now altogether annihilated, since he has entreated France to save him from the shame of a defeat, and been forced to reveal to all the world the secret that in some cases even a British fleet may be braved with impunity.*

Another object has also been accomplished which the most skilful diplomacy had hitherto failed of achieving. The French and Russian cabinets have been compelled to coalesce by a proceeding which they are both equally bound to resent. The noble Lord has hurried that good understanding between these two great powers which France so earnestly thirsted for, and from which Russia had hitherto held aloof only from a doubt of the stability of the President's government. When these allies are united, we shall see a compact phalanx arrayed against us, such a one as Buonaparte could never marshal, now tied and bound together by the bond of well-merited hatred, issuing out of the insolent violence of our measures, alike offensive and injurious to them all—a league consisting *only* of Spain, Greece, Naples, Prussia, Austria, France, and Russia.

Mr. Baxter's silly remarks relate to grave subjects, and we have therefore been led to treat them with a seriousness which many will think uncalled for. We have little more to observe. He is most unjustly severe on a certain description of travellers—'those countrymen of our own, of all men the most contemptible, who winter in Italy and kill the summer in cooler countries, insensible to the beauties of nature and the peculiarities of character, but who talk pompously of their travels.' (p. 101.) We feel hardly inclined to be so harsh; our severity would be reserved for those who judge without understanding, who foster the prejudices they should seek to dispel, and who warp the truth to support their untenable theories. In fact, our countrymen, and especially the travellers for the press, with whom Mr. B. is especially angry, are quite innocent of the hostility to Continental reform with which Mr. Baxter

* We have heard it hinted that the Grand Duke of Tuscany has incurred the wrath of the noble Lord at the head of the Foreign Office, and that Leghorn may perhaps be the scene of another 'demonstration' similar to that exhibited at the Piræus. How the republic of S. Marino must rejoice that its insular position places it beyond the reach of Admiral Parker!—a satisfaction the Prince of Monaco cannot enjoy, since his dominions lie at the mercy of the British squadron, and of the 'hostile attitude' of its commander. We expressed in a former article (No. 168, p. 513) our satisfaction that the integrity of the English residents at Naples prevented their advancing claims on the Government, which would have been cheerfully supported by our Foreign Office. We cannot expect that our countrymen will always be equally honest and discreet—but should they even prove so, would this be any security? The wand of the Foreign Minister can convert a Portuguese Jew into a British subject. Is the race of Don Pachi extinct in the Levant? Are there no renegade Turks, no Armenian bankrupts ('things to strike honour sad') whose claims may be made the stalking-horse of his Lordship's vengeance?

brands them; 'they, on the contrary, hailed the Italian and German revolutions with all the unquestioning faith of ill-informed philanthropy; by slow degrees and with painful reluctance they opened their eyes to the truth, and that they have not yet discovered its extent, and not yet abandoned all hope, is distinctly proved by the fact that the noble Lord, whose conduct we have so frequently deplored, yet retains his place at her Majesty's council-board.

That Mr. Baxter has no taste may be his own misfortune, and is of little consequence to any one else; and that he prefers 'eating oranges in the trattoria' to seeing palaces, is very natural for any bailie who is not a grocer. At Caserta, one of the most splendid and strikingly situated palaces in Europe, he sees little to admire excepting a toilette-table and glass 'made from one piece of marble.' But we have not leisure for more of his *virtu*.

This philosophical Radical is a strenuous stickler for the equal rights of man, his inherent dignity and inalienable birth-right of freedom; and unquestionably he is very tenacious of his own dignity and very intolerant of any encroachment upon it. He has no patience with the liberal regulations of aristocratical Austria. He embarks on board a steamer belonging to the Austrian Lloyd's Company, bound for Constantinople:—

'It was nightfall, but we could distinguish tall Albanians pacing backwards and forwards, attended by dirty servants, a group of disreputable-looking people standing by the wheel, several Greek and Turkish families squatting on the planks, provided with mattresses, cooking utensils, onions, black bread, &c. &c. Not only rich Egyptians and Arabs, but also Albanian nobles and Greek merchants, who have houses in London and possess great wealth, travel as deck passengers on board the steamers in the East. French and English captains of course compel these folks to be content with the accommodation for which they pay; but the Austrian Lloyd's Company permit them to mingle freely with first-class travellers, nay, often to monopolise the poop-deck. This practice is most reprehensible. How can ladies walk on a deck which is crowded with dirty Greeks eating garlic and onions, and with little insects of a troublesome nature? For gentlemen it matters not; but let no English female set foot on board an Austrian steamer in the Levant.'—p. 217.

We are, we own, not a little amused at this complaint. A gentleman of Mr. Baxter's beau ideal of that character may be quite indifferent as to 'little insects;' but 'ladies' must not so much as breathe the same air (for it is their presence on the *deck* that is objected to) which is contaminated by the presence of 'rich Egyptians, Albanian nobles, and Greek merchants, who have houses in London, and who possess great wealth.'

An old schoolfellow of Canning and Frere invited *them* to come to hear him preach one of his first sermons. 'Well,' said he—as they walked home afterwards—'and how did you like it?' 'Excellent,' said Canning; 'but I thought your discourse rather a short one.'—'Why, really,' said the preacher, much flattered, 'I was resolved not to be long—I was afraid of being tedious.' 'Oh,' rejoined Canning, 'but you *were* tedious.'

We will not leave Mr. Baxter without bestowing all the approbation in our power. His volume is not long, though it is tedious. He dispatches the history of Europe, its present condition, commercial, political, and religious, with its prospects and future destiny, in 380 loosely printed pages of an octavo volume.

- ART. XI.—1. *Pourquoi la Révolution d'Angleterre a-t-elle réussi? Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.* Par M. Guizot. Paris. 1850.
2. *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848.* Par Alphonse de Lamartine. 2 vols. Paris. 1849.
3. *Pages d'Histoire de la Révolution de Février 1848.* Par Louis Blanc. Bruxelles. 1850.
4. *Mémoires du Citoyen Caussidière, Ex-Préfet de Police et Représentant du Peuple.* 2 vols. London. 1848.
5. *Les Conspirateurs.* Par Adolphe Cheuu, Ex-Capitaine des Gardes du Cit. Caussidière. Pp. 223. Paris. 1850.
6. *La Naissance de la République en Février 1848.* Par Lucien De la Hodde. Pp. 110. Paris. 1850.
7. *A Review of the French Revolution of 1848, from the 24th of February to the Election of the First President.* By Capt. Chamier, R.N. 2 vols. London. 1849.

IT may seem at first sight strange that we should bring into the same view M. Guizot's grave, eloquent, and high-toned lucubrations on English History, with works of so opposite a character as the spawn of the late French Revolution; but in truth there is a real, and by no means obscure, relation between them. M. Guizot's work, though its proper and more prominent merit is the masterly view that he takes of the Grand Révolution, the Restoration, and the Revolution in England, all of which are treated in language that must be universally admired, and a spirit that will be pretty generally approved,—M. Guizot's work, we say, has obviously the *arrière pensée*—if, indeed, it was not the first motive—of contributing to the instruction of his own countrymen;

countrymen; and his theme of 'Why the English Revolution has succeeded,' is but a contrasted exposition of why the French Revolution has failed, and a very significant lesson as to how it may be made ultimately to succeed:—

'Sixty years ago France entered on the path [of revolution, formerly] opened by England; and Europe lately rushed headlong in the same direction. It is my purpose to show what are the causes which have crowned constitutional monarchy in England, and republican government in the United States, with that solid and lasting success which France and the rest of Europe are still vainly pursuing, through those mysterious trials and revolutionary struggles, which, according as they are well or ill passed through, elevate or pervert a nation for ages. Two centuries have elapsed since the English Republic put to death King Charles I., and, in a few short years, crumbled to dust on the soil still wet with the blood it had shed. The French Republic has since exhibited the same spectacle. And we still hear it said that these great crimes were acts of a great policy; that they were enjoined by the necessity of founding those Republics which hardly survived them a day!'—*Guizot*, p. 1.

The English Revolution succeeded because it was made by the intelligent classes of society, under a pressing necessity, going no farther than the removal of the specific danger, and doing so by the least possible deviation from the existing system—or, to use a shorter formula, our Revolution succeeded because it was as little as could be of a revolution. The French Revolution has failed in all its various stages because it was blind, wanton, and sweeping—made by the wildest heads, the most depraved hearts, and the dirtiest hands that the intoxicated country could supply, and on no principle but that of overturning and departing from, as far as possible, every thing that existed. And assuredly nothing could come more opportunely for the elucidation of M. Guizot's general views than the publication of these revolutionary Memoirs—they are, as it were, the *pièces justificatives* of his didactic conclusions. It is as if we had the pregnant brevity of Tacitus, illustrated by the confessions of Vinius and Laco and the mutual delations of Crispus and Faustus. If we were to consider M. Guizot's work abstractedly and as a mere historical essay, we should have to suggest some doubts, and to make some reserves, in our general concurrence with his statements and opinions: for instance, we must have insisted on a most important consideration, which (strangely enough) M. Guizot does not allude to, which is, that about the time when our Revolution gave such permanent weight to the principle of popular representation, there began almost simultaneously

simultaneously that countervailing system by which the House of Commons itself was made indirectly sensible of the influence of the aristocracy and the Crown; and Gaston, Old Saram, and their fellows helped to maintain the practical balance of the constitution against what would otherwise have become a single absorbing and irresistible power. The Reform Bill deranged, and in a great measure destroyed, that moderating influence, which, however, was and is so vitally necessary to the co-ordination of monarchy with popular representation, that the monarchy is now existing only on its remnants; and we must, therefore, confess that we by no means take the flattering view which M. Guizot does of the stability of our constitutional system. Gratefully acknowledging that the Revolution of 1688 was followed by upwards of a century and a half of unprecedented order, freedom, and prosperity—we have the strongest apprehensions that the democratic tendencies of all our recent measures are preparing a certain—not slow, and yet we hope not violent—passage to a different state of things. We fear that M. Guizot may be the last that will have to congratulate us on the wise stability of our political and religious institutions.

The first thing that strikes us in the memoirs of these heroes of the February Revolution is that they should prove themselves and their colleagues to have all been such poor creatures. Some of them we know have individual talents. One is a poet, another an astronomer—this a sharp lawyer, that a lively journalist, and so forth; but for the duties into which they were hoisted on the 24th of February they were all ridiculously, or rather as France has found it deplorably, incapable. They had begun they knew not what, and to go on with it, they knew not how. Terrible to everybody, they were most so to each other; and now that they have fallen into general contempt, each of them is ready to confess that all, except himself, deserve it. The sentimental Robespierre, Marat the *friend of the people*, Danton the bold, and Chaumette the brutal, had a kind of maniacal faith in their revolutionary vocation—they were in earnest—they were enthusiasts, and reached the sublime of guilt and terror. Their pale shadows in the last Revolution—the Lamartines, Louis Blancs, Ledru Rollins, and Caussidières—have neither the sincerity, the energy, nor the ferocity of the old Jacobins. Their hearts were neither bad enough nor their heads good enough to rival the ancient masters—they could get no nearer to them than the '*lapels of their waistcoats*;' and were, in truth, no better than the accidental authors and very indifferent actors of a kind of *Tom Thum* parody of the great tragedy. But their farce has had awful consequences. In their rashness,

rashness, inexperience, and incapacity these mountebanks set fire to the theatre, and though they have escaped with their own lives, thousands of other more valuable lives and millions of property have been lost in the conflagration; and what is still worse, though they are *out*—the *fire* is *not*.

The next most striking feature of these memoirs is, that three such prominent actors in the revolution as Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and Caussidière should have added so little to its real and so much to its fabulous history. What is new in their works is not true—what is true is not new. It is evident that they write, not to lay open the real springs of the affair, but to conceal them. The works themselves are marked, of course, with the individual characters of the men. Lamartine's is *eau sucrée*, Louis Blanc's *aigre-doux*, while Caussidière's savours more strongly of the ardent spirit; but however different their styles, they are all pervaded by one common characteristic, an extravagance—we had almost said impudence—of personal vanity, which neither a miraculous elevation could satisfy, nor an abject and ridiculous discomfiture abate; they are all three as much astonished at their fall as the rest of mankind were at their rise. What Pascal says of the general disregard of truth is peculiarly applicable to them: '*Il y a différens degrés dans cette aversion pour la vérité; mais on peut dire qu'elle est dans tous, parce-qu'elle est inséparable de leur amour propre.*' We are not so absurd as to complain of egotism in memoirs, and especially in apologetical memoirs. It is their essence. We therefore opened the volumes, expecting that these gentlemen were to talk largely and favourably of themselves; but we were not prepared for so entire a lack of new matter, such a deluge of garrulous *amour propre*—so inordinate and so blind a profusion of self-glorification. We say blind, because, in fact, any man of sense must see that all this self-applause, which turns—in the cases of Lamartine and Caussidière altogether, and in that of Louis Blanc mainly—on their wonderful, their superhuman exertions to preserve society from the extremities of plunder and massacre, involves also a heavy weight of self-condemnation on themselves, who had evoked and let loose the elements of massacre and plunder. It is as if a crew of mutineers, having set fire to a ship, should make a merit of having endeavoured to put out the flames when they menaced their own destruction. The praise of having worked hard—sometimes by speeches and puppet-shows, sometimes by force and terror, and still oftener by deception and intrigue—to maintain themselves in their sovereign dignities, we willingly concede to them; but beyond that motive, in which
self

self had so large a share—their own power, *their own lives* depending on the restoration of some kind of public order—we confess we find nothing that a man of sense or even courage ought to be proud of. And this we say, supposing the story that they are pleased to tell us were indisputably true; but, on the contrary, we have abundant proof, from their own confessions and that of their accomplices, that many, we believe we might say most, of their statements are essentially false. It would occupy our whole article to give a tithe of the inconsistencies—the impossibilities that might be selected from their volumes. We shall content ourselves with one or two specimens from the very first pages of their several productions.

We shall by-and-by have to notice many of M. Lamartine's inaccuracies, but here we must allow his colleague M. Louis Blanc to speak first. He begins his tale with the '*Berceau de la République*'—the *véritable* berceau he calls it, with a sneer at M. Lamartine's *veracity* :—

'I have no right to contradict the narrative given by M. Lamartine of what passed on the 24th of February at the Palais Bourbon; I was not there; but that which I have a right to assert is, that in placing the birthplace of the Republic in the Palais Bourbon [the Chamber of Deputies], M. Lamartine *has committed an inconceivable error.*'—p. 15.

And he proves it. A few pages after he says—

'M. Lamartine transports us into his own *world of delusions*, and instead of writing history, he, unintentionally (*sans le vouloir et le savoir*), suppresses it.'—p. 22.

And again, more generally—

'*Nothing more inexact* than the colour M. Lamartine gives to all these events, and 'tis a pity he did not look at the *Moniteur* to correct his recollections.'—p. 24.

And again—

'It must be confessed that M. Lamartine writes the Journal of his reminiscences under the empire of that *inventive imagination* which, in perfect sincerity, *peoples history with phantoms.*'—p. 46.

Such is the general trustworthiness of M. Lamartine, as vouched, in the least offensive terms he could use, by that near and sharp observer Louis Blanc. Now let us give a specimen of M. Louis Blanc's own style of writing history. We take the first important one we meet—*his* rival account of the '*Birth of the Republic.*' Our readers will see that substantially nothing is added to the general evidence we collected in our Article of March, 1848; but they will be amused at the *naïveté* with which the author confesses so low and illegitimate an origin

origin for his Revolution, and at the vanity and grandiloquence with which the facts are, when not totally altered, so richly embroidered that they are hardly to be recognized. When we wrote that article, we knew no more of the personal history of M. Louis Blanc than that he was a journalist attached to the *Réforme*, and had published his *Histoire de Dix Ans* and his *Organisation du Travail*; we have since learned from his article by a friendly pen in the *Biographie de l'Assemblée Nationale*, that he was born in 1813; that, at the age of seventeen, he came to Paris very poor, to seek his fortune; that he became first a clerk (*petit-clerc*) to an attorney, then usher in a school, then tutor in a private family, and, finally, a journalist. How he became one of the Dictators of France, he himself shall tell.

After stating that the *National* and the *Réforme* had a strong shade of difference—the *National* taking part with the *gauche dynastique*, that is, Odillon Barrot and Co.—the *Réforme* adopting the extreme *soc-democ** Republic of Louis Blanc—he tells us that these differences had excited antipathies between the two journals; but on the morning of the 24th of February they forgot their differences in presence of the common enemy, and, at an early hour, not precisely specified, but stated as ‘long prior’ to the scenes of the Chamber, Martin ‘de Strasbourg,’ one of the *Nationalists*, came to the office of the *Réforme* to agree, ‘*pour s’entendre avec nous*,’ as to preparing a list of a Provisional Government, whose advent both cliques foresaw. The rest of the birth of the Republic, starting armed from the head of these new *Jupiter-Scapins*, we give in his own words:—

‘Martin engaged that the *National* should accept the Government that *He* and *We* of the *Réforme* should agree on. Our deliberation was calm and solemn, but short and decisive. The name of M. Odillon Barrot was suggested by one voice [probably the *National* plenipotentiary Martin], but it was rejected with a mixture of anger and contempt. The names accepted were Dupont, Arago, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Marie, Marrast, Crémieux, Garnier-Pagès, de Lamartine, and Louis Blanc. This list was settled long before (*bien avant*) there was anything of the kind proposed at the Chamber; and that which was subsequently formed there was the same as ours, *minus the names of those who were not members of the Chamber*. Two copies were made of this list: one was taken by Martin to the *National*—I took the other to read to the people, who at that moment

* The Revolution, which has economised nothing else, has become sparing of syllables. An *aristo* and a *roac* are what the old Jacobins used to call *aristocrate* and *réactionnaire*; while the partisans of *la République Démocratique et Sociale* have abridged themselves into *democ-socs*.

were returning victorious from the Tuileries, and were crowding from all sides to the office of the *Réforme*.'

The office of the *Réforme* was in a portion of what was formerly the *Hôtel de Bullion*, in the busy, narrow, and dirty street, originally called *Rue Plâtrière*, or Plaster-street, afterwards honoured by the name of *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, who once had lodgings there; but now more memorably ennobled by being the august stage on which citizens Martin and Louis Blanc created the Republic and elected the Provisional Government. In any fresh nomenclature of the streets of Paris, the *berceau* of that *Gouvernement plâtré* might, we think, recover its old name. M. Louis Blanc proceeds:—

'Terrible and imposing spectacle! The great court of the Hôtel de Bullion was crowded with *phalanxes* of enthusiastic citizens, brandishing their victorious muskets, displaying on their belts and blouses the glorious marks of blood, and darting from their eyes the lightning flashes of triumph. I read the list. It was accepted with acclamations; but one name was wanting:—"Albert! Albert!" exclaimed with passionate transport some thousands (*des milliers*) of voices. Most of us knew nothing of Albert; as for me, I had never seen him. But what title could we have equal to those of this representative of the Faubourgs, whose name, thus suddenly become historical, was in so many mouths, prompted by the feelings of so many hearts? The emotion that seized me was the strongest that I have ever felt. Albert was a poor working mechanic: he had never figured amongst the democratic leaders. Lost in the crowd of humble soldiers and devotees to the cause, he had never asked of the Republic more than the honour of dying in her holy cause. At this very time where was he? No doubt at some barricade! Was there not in this single fact the birth of a new world? It was Labour, rising to vindicate its share in the direction of human affairs. It was the sovereignty of the people, electing as its representative a man of the people. It was the blouse of the workman effacing the purple which kings had dishonoured. Yes, I call Heaven to witness, that it was with an invincible emotion, and eyes wet with tears, that I inscribed on the list of the future dictators of France these two words, *Albert, ouvrier*.'—p. 21.

As to M. Louis Blanc's taste and eloquence, our readers will judge for themselves; but we are sorry to be obliged to say, on the evidence of many witnesses, that M. Louis Blanc seems to be subject to the same kind of 'delusions,' and the same bad habit 'of peopling history with phantoms,' with which he so justly reproaches his poetical friend M. Lamartine.

This celebrated *ouvrier's* name was no more *Albert* than it was *Victoria*. It appeared on his subsequent trial at Bourges to have really been *Martin*, exchanged for the more aristocratic
.. *pseudonyme*

pseudonyme of Albert. M. Louis Blanc says that most of those who assembled at the *Réforme* knew nothing of Albert—other witnesses describe, and admitted facts seem to confirm, that Albert was the best known and most influential of the whole gang. Blanc repeats that he himself had never seen Albert till he met him some hours after this popular election in the council-chamber of the Provisional Government. All this is very strange, for Albert seems to have been a great link in the chain between the secret republican societies and the committee of the *Réforme*, to which they both belonged. If they had never met before that day, there must have been some extraordinary motive for such a reserve, and we shall see presently that there was abundant cause for mutual caution between individuals of the party; but it certainly cannot be true, if we are to believe other witnesses, that Louis Blanc could suppose that Albert was, at the moment of his election, fighting on some distant barricade; for in two lists that we have of the persons assembled in the parlour of the *Réforme*, where the election was made, we find the names of both *Louis Blanc* and *Albert*. We cannot reconcile these discrepancies, but there is assuredly what M. Louis Blanc roundly calls a ‘*mensonge*’ (p. 54) on one side or the other.

The scene of the birth of the Republic, so enthusiastically described as ‘terrible and imposing,’ is *imposing*, we admit, but the ‘terrible’ was only in its consequences. The office of the *Réforme* is a very moderate, almost mean, old house in, as we have said, a narrow, dark, and dirty street; and the *grande cour* in which so many *thousands*, as representatives of the whole French people, decreed a republic and appointed a provisional government, is a small court-yard, into which we are told that three hundred persons could hardly be crowded to see Citizen Blanc or even Citizen Punch himself. But it seems that the farce was played even before a much more select audience. Two other eye-witnesses and colleagues in the council—Chenu and De la Hodde—declare that the choice of the government was made in a *room* on the left hand as you entered the office—that there the name of Albert, *who was present*, was added to the list by one Baune the president of the meeting, and that Louis Blanc neither proclaimed Albert *ni souffla mot à la proclamation de l’ouvrier*; and as to his shedding tears—*αγαθοι πολλοδακρυτοι ανδρες*, says the Greek proverb—it may be true, but nobody saw it.

M. Caussidière’s *Memoirs* have so bold and reckless an air, and make such strange admissions as to his own *rough-and-ready* proceedings, both in seizing and handling the important office of Prefect of Police, as to create at first sight an impression of
sincerity—

sincerity—a quality to which it turns out they have as little claim as those we have just mentioned. A Parisian critic, M. Eugène Pelletan, in a review of Caussidière's work, describes him emphatically and truly—*il conspire contre la vérité*. The boldness of some of his accusations against other parties, and the frankness of some of his confessions about himself, were, it seems, only an adroit attempt to break the force of charges too notorious to be concealed and too gross to be defended. Hence a controversy with some of his former accomplices that has produced the revelations of Chenu and De la Hodde, which, though they do not create any surprise to those who knew any thing of the personal character of Caussidière or the political police of France, have disclosed scenes of turpitude and horror of which the public in general were ignorant, and of which those who must have suspected them were extremely unwilling to be certified. It must be admitted that the French Republic, though less austere than that of Sparta, has this much in common with it, that she also inculcates her lessons of prudence and morality by the disgusting exhibition of her drunken Helots.

Marc Caussidière, we are told by an admiring biographer, is 'the son and brother of conspirators—a great name' in his party, though originally only '*tour à tour fabricant, commis-voyageur, négociant, et puis conspirateur*,' which latter seems in truth to have been the chief employment of his adventurous life. He is described as a man of large stature, coarse manners, intemperate and sensual habits, vulgar gaiety, and reckless spirit, but possessing what seem to have been rare qualities amongst his brother conspirators, fidelity to his party and sense and courage in occasions of difficulty and danger. He belonged to the *Réforme* in the capacity of travelling clerk only; but his zeal and activity in spreading sedition while obtaining subscriptions for that very languishing paper, as well, no doubt, as his many political imprisonments and the decision and apparent *bon-homme* of his character, gave him more influence among the managers of the journal and the party in general than his rank in life and his humble employment could have naturally commanded.

Intimately connected with him in the secret societies and conspiracies, as well as in the office of the *Réforme*, were two persons, Adolphe Chenu, a young shoemaker, and Lucien De la Hodde, we presume a man of letters—for he was a contributor of articles not only to the *Réforme*, but also to the *Charivari*, the Parisian '*Punch*'—far inferior to our own in its letter-press, immeasurably so in its caricatures. De la Hodde, it has since appeared, was in the pay of the police, and Caussidière now asserts that Chenu was also
a traitor.

a traitor. De la Hodde was convicted, as we shall see by and by, of the fact, and now defends it, as having been not only useful to society at large, but kind towards the individuals he betrayed, as by his intelligence he enabled the police to prevent mischief, and so saved his friends from risking their lives in hopeless *émeutes*. The intercourse of Chenu with the police is roundly asserted by Caussidière, and not quite so roundly denied by Chenu: for our own parts we suspect that, though there may have been no proofs, there were good grounds for suspicion against him—for we can hardly otherwise account for the submission with which, at Caussidière's nod, he quitted a comparatively high position which the Revolution had given him in Paris, to go as a common soldier to be worried and wounded in the marauding invasions of Belgium and Baden; and we remember also the friendly warning of a former Prefect of Police to some conspirators whom he was lecturing, that '*among every three of them there was at least—mind,*' said he, '*I say at least—one spy.*'

There seems no doubt that both Chenu and De la Hodde had entered into these republican conspiracies very young, and probably very sincerely, and that although induced to listen to the siren sound of the Prefect's *écus*, they were in heart, as well as in appearance, hostile to the Government. Which of our own reformers was it that, when taxed with some similar corruption, alleged that he served the people by draining the resources of their enemies? Certain it is that De la Hodde and Chenu took a most conspicuously forward part in the fight on the morning of the 24th of February, and particularly at the *Place du Palais Royal*, where the insurgents, unable to force the guard-house, set fire to it and *burned alive* the troops and police that defended it. It was after this exploit that Caussidière, Emmanuel Arago, *Albert*, De la Hodde, Chenu, and the rest adjourned to the office of the *Réforme*, where, with Flocon, Louis Blanc, &c., they elected the Provisional Government—which being done, E. Arago was appointed Postmaster-General, and Chenu proposed Caussidière for Prefect of Police—'a most important trust,' the president of the meeting said, 'as they should then discover the traitors who had betrayed them for so many years.' Chenu caught, he says, an uneasy expression in De la Hodde's countenance. *Set a thief to catch a thief.* Caussidière seems to have been dissatisfied with this subordinate, though important place; he thought that he had claims to be of the Provisional Government at least as strong as those of Flocon, Louis Blanc, or Albert; but at last he accepted it and set off to take possession. Arago had gone on a like errand to the Post Office close at hand, but returned to report that he had been repulsed by the sentinels. Chenu with a body of some

fifty republicans, whom he had somehow attached to his person, escorted him back and installed him in his office. Chenu then followed his friend and nominee Caussidière to the Prefecture of Police, and there his band of republicans were established as the *Guard* of the Prefecture—he, Chenu, being named its Captain; while De la Hodde—self-appointed, says Caussidière—became Secretary-General of the Police!

Then follows a description of M. Caussidière and his proceedings, every line of which is exceedingly curious. We can only find room for a few of the more characteristic passages.

The first care of the new Prefect on taking possession was to open the drawers of the late Prefect's desk—they were empty. '*Zéro à la caisse!*' he exclaimed, '*pas un monaco!*' The next was to look for the *secret registers* of political offences—here, however, he could light only on some reports concerning a certain class of the female population. But in his third concern he was not disappointed; he ordered the dinner intended for his predecessor to be served to him and his friends, whom he hospitably invited to partake of it.

After dinner the butler of the late Prefect, by name John, took occasion, while serving M. Chenu a glass of superlative brandy, to ask him to recommend him to the new Prefect to be continued in his place. 'I promise you, Mr. John,' said Chenu, 'that you can have no better recommendation than this admirable stuff. Take care to keep him well supplied with it, and you need not fear being dismissed.' 'Do you think so, Sir?' said John. 'Certain!' answered Chenu; 'I know his tastes' (p. 89).

'Next day,' says Chenu, 'John whispered me with a sly air, "I say, Sir, I left a bottle of that same old brandy on his table last night.—Ah! you gave me famous advice—he drank every drop of it, and seemed pleased to observe this morning that I had replaced it with another."—Chenu, p. 98.

The use or abuse of John's complaisance subjected the Prefect to some nocturnal adventures in the streets of Paris, of which he himself confesses enough to accredit the broader details of M. Chenu. The temper and manners of this wonderful magistrate, as well as his respect for law and liberty, may be appreciated by what *he himself* tells us of the first audience which he gave to the chief clerks and principal officers of his department, whom he dismissed from his gracious presence with this compliment:—

'If any one of you should be guilty of infidelity (*trahison*), I shall have him *shot instantly* in the court yard of the *Prefecture*.'—*Causs.*, i. 74.

Caussidière, with more gratitude and prudence than decency, surrounded himself with old friends and confidants, and organized

organized a military force of the most *exaltés* of the lower classes of the secret societies. One Pornin, a political *détenu* with a wooden leg, was nominated Governor of the *Prefecture* and Commandant of its motley garrison, which afterwards made so much noise and gave so much trouble to the Provisional Government under the name of the *Montagnards*.

‘Pornin (in consequence of a drunken accident which had befallen Caussidière) took it into his head to be alarmed for the life of his friend, whom he delighted to call the “Sun of the Republic,” and established himself in an anteroom, or rather a large waiting-room opposite to the door of the Prefect’s Cabinet. Hither he brought a bed, in which he slept with his daughter and her husband, placing two sentinels at his own door and two others at the Prefect’s. This apartment became a real den of thieves. Like the Prefect, he kept an open table [at the public expense]; and as he was charged with the recruiting and organization of the *Montagnards* and the new Republican police, his room was always filled with candidates, with whom, when he had expended all the wine allowed him, he would go down to drink in the neighbouring street, and would even give a fellow the badge of a policeman for a glass of brandy. The favourite theme of his table conversation was the best manner of despatching 300,000 aristocrats, whom it was necessary to immolate to the consolidation of the Republic. . . . Pornin also converted his apartments at the Prefecture of Police into a theatre of the foulest debauchery; and, unhappily, the Prefect not only did not oppose his doing so, but even consented to sanction by his presence the scandalous excesses organized by his subordinate.’—*Chenu*, p. 111, &c.

For instance, this Pornin thought proper one morning to make an unauthorized inspection of the female penitentiary of St. Lazare, under the guidance of the keeper of a public house, who was, no doubt, very competent to give him an insight into the personal history of the inmates.

‘On his way home the host of the public house invited the Governor to take a glass of wine in his establishment [which seems to have been of a somewhat equivocal character], *Rue de la Vieille-Place-aux-Veaux*. One glass brought on another, till at last they all got so merry that the Governor invited the whole party—including the ladies of the establishment (*les dames composant le personnel de l’établissement*)—to supper at the Prefecture. Pornin went forward to prepare properly this little family party—this supper *à la Régence*—which he wished to give to his friends. His daughter, *la Citoyenne Chatouillard*, assisted him cleverly in those preparations, and at night-fall the guests stole into the Prefecture and installed themselves in the apartments of the Citizen-Governor. A severe order was issued to the two sentries to allow no one to enter. But such orders are more easily given than executed. It was Liberty-hall, and the *Montagnards* thought they had a right to indulge their curiosity to see the very
2 N 2 singular

singular guests the Governor had collected. These visitors were so pertinacious that it was only at a late hour of the evening that the company was free from their interruption, and at liberty to abandon itself to all the excesses of indecency of which such a set of people are capable. But they then gave free scope to them; and all that the foul imagination of the Marquis de Sade ever fancied of the most hideous depravity was practised by this shameless and disgusting troop. Champagne was in abundance, and the lurid flame that issued from immense bowls of punch disclosed scenes of the most revolting kind—scenes such as even an abandoned pen would scruple to commit to paper. Pornin, mad with wine and debauchery, was the life and soul of this disgusting *bacchanale*, and he declared that such a family party should not terminate without the presence of his friend the illustrious Prefect of Police. Caussidière soon made his appearance, joined the filthy herd, and participated with enthusiasm in their debauchery. The *orgie* lasted till daylight, and the company separated after promising to see each other soon and often.’—*Id.*, p. 116, &c.

Though well aware of the aptitude of people of this class, when suddenly unbridled, to fall into the extremes of sensual indulgence, we should have supposed these scenes to have been greatly exaggerated or even wholly misrepresented, but that there followed one incident infinitely more incredible, which, however, M. Caussidière is forced to acknowledge to the whole extent of its horror. But for his confession we could not have ventured to relate it.

We have seen that Chenu and De la Hodde were the dearest friends of Caussidière. One was his captain of the guard, the latter his secretary-general. We have seen that one of Caussidière’s earliest impulses was to get hold of the registers of political *espionnage*. He soon possessed them all; and Chenu asserts that he (Caussidière) removed his own *dossier* (the portfolio in which all the papers that concern an individual are kept) just as Louis Napoleon endeavoured to get hold of his *dossier* when he got into power. It is suspected that some of the old *employés* in the office, jealous at seeing De la Hodde lording it over them, suggested to Caussidière that he, De la Hodde, had long been in the pay of the police, and that in *his dossier* would be found his ample and continuous revelations of all the secrets of the party. So it turned out—the letter in which De la Hodde offered himself for sale, and one hundred and fifty subsequent reports, under the signature of *Pierre*, of all the movements of the anti-monarchical conspiracy, were found. It must be confessed that here was enough to have exasperated a more patient man than Caussidière, and one would not have been surprised if he had openly denounced and invoked public justice on such a traitor. Why he did not do so we cannot explain except by recurring to the saying of the old Prefect, that
wherever

wherever there were three conspirators one *at least* was in his pay, and we conceive that Caussidière, who confesses that the archives contained very awkward secrets and that he took pains to prevent scandalous revelations, may have had very sufficient reasons for not giving much publicity to the affair; but the mode which he adopted in dealing with it was adventurous and terrible beyond what an ordinary man would have conceived—he planned the murder of *De la Hodde* by *De la Hodde*, and the burying in his grave, as of a *suicide*, all the secrets as well of *De la Hodde's* own infamy as of any others that might perhaps be exposed by a public trial of that citizen. For this purpose Caussidière, who, with all his violence, seems to have had a certain reserve of caution and management, and who would not, or perhaps thought that he could not, alone force *De la Hodde* to this self-murder, convoked in Albert's apartment at the Luxembourg a secret tribunal for the trial and (which was not doubtful) condemnation of the unhappy *De la Hodde*. He, accordingly, as well as *Chenu* and the rest of Caussidière's coterie, was summoned to a meeting, the object of which was not stated, nor, by *De la Hodde* at least, suspected. *Chenu*, it seems, had some misgivings that *he* himself was in some danger of arrest—perhaps his thought went further—and he had the precaution to come to the meeting with between fifty and sixty of his guards, well armed, commanded by a near relation, and with orders to disperse themselves in the vestibules and corridors round Albert's apartment, and on hearing a pistol-shot—which *Chenu* was to fire if he found himself in danger—they were to break in to his rescue, and to take vengeance on his assailants. This counter-plot came to nothing; but it was very near causing a melodramatic tragedy even more awful than the scene that was really in preparation.

If *Chenu* had been a spy of the police, he was at least a most strenuous and unflinching *émeutier*; and so far from having been reclaimed by his misfortunes in Belgium and Baden, he was made prisoner fighting on the barricades of June, 1848. Thus captured, he was examined before one of Cavaignac's courts-martial. There he gave evidence of the principal facts, since reproduced in more detail in his *Memoirs*. We extract from his *deposition* of the 10th of August, 1848, his account of the trial and attempted immolation of *De la Hodde*. It is told in the *Memoirs* with more detail and effect, but at too great length to be extracted, and the summary of the deposition, with a few words from the *Memoirs*, will give a sufficient sketch of the scene:—

‘One evening I received notice to attend a meeting at the Luxembourg at 10 that night. I arrived a few minutes after the time. *De la Hodde* was sitting in a corner of Albert's drawing-room. There were also present Caussidière, Mercier, Sobrier, Monnier, Bocquet, Pille

Pille [Pilhes?], Albert himself, and Grandmesnil, who became president of the meeting; there were some others whose names I do not recollect. After my arrival Caussidière took a large portfolio, and accused *De la Hodde*—who jumped (*bondit*) at the mention of his name—of having betrayed them all to the late Government; producing as he went along the written proofs, and placing in the hands of the several persons present the reports that De la Hodde had made against each of them. [There were above twenty, and very bitter, against Chenu himself.] He then told him with great solemnity that *he must die, and die by his own hand*—either by a pistol or by poison, both of which he placed on the table. Caussidière showed great *sang froid*, and seemed rather prompted by the fear of future revelations on the part of De la Hodde than by a mere spirit of vengeance, for De la Hodde had incautiously cried “Ah! it’s so, is it? You shall pay for it!” But De la Hodde soon saw and felt the imprudence and idleness of such a threat, and fell into the extreme of terror and contrition. The wretched man refused to kill himself. The party were about to massacre him, and already had laid hands on him. Bocquet seized the pistol, cocked it, and was about to blow his brains out, but Albert objected to have a murder committed *in his apartment*. Monnier and I asked for mercy, and the execution in Albert’s salon was given up. It was then proposed that he should be forced to kill himself in a hackney-coach. De la Hodde still resisted—implored mercy and promising silence; but Caussidière said determinedly that after what had passed they could not permit him to live. He was, however, spared for the moment—forced with great violence into a hackney coach, well guarded, and taken back to the Prefecture, whence Caussidière removed him into close confinement in the Conciergerie, and I know not what is become of him.—*Enquête*, i. 188.

This wonderful scene, the cool ferocity of the executioner-judges, and the desperate agony of the victim, are detailed, we have no doubt, with great truth and certainly great effect in the *Memoirs*; as is also the singular contingency, that if De la Hodde had been driven to shoot himself, or if he had been shot, which was very near happening, by the hands of Bocquet, Chenu’s guards in ambush would have thought it *his* signal, and would have burst in, and perhaps exterminated, as Chenu thinks, all but their Captain.

It was evidently in consequence of this deposition, in which there were several other matters seriously affecting Caussidière, that (having fled from justice in France) he published these *Memoirs* in London, in which, while he admits the affair of De la Hodde, of which there were too many witnesses to admit of denial, he attempts a vindication on other points, and especially endeavours to disparage Chenu. Chenu, who had before only given evidence when interrogated by the court-martial, finding himself thus personally assailed, turns round on Caussidière, and produces this

this pamphlet of the '*Conspirators*,' which, besides the revelations of the turpitudes of the Revolution of February, contains a very valuable insight into the proceedings of the various secret societies of Republicans and *émeutiers* which harassed the whole reign of Louis-Philippe, and at last terminated it at a moment when they were least expecting it. Terrible as the results of these conspiracies have been in assassination, insurrection, and finally revolution, nothing can be more contemptible than the number and character of the parties. There was nothing higher amongst them than some hangers-on of the seditious journals, and it seems that their numbers in all Paris did not exceed at any time 3000—but that was a nucleus round which all the idle and 'ragged vagabonds' of that at once turbulent and cowardly city grouped themselves. We need add but one trait to this picture—that if the June insurrection had succeeded, the intended Dictator was MARC CAUSSIDIÈRE.

It seems that De la Hodde was buried in the dungeons of the Conciergerie till the reign of Caussidière was over, when he was probably allowed to escape to England: but having now returned to Paris, and Chenu's pamphlet having made him notorious, he has published his account of the '*Birth of the Republic*,' in which he shows by what mere accidents, and chiefly by the atrocious trick, fixed by a recent trial upon Lagrange, of provoking what is called the massacre of the Capucines, the insurrection was revived when all the men of the journals and of the secret societies who raised it had given it up in despair. That De la Hodde should be listened to with great distrust on personal points is obvious: but making allowance for his very natural animosity to those whom he had betrayed and who in return had subjected him to such an agony, we really see no reason to doubt that his detail of the events in the midst of which he was, is substantially correct. He does not come lower down than the proclamation of the Republic, to which he was a prominent party in the parlour of the *Réforme*, and, of course, says nothing of his short apparition as Secretary-General of Police, nor of the scene at the Luxembourg; but he promises a larger volume, in which, we suppose, these transactions will be related *à sa manière*. He complains, in a letter to the journals, that M. Chenu has represented him as unduly terrified at the prospect of the strange death with which he was menaced. On this point we confess we rather credit M. Chenu's account, who must have been a calmer observer—nor, in truth, can we think it any imputation on De la Hodde to say that he had shown a great horror of the proposition made to him, and expressed a fixed resolution not to die after that fashion. On the other details he most remarkably corroborates Chenu; and *their* memoirs, exposing

posing so graphically, so naturally, and (bating somewhat of their personal spleen against Caussidière) so truly, the weakness, folly, turpitude, and, above all, falsehood, of the Revolutionary party, are the best answer to the self-panegyrics of Lamartine and Louis Blanc; and will, we trust, increase and extend in France the feeling that she is most in need of—humiliation at having been made the dupe and the victim of such despicable men and such fortuitous circumstances.

It is in vain that M. Lamartine defends his copartnership with these men, and particularly Caussidière, in poetical flourishes and metaphors—as that ‘it was with his help that he created order out of disorder,’ and that ‘if he had conspired with him, it was as the paratonnerre conspires with a thunder-cloud to draw off the lightning.’ We ask him, who created the disorder? who collected the explosive element? and for what justifiable purpose, and with what extenuating results? When the ex-Dictator exhibits with such extravagant self-applause his struggles at the Hôtel de Ville, he obliges us to retort that they were mainly in his own defence—if he worked hard to save the boat, it was because he would have sunk in her. And when he echoes the ex-Prefect’s own boast of how soon and how completely order had been restored and maintained, how the streets were repaved, how clean they were kept, how well lighted, how gambling-houses were suppressed, and how rare street robberies had become, they forget that these are things which the summary and omnipotent power of a reckless and irresponsible despotism can do, and has every motive for doing. A reign of terror admits of no disorders but its own. The Prefect, whose first and last salutation to the heads of his department was, that if they misbehaved he would ‘shoot them in the court-yard,’ might be pretty sure that he could make people sweep before their doors; and the Government that enlisted all the most daring and disorderly of the population into the garrison of the Prefecture, and conceived the sublime idea—as M. Lamartine thinks it, and a lucky one we admit it was—of drawing off 24,000 of the worst thieves and rioters into the *Garde Mobile*, might well say that they had diminished the number of prowling malefactors and petty offences.

But to do M. Lamartine justice, the precious ointment of his panegyric is poured out not on his own head only, though that is transcendently the first object—nor even exclusively on his friends and associates—Flocon, Caussidière, and *tutti quanti*—he has an inexhaustible stock of sugar-plums, which, like the promenaders at the Carnival at Rome, he flings into the faces of everybody—except, as Louis Blanc bitterly complains, Louis Blanc. The truth as to this complaint seems to be, that, excessive as M. Lamar-
tine’

tine's estimate of M. Louis Blanc's talents and services seems to us, it falls vastly short of his own appreciation, and we strongly suspect that there is no pen in the world, however favourable or flattering, that could satisfy either of these two gentlemen's opinions of their own merit, except each his own. Panegyric is a draught which they only can sweeten to their own taste. We abridge Louis Blanc's description of this prominent feature in M. Lamartine's character and book:—

'M. Lamartine's whole policy was comprised in two words—*être applaudi*. His ear was for ever on the stretch for the praise of his own name, and in agony lest he should hear a discordant sound. He was greedy of every one's praise—he delighted to admire himself in the most opposite looking-glasses. For his *own amour propre* he would endeavour to conciliate Lord Normanby and to tame Sobrier—he offered La Rochejacquelein an embassy, and had secret conferences with Blanqui. . . . Flattery, squandered without measure or discretion to every body, is the common artifice of men who are very anxious about their own reputation. . . . They flatter that they may be flattered in return; and they gratify the vanity of other people to the profit of their own.'—p. 29.

M. Lamartine's book is a portrait-gallery of such 'faultless monsters as the world ne'er saw'—till presented by him. Never was there such a galaxy of every species of public and private virtue, and even of personal beauty. Indeed we think that, in the some hundred names he mentions, there are but two which he does not load with elaborate compliments more or less gross, and, as our readers will suppose, more or less undeserved. The two persons who have the good fortune to attract the least share of M. Lamartine's promiscuous panegyric are MM. Guizot and Thiers! M. Thiers very little, M. Guizot not at all. *Pre-fulgebant—eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur*. Louis Blanc sees nothing in this blind profusion of panegyric beyond the obvious calculation of usurious vanity.

'Incense, like interest, is but a loan
Which he lays out for what he can get;'

and Lamartine hardly, we suppose, expected much responsive adulation from MM. Thiers and Guizot.

But we suspect another auxiliary motive for this almost indiscriminate panegyric. M. Lamartine has not, perhaps, seriously given up the game of revolutionary politics; he has had a deep plunge, but he may hope to come to the surface again; he may expect that another turn or two of fortune's wheel may restore the Count of Paris to the Tuileries, or Louis Blanc to the Luxembourg—Marrast to the Palais Bourbon, and Marc Caussidière with Commander Pornin to the Prefecture. M. Lamartine's statesmanship,

manship, though not very profound, has obviously reached the celebrated maxim — ‘Live with your friends as if they were one day to become your enemies, and with your enemies as if they were to be one day your friends.’ Brydone, in his ‘Travels,’ tells us of a whimsical Englishman who took off his hat to a statue of Jupiter at Rome, and when asked ‘why?’ answered that his godship might one day be reinstated in his temple, and would perhaps remember those who were civil to him in his adversity. So M. Lamartine takes off his hat, not only to Jupiter, but to Pasquin and Marforio, and even to Silenus.

The natural consequence of all this is, that his work is equally worthless for information or amusement. He just reverses Cicero’s historical maxim, *ne quid veri audeat, ne quid falsi non audeat*. Three-fourths of his pages are filled with a compilation from the *Moniteur* of all the admirable speeches he uttered and all the statesmanlike papers he issued during his ephemeral reign, accompanied by a running commentary of the most profuse encomiums on his own genius, eloquence, courage, and even of his personal advantages, the Agamemnonian eminence of that lofty figure, and the Demosthenic energy of that fine countenance that gave weight to the flowers of rhetoric and grace to the dictates of wisdom. These are not his precise words, which, particularly in his own praise, are too diffuse to be so concentrated, but they convey his meaning and exemplify his style. In short, the whole is so disfigured by what Louis Blanc justly calls a *puissance d’illusion prodigieuse* (p. 28), that it is equally useless as a history and wearisome as a romance.

The portion of it that has the most claim to novelty is that devoted to the escape of the royal family, and especially of the King and Queen, from the Tuileries to England. But the account is erroneous in several particulars—neither malevolently nor intentionally, we believe—for he still takes off his hat to *Jupiter* and *Juno*—but from that want of accuracy of inquiry and precision of narration which characterise all his details, as far as we have had an opportunity of testing them. Now, whether such personal episodes are introduced as being of any historical value, or only to increase the general interest of the narrative, the value or the interest depends essentially on their accuracy. If worth telling, they ought to be told truly; and as M. Lamartine has thought fit to give this episode so prominent a place in his History of the Revolution, we have taken some pains to enable ourselves to relate the series of events with circumstantial correctness, and we have done so the rather because Captain Chamier, and other writers of a less romantic turn than M. Lamartine, had been led by the rumours of the day into similar inaccuracies.

Our

Our readers will be aware that the circumstantial details we are about to give could only have been authentically obtained from those who were actors in or witnesses of these interesting and, we may say, dramatic episodes. So far as the *facts* themselves are concerned, we have scrupulously followed the notes and reminiscences kindly communicated to us; but on their causes, bearings, or what may be their probable or possible consequences, the opinions and judgments which we may incidentally express are all our own.

From the moment that MM. Thiers and Barrot withdrew the command from Marshal Bugeaud, and sent orders to the troops not to resist the mob, the monarchy was lost: their factious banquet-agitation had provoked the insurrection; this pusillanimous submission made it a revolution. The intrusion into the King's private apartment—into his very closet indeed—of a motley crowd of people—'generals, deputies, journalists, inferior officers and even privates of the National Guard—besieging him with information and opinions interrupted by fresh information and contradictory suggestions' (*Lam.* p. 73), was already a practical proof—even before the word *abdication* had been pronounced—that Louis-Philippe was no longer King. In this *cohue*, which too well typified the irresistible tumult that was accumulating out of doors, the King signed his abdication as the only chance of preserving even a shred of the monarchy, or, what was at that moment more urgent, of saving the lives of his family and friends—blockaded in two or three rooms of the defenceless—we might say, already captured—palace.

M. Lamartine describes with considerable detail the spirit and energy with which the gallant veteran Marshal Bugeaud endeavoured to persuade and encourage the King against the abdication; but all these fine scenes are mere inventions, for which there is not even a colour. The Marshal not only did not oppose the abdication, but he never saw the King after the review in the morning, when nobody so much as thought of an abdication. To one of those imaginary remonstrances against the abdication as not yet necessary, the King, M. Lamartine asserts, replied:—

"*I know it, Marshal, but I am unwilling that any more blood should flow for my sake.*" The King was a man of personal courage. This remark was, therefore, not a pretext to cover his retreat or his cowardice. This one expression ought to form the *consolation of exile* and to *mitigate the verdict of history*. What God approves, men should not condemn.—p. 84.

We have no doubt that such was the King's feeling; but we repeat, no such conversation could have taken place. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the hypocritical verbiage with which M.
Lamartine

Lamartine winds up his fable—as if *this* expression were the only ‘consolation of the King’s exile’—the only one that can even ‘mitigate’ the verdict which this Rhadamanthine Judge thus records before it is pronounced!—as if this sentiment had not been already expressed by many words and *acts* of mercy and humanity throughout his whole reign! Does M. Lamartine hope that these sentimental *amendes*, towards the King, will *mitigate the verdict*, either of the present time or of posterity, on the guilt and folly of which he himself has been the accomplice, if not the main cause? It certainly will be no consolation to the King’s exile to find himself daubed by the same brush that varnishes Flocon and Caussidière.

When the King had made up his mind on his abdication, and sat down to write it at his *bureau*, he was immediately surrounded by a crowd of gazers, the greater part of whom were totally unknown to him, and who followed with eagerness every motion of his pen. Some cried out brutally, ‘*Mais dépêchez-vous donc. Vous le faites trop long. Vous n’en finissez pas!*’ Others exclaimed, when they saw that the name of the Duchess of Orleans was not inserted, and that the King made no mention of the Regency, ‘*Ah, mais cela ne peut pas aller comme cela. Il faut que vous déclariez la Duchesse d’Orléans Régente.*’* ‘*D’autres le feront s’ils le croient nécessaire,*’ answered the King, sternly; ‘*mais moi, je ne le ferai pas; c’est contraire à la loi; et comme, grâce à Dieu, je n’en ai encore violé aucune, je ne commencerai pas dans un tel moment.*’

The confusion was so great that the act of abdication was snatched from the King’s hands before he could make a copy of it—and it is not certainly known what has become of it. It has been said that it found its way into the hands of Lagrange, the hero of the *Capucines* massacre, now a member of the National Assembly: M. Lamartine adopts this version, and has embellished it with some of his usual picturesque inaccuracy; but we see good reason to suspect—indeed, to be pretty confident—that the paper possessed by Lagrange, and given by him to Antony Thouret, one of his colleagues in the *Réforme*, and now in the National Assembly, was but a *copy*, and a clumsy and inaccurate one, of the original paper.†

The first thought that then occurred to the King was to disen-

* M. Crémieux, the Jew lawyer, was undoubtedly in the royal closet at that moment, as M. Lamartine states; but he is mistaken when he adds that Crémieux made those interpellations to the King. It appears, on the contrary, that he took no share in them.

† See Lamartine, 78; and *La Réforme* of the 11th, 12th, 17th, and 19th April, 1848. tangle

tangle the Duchess of Orleans from the inconvenience of his presence near her, and to give her, by his immediate departure and *éloignement*, the best chance of allaying the personal suspicion and animosity which existed against himself, and of giving as much strength as possible to the establishment of the Regency.

The Queen looked upon this scene with alarm, but dignity; and when the abdication was thus extorted from the King, M. Lamartine says that 'she turned to M. Thiers, and exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, you did not deserve so good a king, whose only revenge is to retire before his enemies."' (p. 85.) The words, as they struck the ear of our informant; were only '*Vous l'avez—vous vous en repentirez,*' and they seemed to be addressed to those who had pressed the abdication, but not to M. Thiers in particular.

Captain Chamier, with an inaccuracy not pardonable on so important a point, on which even M. Lamartine might have set him right, states that the Duchess of Orleans was *forgotten* or *neglected* in her apartments in a distant part of the palace, and was only apprised of the King's flight *after he was gone*. (v. i. p. 63.) This statement, with some others founded on it, is altogether a mistake, and is indeed inconsistent with some other passages of Captain Chamier's work. The Duchess and her children were the whole morning with the rest of the family in the King's closet: when she heard her name thus proposed as regent, and saw that the King was about to depart without her, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, 'Ah, Sir, do not abandon me. I am but a poor weak woman; what should I do without your advice and protection?' 'My dearest, dearest child,' said the King, embracing her, 'you owe yourself to your children and to France, and you must remain.' And forcing himself with some difficulty from her arms, he left her astounded with the unexpected burden of power with which the motley crowd seemed for the moment disposed to invest her. The truth, however, is, that the advice of abdication, and the proposal of proclaiming the Duchess Regent and her son King, was no more than a scheme of the revolutionists to accelerate Louis-Philippe's departure. We now know that a *Provisional Government* had been already prepared in the newspaper offices.

At that moment the King and Queen had all their children, grandchildren, sons and daughters in law, then in Paris, in the King's apartment, except the Duke of Nemours, who was at the head of the troops in the court of the palace, endeavouring by a steady attitude and countenance to prevent the irruption of the mob

mob from the Carrousel. The only other of the King's sons at hand was the Duke of Montpensier, whom M. Lamartine describes as very forward in urging the abdication, and who was, we have no doubt, strongly impressed with the personal danger in which the royal family were placed, and thought it—as it certainly was—his first duty to attend the King and Queen; but the Duchess of Montpensier being great with child, it would have been dangerous to expose her to all the risks of the intended walk down the long avenue of the Tuileries. The Duke, therefore, committed her to the care of a trusty friend who happened to be at hand, and who conducted her to his own house in the neighbourhood, whence she proceeded by Eu to Boulogne, and so, on Monday the 28th, to England. Captain Chamier is still under the surprise that *we* were at first at this apparent *délaissement* of the Duchesse de Montpensier; but her personal condition and the duty of the prince—the only prince present—to protect the retreat of the King and Queen and the rest of the family—and the suddenness, the *momentaneity* of the whole *débâcle*, subsequently explained this apparent neglect.

The young Duchess arrived safely at Eu, where the whole family expected to meet; but on her arrival there, General Thierry, the Duke's aide-de-camp, who attended her, and M. d'Estancelin—a gentleman of that neighbourhood and an old schoolfellow and particular friend of the Duke's, now a member of the National Assembly, who had come to wait on her—were so seriously alarmed by an account that the mob were marching to attack the château, that they hurried her royal highness away towards Boulogne. They arrived at Abbeville late in the evening; but the populace, though not knowing exactly who she was, guessed that the party were political fugitives, and stopped the carriage in so menacing a manner that the Princess and the General were forced to abandon it and escape on foot, in the dark, through the town, and at length out of it by a side door luckily left open for the use of some workmen employed in repairing one of the great gates. Hence they had great difficulty in groping their way through deep and miry back ways to the high road, where, after having been two or three hours exposed to cold and wet, the carriage (which was released by the exertions of M. d'Estancelin) overtook her, and conveyed her to Boulogne. The courage and even gaiety of the young Princess throughout this nocturnal adventure were very remarkable. M. Lamartine *more suo* embroiders it with some circumstances which we believe to be not more accurate than his final assertion that the Duchess proceeded to 'Belgium and Brussels, where her husband awaited her' (*Lamartine*, 314); but we may accept his general evidence as to the danger to which the royal family seems to have

have been *everywhere* exposed, and to the peculiar cowardice and inhumanity with which a leading *patriot*, to whom M.M. d'Estancelin and Thierry applied, refused this poor young woman, whose personal condition they urged on his pity, a refuge for the night.

Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg and his little boy Philippe, the orphan of the accomplished Princess Mary, who were also in the King's closet at the moment of departure, took a different route and reached Germany in safety. M. Lamartine professes to have felt a great anxiety to facilitate and protect the retreat of all the royal family, and he especially glorifies himself for having given passports to this German prince, who was in no danger whatsoever, and who obtained, in the usual course, a passport through the minister of his own court; but we do not find that M. Lamartine gave a passport to any human being—royal, gentle, or simple—that really stood in need of it. Perhaps it may be that he had no opportunity. We know not how that might be, but we know, and shall prove as we proceed, that neither the fugitives themselves, nor the subordinate agents of the new Government, had any reason to believe that M. Lamartine was desirous of favouring their escape.

The rest of the royal party now left the palace, not (as was at first reported, and as M. Lamartine and Captain Chamier have erroneously repeated) through a subterranean passage under the river terrace, but through the great vestibule and down the centre avenue of the garden to the Place Louis XV.—the six infant grandchildren being carried in the arms of persons of the suite. At the garden front of the palace they found a strong detachment of cavalry of the National Guard, which General Dumas, aide-de-camp of the King, had prudently brought up to protect their passage. At the sight of the Royal family on foot amongst them, these troops expressed their loyalty and sympathy by cries of '*Vive le Roi!*'—'*Vive la Famille Royale!*'

The King had evidently no expectation of being forced to leave France. His retirement from Paris and its neighbourhood was all that was contemplated; a new government it was supposed would have appeased the disturbance; and it was thought indispensable to the success of that government that his absence should remove any suspicion of the Regent's being a tool in his hands. The ultimate object of his journey was no doubt the old château of Eu in Normandy, a favourite residence which he had repaired and embellished, and to which he now looked as a retreat for his old age; but it was evident that it was on the St. Cloud side of Paris that he could make the easiest exit; and accordingly it appears that as soon as the resolution

lution of abdicating was taken, the royal carriages were ordered to proceed to the *grille*, or iron gate, of the Tuileries gardens, opening into the Place Louis XV.—still called, from a draw-bridge that was formerly the passage over a sunk fence, the *Pont Tournant*. M. Lamartine boasts, and has a thousand echoes, that his revolution was made without violence or the shedding a drop of blood—an audacious untruth, as we have already shown; but here we have one instance which, though only of a single murder, might have produced a stupendous massacre. As the royal carriages were crossing the Carrousel in order to proceed through the *guichet*—the archway under the great gallery—and so along the quay to the *Pont Tournant*, they were arrested by the mob in the Carrousel, the outrider that was directing them was wantonly and brutally murdered, the horses were killed, while the other servants fled for their lives, and the carriages themselves were set fire to and burned. This remarkable fact it suits M. Lamartine to conceal entirely, and to misrepresent some of the events which depended on it.

The Duke of Nemours—who was, as we have said, stationed in the front court of the Tuileries, separated from the Carrousel by the high and massive *grille*, in nominal command of troops forbidden to use their arms, and, in fact, blockaded by the insurgents—could do nothing either to prevent this outrage, or (as it at first seemed) to avert the disappointment and danger of the royal family from the absence of the carriages. There happened, however, to be standing within the front court and therefore out of the reach of the mob, two of those little one-horse carriages called *Broughams* and a two-wheeled cabriolet, all belonging to the King's establishment, and ordinarily employed for driving about town, by the aide-de-camps and messengers-in-waiting. With a fortunate presence of mind the Duke saw that, inadequate as these little vehicles were (each of them being constructed for *two* persons only), they might at least receive some of the royal party, and would be better than none; and he therefore directed them to hasten by the *guichet* of the court and the quay, which were as yet free, to the spot where the travelling carriages had been previously ordered.* The royal family, however, had arrived before them, and were of course painfully surprised and disappointed at not seeing the carriages, and at finding themselves enveloped by a crowd, through which they made their way

* Captain Chamier relates a story of a single carriage being stationed on the Place Louis XIV. at an earlier hour for the same purpose, and argues upon it as proving an anticipation of what happened. That is a total mistake—the fact was exactly as we state it, and is so far important as it corroborates the suddenness and *imprévu* of the whole transaction.

to the Obélisque in the centre of the Place—a spot full, as we have before stated (vol. lxxxii. p. 566), of terrible recollections, and now of very alarming appearances.

The assertions of all the revolutionary publications, and of some well-intentioned writers who have, for want of better information, copied them, would lead us to suppose that the King's departure and subsequent flight had more of alarm than was reasonable, and that the magnanimous people would not have touched a hair of his head. The truth is, as we shall see, that not the King alone, but everybody else, even the least interested spectators, were convinced of the imminence of the danger; and all the facts subsequently developed confirm that opinion. Throughout the whole crisis numerous, and some very cowardly, murders had been committed; and if the little vehicles so opportunely sent by the Duke of Nemours had not arrived to the rescue of the royal family, it is terrible to think what new disasters might have occurred: at the very *Pont Tournant* three persons had been massacred in the morning—one a deputy, M. Jollivet. Of this the King and every one about him, were aware—though it was not till some days after that the discovery of the bodies under a heap of rubbish revealed to the public at large both that atrocity, and the dangers that the royal family had run while delayed and exposed on that very spot by the absence of the proper carriages.

We may here add also, though it anticipates by a few moments the chronological order of events, that M. Lamartine fully admits the peril of the moment by a statement that, after the King had got into the little carriages, 'some shots were fired at him, and that two troop horses of the escort were killed under his eyes' (*Lam.* p. 86). This, however, fortunately escaped the notice of the royal party. When, also, a little after, M. Lamartine wishes to exalt his own personal courage in facing his own *friendly* mob at the other end of the bridge, he says—

'The pavement was slippery with mud and blood; here and there the dead bodies of men and horses strewed the quays, so as even to impede the march of the Provisional Government from the Chamber to the Hôtel de Ville.'—p. 132.

All this blood had been shed, and these people killed, either before or during the escape of the King, who was separated from this bloody scene only by the Pont de la Concorde and the body of troops that occupied it. Of the aspect of that mob, even after it had been in some degree pacified by the departure of the King and the rejection of the regency, M. Lamartine gives us this amongst several other similar descriptions:—

'The march of the members of the Provisional Government had to struggle through the convulsive and irritable movement of the crowd, under a canopy of pikes, rusty muskets, swords, bayonets fixed on poles, cutlasses, and daggers, brandished by bare arms, scorched with powder, stained with blood, and still shaking with the fever of three days' fighting. Their costumes were hideous; *their countenances livid and excited to madness; their lips quivered with cold and excitement; their eyes looked like insanity.*'—*Lam.*, p. 134.

Our readers will judge whether, in such a state of things, there was not abundant cause of alarm for the safety of the royal family, but above all of the King—so often the intended victim of assassins,* and so obnoxious to the thousands of conspirators and *émeutiers*—now in a state of convulsive and triumphant insanity that thus terrified even their own leader and idol. Nor have we any great reason to suppose that the Provisional Government would have been very solicitous to punish an attack on the King, when we find the haste that they made to reward former assassins. Bergeron, the first person who had fired on the King on his way to the Chamber in 1832, was immediately appointed *Commissaire* of the Provisional Government in two departments; and the widow of Pepin, executed as the accomplice of Fieschi, was recommended for a pension by the Commission of National Recompences.

But even if the appearances of the revolutionary mob had been less ferocious, one cannot contemplate without a retrospective feeling of terror the position of a man of 75 and a dozen women and infants hustled in a crowd where the slightest accident might have been followed by the most deplorable catastrophe; and such a catastrophe must in all human probability have happened in the Palace if the King had remained there, or on the Place Louis XV. but for the escort of cavalry so opportunely brought up by General Dumas, and a still larger body of troops, which, happening to be stationed on the quay and bridge, was now providentially at hand to protect the unexpected retreat of the King. It was under their protection that the three little carriages were brought through the crowd to where the royal fugitives were

* It is worth while to enumerate the *known* attempts on his life—several did not become public:—

Bergeron, on the Pont Royal, December, 1832.

Fieschi, on the Boulevard, July, 1835.

Alibaud, in the court of the Tuileries, June, 1836.

Meunier, on the Quai des Tuileries, December, 1836.

Champion, an abortive *Machine Infernale*, Quai de la Conférence, 1837.

Darmès, near the Pont de la Concorde, October, 1840.

Quenisset, who shot at the three Princes, September, 1841.

Lecomte, Fontainebleau, August, 1846.

Henry, on the balcon of the Tuileries, July, 1847.

waiting

waiting in a state in which nothing was certain but their personal danger.

Into these carriages—constructed, we repeat, to carry six persons in the whole—fifteen were now crowded—we can hardly imagine how. In one were the King and Queen and the two young princes of Coburg, sons of the Princess Clementine, and the little Duke d'Alençon (son of the Duke of Nemours), who was thrown like a bundle into the carriage after them. In the second were packed the Duchess of Nemours (the peculiar 'grace and beauty,' as M. Lamartine calls her, of that family which has so large a share of both), with her eldest son and her daughter, the daughter of Princess Clementine, and three female attendants. The Duke of Montpensier, General Dumas, and one of the Queen's women occupied the cabriolet; and besides all these, two or three other attendants hung on or sat with the drivers. The Princess Clementine, too happy to have seen her children removed from immediate danger, took her husband's arm, and, mingling themselves in the crowd, they escaped to the house of a friend, and thence by the Versailles railroad to Trianon, where they rejoined the King.

This rapid accumulation of events—all crowded into fifteen or twenty minutes, was enough to unnerve the bravest and confound the wisest, but no one of that whole family seems to have lost for a moment his or her self-possession. The Queen did not, as Captain Chamier relates, faint, nor was she carried senseless in the King's arms to the carriage; on the contrary, she herself lifted her grandchildren into it, taking indiscriminately from the knot of little ones those that first came to her hand. The King preserved his calm, yet vigilant *sang froid* throughout, and by his few short words addressed to each of those from whom he was forced to separate, contributed to the good fortune that, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, eventually reunited the whole family in a place of safety.

General Berthois, the King's aide-de-camp in waiting, obtained a troop horse, and endeavoured to accompany the carriages, but he was seized, unhorsed, and maltreated by the mob, and he was only saved by the exertions of some energetic and well-disposed individuals in the crowd. General Rumigny, another of the King's aide-de-camps, and Captain de Pauligne, *officier d'ordonnance*—more fortunate than M. de Berthois—were enabled to reach St. Cloud—M. de Rumigny in a diligence, and M. de Pauligne on a trooper's horse mixed up with the escort.

Captain Chamier's account of this departure is the least satisfactory part of his work. He seems to have trusted too implicitly to the gossip of some Parisian acquaintance, inclined, right or

wrong, to depreciate and *dénigrer* the House of Orleans. We ourselves, we need hardly say, are what are called *Legitimists*; but that makes us the more anxious to do justice to the personal qualities of the Orleans family, not only as justice—of itself an all-sufficient motive—but because also the great principle of hereditary right, the only one as we think that can tranquillize France, seems destined eventually to belong to them; and above all, we think it our duty to re-establish whenever we can the integrity of historical truth. We have seen that Captain Chamier was misinformed on so important and so notorious a point as the supposed neglect and abandonment of the Duchess of Orleans; he is equally so on several others. While doing justice to the active fidelity of Messrs. Rumigny* and Pauligne, he hints sarcastically at some other persons who were, he supposes, found wanting in gratitude to their fallen benefactors; and then, on the other hand, he intimates that some faithful servants were unkindly forgotten in the master's hurry to escape. All this is mistake and injustice. We are far from being such optimists as to controvert the advice of the Psalmist that mankind should not 'put their trust in princes,' or still less the converse of that proposition so strongly inculcated by modern experience, that 'princes should not put their trust in mankind;' but on this particular occasion there was, we are confident, neither ingratitude nor neglect of the kind imputed. Let us take as an instance the only case that Captain Chamier *specifies*, though he hints at many. He complains that

'Madame de Dolomieu, the *old tried friend and companion* of the Queen, *was left* to make her own way from the scene of disorder; she was found crying bitterly as she walked to St. Cloud by a gentleman who offered her shelter, but she only knew that the Queen was gone to St. Cloud, and thither she was resolved to go also; a washer-woman's cart happening to pass, she was placed in that, and reached her destination!'—p. 40.

We believe that the facts are true, but the impressions which they seem to have made on Captain Chamier are certainly wrong. Madame de Dolomieu quitted the palace precipitately, and on foot—so did everybody; she had no carriage—nobody had; she was in tears—no doubt,—tears, not of personal vexation, but of surprise and anxiety about her royal friends. Nor was she absolutely alone—she was accompanied by Madame Angelet, another of the Queen's ladies; and we can confidently say that it is not true that 'no one thought or inquired about her;' but who in that *mêlée* could guess where she, or many other ladies, had been scattered, or how they were to be *retrieved*? If it had happened that Madame de

* Captain Chamier states that General Rumigny died in England—another mistake—the General is still living.

Dolomieu had not been separated from the Queen, would Captain Chamier (clever as gentlemen of his profession are at *stowing people away*) have placed her as the *sixth* passenger in one, or as the *eighth* in another, of the little vehicles made to carry *two*? Captain Chamier, more heedlessly than is consistent with his usual good sense and knowledge of mankind, repeats that the King's flight need not have been so hasty '*when no one was thinking about him.*' Certainly, the drunken *brigands* who were plundering his palaces, or the ruffians that were terrifying even the Provisional Government on the Place de Grève, were not *just then* thinking of the King's person, happily out of their reach: but would it not have been very different if *they* could have laid hold of him—or indeed if he had fallen into the hands of any mob anywhere? Captain Chamier seems not to have known, at least he does not mention, either the murders at the *Pont Tournant* in the morning, nor the attack on General Berthois, nor the umbrage which M. Lamartine confesses the leaders of the revolution took at the mere possibility of the King's remaining even at St. Cloud. We dwell with some earnestness on this point, because Captain Chamier's book is in general the most accurate and judicious, as well as amusing history of the Revolution which we have yet seen, and that with the exception of this (as we suppose) *Faubourg-St.-Germain* impression against Louis-Philippe personally, we cordially concur in all his views and appreciation of both events and men. If, as we have little doubt, he shall be called on for another edition, we earnestly recommend the points we have touched upon to his impartial reconsideration.*

The three little carriages with their wonderful and illustrious cargoes were soon got away. General Regnault, who was at the head of a brigade of cavalry which happened to be concentrated in this spot, took the command of the King's escort, which consisted of the 2nd regiment of cuirassiers, commanded by Colonel Reibel, and a detachment of the cavalry of the National Guard. This strong escort completely enveloped and concealed the carriages, and had proceeded but a few hundred yards when the necessity of this display of force for the King's safety became apparent. Opposite the Pont des Invalides they found a great mob that were sacking and burning the guard-house, and who seemed for a moment disposed to stop the carriages, but the impulse and aspect of so formidable a body of cavalry intimi-

* We should also venture to suggest a minor improvement—the substitution, in his narrative of *I* for *We*—his personal identity for the plural form; which, though proper in reviews and newspapers, which represent a certain community of opinion, is awkward in the mouth of a single witness giving his own individual testimony. It throws a kind of doubt and obscurity over some passages of the work.

dated and repulsed them without a shot being fired. The guard at the barrier of Passy, a very motley group, presented arms in silence. The escort proceeded no farther than St. Cloud; and when the King, before leaving that palace, went down into the courtyard to take leave of the troops, they exhibited an enthusiasm of loyalty very different from the feeling shown by the National Guard at the review at the Tuileries in the morning.

The same consideration, which from a far different cause had suggested itself to M. Lamartine—that at St. Cloud he would be too near Paris—had also occurred to the King. Lamartine thought it might threaten the Republic—The King had not yet heard the word *Republic*, but he thought that it might embarrass the Regency, and that it would be better in every point of view that he should proceed at once to his ultimate destination—the Château d'Eu. But how to reach it—without equipages—without money? For, as we stated in our former article, the departure had been so precipitate that that which in lower life would have been the first care was never thought of at all; and there was amongst the whole party no money but the trifling sum usually carried in one's pocket. The Queen's purse, habitually prepared for occasional charities, was the heaviest, and contained a few pounds. But, besides these *material* difficulties, there were others still more serious. All posting was deranged; the railroads were interrupted; nor indeed would it have been possible to have reached either of the lines, Rouen or Abbeville, that ran towards Eu, without passing through places all under the influence of the hostile spirit of Paris. The King in this difficulty, and seeing that he could hardly remain at St. Cloud undisturbed by the Parisian mobs, might have thrown himself into the new fortress of Mont Valérien, close by, the strongest of the celebrated detached forts, where he would be safe as long as he might choose to remain there. But this plan, if it crossed his mind at all, would naturally be rejected as having too hostile and provocative an aspect. It was therefore resolved to proceed to Trianon—a retired and beautiful dependency on the gigantic magnificence of Versailles—a step farther from offence to, or danger from, the volcanic metropolis. Thither the party proceeded in two omnibuses hired by General Dumas in the town of St. Cloud, to go as far as Trianon.

But Trianon was still too near Paris, and it was almost in Versailles, where there were no troops—the whole garrison having been removed to Paris; and it afforded no facilities for effecting the transit to Eu. General Dumas was therefore dispatched to Versailles, where he hired two *berlines* for their farther use. He also borrowed from a private friend 1200 francs (*fifty pounds*!) These resources, poor as they seem, were most acceptable

ceptable at the moment, though they did little towards the immediate object of reaching Eu.

It was clear that, if the whole party were to proceed together, they not only could not preserve their *incognito*, but would be stopped on the cross-roads for want of horses. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary to separate the party and divide the risks, and it was hoped that there could be no personal danger for any one but the King—that ladies and infants at least would, even if intercepted, be still safe. One of the berlins was therefore assigned to the Princess Clementine and her husband, Prince Augustus of Coburg, with their three children, and the Duke de Nemours' little daughter Marguerite, accompanied by Doctor Pigache and Madame Angelet. M. Aubernon, Prefect of Versailles, undertook the charge of this detachment, and managed so well that they got without difficulty to Eu, and thence to Boulogne, where, on board the packet, they met the Duke of Nemours just arrived direct from Paris, and they landed at Folkestone on Sunday, the 27th of February.

The rest of the party proceeded in the remaining berlin and one of the omnibuses to Dreux, where the King possesses a very ancient dungeon-tower, older, some antiquarians pretend, than the Roman invasion of Gaul, and the remains of the old château of the Comtes de Dreux, which he had partly repaired and arranged as an occasional, indeed we may say devotional, residence close to the chapel which he has built within the precincts of those ruins, to replace the one destroyed in the revolution, which was the burial-place of his maternal ancestors, and latterly of his own family. There he had recently laid his sister, the early companion and constant friend of his adventurous life—there his beloved son, the heir and hope—and there his accomplished daughter, the artistic illustration—of his house; and to that half-furnished, desolate, and at best melancholy, residence, he now came in a hired carriage in a dark winter's night—'*menant*,' as Mirabeau said on his death bed—'*le deuil de la monarchie*.' Do the annals of the world afford any parallel to the vicissitudes of that day—from the royal breakfast in the gay Tuileries to the humble supper in the funereal mansion of Dreux—from the caparisoned charger at the review on the Carrousel to the omnibus of St. Cloud—from being thought the richest sovereign in Europe to borrowing *fifty pounds*—to fly for his life from the palace of his ancestors to the grave of his children?*

'Sunt.

* The officers who attended the King suggested the expediency of pushing forward towards Eu directly, without going to Dreux, but they met with a reluctance to adopt that

'Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt!'

and all this owing—even then notoriously, now indisputably—to nothing but the King's reluctance, as M. Lamartine says, *that any more blood should be shed on his account*; and his being too humane and too constitutional for the factious and unscrupulous politicians with whom he had to deal, and the turbulent, perverted, and above all ungrateful and giddy people which he had to govern.

Our readers need hardly be reminded how much *we* lamented—and chiefly for his own sake—that he had been induced to accept the crown in July, 1830. That step, it was thought at the moment, afforded the only chance of preserving even the semblance of the monarchy in the House of Bourbon—but as we always said and everybody now sees, it only postponed and in fact aggravated the evil. It gave a sanction to one revolution which inevitably led to another. Some incidents also in his administration were, as we thought, very liable to question; but on some of the most questionable measures of his policy, the revolutionary plunder of his cabinet and the publication of his secret papers have even in our judgment vindicated his character. His whole political and private life, and that of his family, have been as it were eviscerated by the rude hand of the revolution, and thrown down as garbage to public criticism, and the result has been to prove Louis-Philippe to have been, to a degree that even his friends and servants hardly ventured to assert, a good husband, a good father, a good king—a man of very great abilities combined with an unusual degree of good nature and good temper. His fall, more sudden than that of Napoleon, was also more honourable, more undeserved, and in every point of view more humiliating and more calamitous to France, who thus sacrificed the *King of her own choice*, and adopted the despotism of a few dozen of madmen and ruffians—on most of whom she has since inflicted disgraceful punishment, but has neither the moral nor physical courage to retrace her steps and endeavour to repair the disgrace and misery which she is suffering.

Early in the morning of the 25th of February, before the King was yet risen from his melancholy bed at Dreux, accounts arrived from Paris that the Regency had failed—that the Republic was proclaimed—that the young King, his little brother, and the two Regents, had been all swept away in the popular tumult, and that no one knew what had become of any of them.

And here we are glad to do justice to the high and mag-

that course which they did not exactly understand; they afterwards saw reason to conjecture that it was because the Queen had a pious desire to kneel that night on the graves of the children she had lost, and to pray for the safety of those that remained.

nanimous

nanimous discharge of a public duty, which for a time subjected the Duke of Nemours to the reproach of having abandoned not only his wife and children, but his parents. The truth is, no man ever made a nobler sacrifice of all personal feeling than the Duke of Nemours on this occasion. He had been, by a law passed on the untimely death of his brother the Duke of Orleans, nominated as prospective Regent. He was also at the crisis of the abdication charged with the command of the troops, whose *countenance* was, as we before said, the only protection of the palace from storm. That post he maintained with equal temper and resolution till the King and his party had left the palace, and till the Duchess of Orleans, with the new King and her new ministers, were about to proceed to the Chamber to obtain the recognition of these extemporized authorities—then the Duke of Nemours saw that his duties as a soldier ceased, and those with which the law still invested him as Regent of the kingdom and guardian of his nephew, began. Anxious, as was evident, to be relieved by the legislative authority from his irksome and anomalous position, he was resolved, as a man of honour and a high public functionary, to do that duty while it was imposed on him, and to give to the young King and his mother whatever protection and support he might be able to afford.

Of the trying scenes to which the Duchess of Orleans and the Duke of Nemours were exposed in the Chamber we already had abundant descriptions. M. Lamartine reproduces them in his usual tedious and turgid, but for once, we dare say, not exaggerated style. To one or two points of his narrative recent circumstances have given a revived interest. On the late anniversary of those days—the 23rd of February, 1850—M. Thiers, from the tribune of the National Assembly, with rather questionable consistency, but with great eloquence, courage, and truth, pronounced on those '*Journées*' of February, 1848, the *flétrissure* of having been '*terribles et funestes*.' These bold and honest words—the first bold and honest words that had been uttered in France for two years—express, we are satisfied, the real sentiment of all that is valuable in the public opinion of France, and they will, probably, have important results. They had the immediate and not insignificant one of provoking the reappearance of M. Lamartine, after an eclipse of twenty months, to vindicate for those days their *ci-devant* title of '*glorious*.' If he had said, in reference to his own share in them, that they had been *vain-glorious*, it would have been true; but that they were not only '*terribles et funestes*,' but disgraceful, it becomes worth while to remind our readers by a few short extracts from M. Lamartine's own account of the birth of the Republic—of which, under his
characteristic

characteristic delusion, he fancies himself the father, when in fact he was only the man-midwife.

The Chamber has been invaded, and its areas occupied by what M. Lamartine confesses to be '*a rabble of ragged and grotesquely armed vagabonds.*' The Duchess of Orleans, her children, and the Duke of Nemours occupy a back seat opposite the President. Lamartine is in the tribune rejecting the regency (*which he had formerly and just as factiously advocated*), and proposing a *provisional government* in an incendiary speech, hotly applauded by the '*ragged vagabonds*' about him:—

'Yes, yes! cried the combatants, waving their flags, brandishing their arms, and exhibiting the marks of blood and gunpowder on their hands.'—p. 120.

Second—if second—to Lamartine himself amongst the *conscript fathers* of this strangely metamorphosed senate was

'a butcher's boy, with his tray and his clothes stained with blood, and brandishing a long knife.'

This fellow, who had placed himself just under the tribune—looking like the '*Seide*' of M. Lamartine, though we acquit the orator of all intentional connexion with the butcher—made more than one rush with his knife at the Duchess of Orleans, '*pour en finir,*' as he growled through his hard-set teeth. These attempts were repelled by a body of deputies that gathered round the royal party.

M. Lamartine, with the most astonishing folly and vanity, goes on to assert that, if he had said only one word—if he had pointed with his authoritative finger to the Duchess, and apostrophized her as *Regent*, all the revolution would have bowed before her. If M. Lamartine thought that he had any such power, then all the guilt and misery that ensued is, by his own confession, on his head. We therefore, on his own showing, must admit his guilty responsibility, but we exceedingly doubt the pretended power. He might, indeed, have saved himself from the disgrace of having helped to spread the conflagration, but it was too late to stop or even turn it; for while he was yet spouting this harangue—which he imagines might have turned as he pleased the fate of France—the doors of the Assembly were burst open by a new invasion. This, he says, was the real army of insurgents, of which the butcher's boy and the rest of the '*ragged vagabonds*' had only been the advanced guard. These latter

'had issued from the Tuileries after the sacking of the palace, all flushed with the three days' fighting, and some *drunk* with the fumes of powder and the excitement of the march [and the plunder of the cellars!]. They had just crossed the Place de la Concorde under the eyes of the generals, who had opened them a passage through the bayonets of the troops.

troops. Arrived at the outward gates of the Chamber, their comrades within had admitted them on a signal given by M. Marrast. [Marrast, since so notorious, was then nothing but a factious journalist and an obscure insurgent.] Their torn clothes, their shirts open, their arms bare, their clenched fists, looking like muscular bludgeons, their hair wildly dishevelled and singed with cartridges, their eyes swollen, their countenances maddened with the delirium of the revolution, all showed them to be desperadoes coming to make the last assault on the last refuge of royalty. They climbed over the benches, they pressed against and beat down (*écrasaient*) the officers of the Chamber, they brandished their arms, pikes, bayonets, sabres, crowbars, with cries of "Down with the Regency!" "The Republic for ever!" The very roof shook with their cries.—pp. 121, 122.

And yet the man who writes this description has the vanity to suppose that a few words of his sentimental *bavardage*, declaimed to the deputies a quarter of an hour before, could have arrested the Revolution and established the Regency. He would, we have no doubt, have had the assembly with him, because the assembly were, almost to a man, with him already; but his fine phrases would not have reversed the triumphs of the mob, nor satisfied the insurrectionary journalists, who, some hours before, had proclaimed the Republic, and named their provisional government.

And now all was anarchy and on the verge of being a massacre. New insurgents break their way into the body of the house

'as if into the breach of a city that had been taken by storm. Their arms, their gestures, their passionate cries indicate the *last* and *most guilty purpose*—"Where is *she*? Where is *she*?"'—p. 122.

In short, they meant to murder the Princess. Such cries and the gestures of some pointing to the place where the royal party sat surrounded and concealed by a few deputies still alive to the feelings of humanity and honour, left no doubt that nothing but an immediate retreat could save them from a frightful calamity. Yet the retreat was hardly less perilous. We collect here some of the chief points of M. Lamartine's narrative, who, during the tumult, seems to have stood in the centre of the tribune, as if making only a pause in his harangue, with all that calm dignity with which men of less nerve than Lamartine can contemplate the danger of other people, and especially when it happens to be a contrivance and a triumph of their own:—

'The Duchess, with her feeble suite and children, fell into the midst of another invading mob; with difficulty she escaped *suffocation and death*, thanks to her sex—to *her veil*, which prevented her being recognized—[that is, if she had been known she would have been massacred in spite of her sex]—and to the exertions of a few courageous deputies, amongst whom M. de Mornay, Marshal Soult's son-in-law,

son-in-law, was conspicuous. She was soon separated, however, by the undulations of the crowd from her children and the Duke de Nemours. Surrounded and overwhelmed by fresh torrents of the populace, she was tossed about like a wreck in a storm; and at last dashed, half-stifled and almost swooning, against a glass-door, which broke with the shock. On recovering her consciousness she misses her children; she calls them; her attendants promise to find them, and hasten to look for them under *the very feet of the crowd*. Meanwhile a few friends succeeded in forming a circle round her; they got her into the President's garden, and thence into his residence, there to abide her fate and await the recovery of her children.

'The Count de Paris, separated from his mother by the crowd, and pointed out to the mob as the future King, had been brutally seized by the throat by a man of colossal stature. The huge and bony hand of this *madman* had nearly strangled the poor child in a *jocose pretence*. A soldier of the National Guard witnessed this detestable outrage, and with one vigorous blow of his fist beat down the arm of this unfeeling wretch.'—pp. 123, 124.

This passage affords a characteristic instance of the style in which, throughout his work, M. Lamartine endeavours to reconcile his own fine sentiments with the brutal excesses of his auxiliaries. Here, after displaying his generous feeling by reprobating 'a detestable outrage,'—in intention a murder—he quite gratuitously and inconsistently chooses to suppose that it was only 'a jocose pretence.'

The other little boy, the Duke of Chartres, had fallen in the corridor of the Chamber, and was immediately lost under the feet of the crowd. Those that attended the Duchess thought that an attempt to stop to recover him would have only endangered the lives of herself and the elder boy, and they forced the agonized mother forward (p. 309); indeed the torrent overpowered all resistance. The child escaped miraculously with a few cuts and bruises; he was picked up by one of the messengers of the Chamber, who carried him home, and, after disguising him like a child of the lower class, conveyed him through two or three hands to M. and Madame de Mornay, who placed him for concealment in the house of a poor woman in their neighbourhood; not venturing, it seems, to keep the poor little fellow in their own house. There the child remained two days, his mother not knowing what had become of him. M. de Mornay had no means of acquainting her that he was safe, for *she too was in concealment*.

Though the Duchess and the Comte de Paris had fortunately reached the President's house in safety, it was thought dangerous that she should remain there even long enough to seek for the missing boy, and she was hurried away to the apartments of the Governor of the Hôtel des Invalides. Here, one would have

have supposed that a widow, only known, as M. Lamartine often repeats, for her rank, her beauty, her misfortunes, and her virtues, and an innocent orphan might have found refuge for a night. But alas! no. The following is M. Lamartine's account of this incident, which seems to us intentionally vague and mysterious:—

‘ Marshal Molitor received the Princess, her son, and the Duke de Nemours, and lodged them in his apartment. But the veteran Marshal, who was suffering from illness, *began to be alarmed* at the responsibility he was incurring. *Some doubts which he expressed* respecting the disposition of the Invalides themselves, and also relative to the *security of the Hôtel itself* as a place of refuge, *very much shook the confidence* of the Princess and her friends.

‘ While the Marshal was ordering dinner for his guests, the Princess, in whose mind the recollection of the captivity of the Temple was ever present, and who imagined she should see her son consigned to the care of another Simon, resolved not to remain an hour longer in the Invalides.’

There is, we are satisfied, no ground whatsoever for supposing, as M. Lamartine says, that the gallant old Marshal was alarmed, or gave his guests any hint to retire. The Duchess's sudden retreat was occasioned by the urgent advice of M. Odillon Barrot, who came at six o'clock in the evening to say that the increasing irritation of the populace and a knowledge that she was in the *Invalides* rendered her immediate escape indispensable. In consequence of this advice, ‘ she departed with her son, under the safeguard of M. Anatole de Montesquiou, for the château of Ligny, some leagues from Paris.’ (p. 125.)

Here she remained concealed for some days, and here, after two days of agony, the Duke of Chartres was restored to her; but at length she ‘ *left that château in disguise,*’ and, taking the railroad at Amiens, arrived at Lille. At Lille M. Lamartine says that the Duchess had a passing idea of throwing herself into the arms of the garrison and proclaiming her son; and he applauds her for having renounced that idea rather than incur ‘ the crime of civil war,’—M. Lamartine conveniently forgetting that he himself had incurred all ‘ the crime of civil war,’ which was imminent at the moment, and actually broke out under his own administration four months later. We believe the Duchess of Orleans never for a moment entertained any such projects. She hastened to place herself and her two interesting boys beyond the tender mercies of M. Lamartine, the real and immediate author of all the personal insult and danger which she and they had undergone.

Even after the story he has been telling, M. Lamartine does not hesitate to add, that ‘ men of all parties associated the name of the Duchess of Orleans with sentiments of admiration, affection

tion, and respect' (p. 311). No doubt every rational and honest man will concur in the expression thus extorted from M. Lamartine; but we have seen how his disciples in the Chamber treated this illustrious lady, he (Lamartine) being in the tribune and affecting to

Ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.

And he neglects to tell us that next morning, while the Duchess was supposed to be still at the *Invalides*, a warrant for her arrest was issued by Caussidière, countersigned by De la Hodde. The Duchess trembled, adds M. Lamartine, lest

'her children might be doomed to share the fate of the children of Marie-Antoinette; but France was no longer devoid of justice and humanity. It had ceased to be the France of prisons and scaffolds.'

What! Had ceased to be the France of prisons, when a warrant for her arrest had been actually issued—when within four months there were twelve thousand prisoners in Paris alone, some thousands of whom were subsequently transported without trial—and where there are to this hour hundreds of victims of M. Lamartine's revolution still languishing in irons; and if the terrors of the scaffold were abolished, it was only by those who grew humane at the consciousness of having deserved it. We are lost between wonder and disgust at such an extravagant complication of inconsistency and impudence!

The Duchess, however, crossed the French frontier in safety, and resided for a few weeks with her two sons at Ems, a watering-place on the right bank of the Rhine. She afterwards repaired to the château of Eisenach, which her maternal uncle, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, had placed at her disposal. In the course of last summer the Duchess came over to England and brought her children to visit their grandfather and grandmother at Claremont. We learn with satisfaction that this visit will soon be repeated, and, we hope, prolonged—the *hopes* of a family—whatever be its rank or destiny—should not, if possible, be separated from its head.

It is not without a slight degree of nausea that we quote M. Lamartine's praise of any one for whom we have any respect or regard, but we cannot complete this part of our story without quoting his account of the departure of the Duke de Nemours:—

'The Duke de Nemours quitted France without any impediment, as soon as he had discharged his duty to his father, sister-in-law, and nephew. This prince proved himself more worthy of his popularity [a few pages before he had said that he had none at all] in adversity than in prosperity. He had evinced at once courage and disinterestedness for the sake of preserving the crown to his brother's son. He had neither bargained to save his own life [it was in danger then?] nor set up

up his claim to the regency. History will render him the justice which contemporary opinion has denied him.'—p. 311.

With this arrogant style of pronouncing on the merit of a man in every respect—except poetry and what M. Lamartine and Lord Clarendon consider as a statesmanlike quality, *prestige**—his superior, M. Lamartine has mixed a strong flavour of his habitual inaccuracy. He says M. de Nemours *quitted France without impediment*: true in appearance, quite false in substance. M. de Nemours accompanied the Duchess of Orleans to the *Invalides*, and left that establishment, when she did, to conceal himself in the house of a private friend, whence, under an English passport, he escaped in a disguise so complete that his relatives, who met him at Boulogne, did not recognize him; and so far was he from being 'free from impediment,' that at the barrier, the *employé*, in the uniform of a National Guard, who examined the passports rather suspiciously, would not at first permit the carriage to pass, but seeing a person so unlike the description of the Duke, permitted him to proceed, saying, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I am looking out for the Duke de Nemours.' The Duke smiled at the blundering zeal of the poor *employé*; and, pursuing his journey, joined the railroad at a station near Abbeville, and reached England on the 27th of February.

The foregoing details we have given not merely as in themselves interesting, but to answer, by the evidence of M. Lamartine himself, the criticisms before mentioned on 'the needless precipitancy' of the King's flight. If the widow, if the orphan, were obliged, under the advice of such men as MM. de Montesquiou and De Mornay, to conceal and disguise themselves—if it was thought by M. Odillon Barrot that Marshal Molitor could not protect for a few hours in the *Invalides* those innocent and interesting victims—if General Thierry and M. d'Estancelin could not find a night's shelter for a young pregnant woman in the city of Abbeville—if they all suffered personal injuries, and almost miraculously escaped with their lives—what might have been the fate of the King, who had been for eighteen years the mark of a hundred assassins, and whom the ferocious populace had been taught to look upon as a public enemy?

We left him passing the night of the 24th in the mortuary mansion of Dreux.

It was, as we have said, on the morning of the 25th that Louis-

* See *ante*, p. 490.—We could hardly give a stronger instance of a vitiated taste than the modern use of *prestige* as a statesmanlike quality. We find in our latest French dictionary: *PRESTIGE—illusion—apparence trompeuse—pensée chimérique—songes—fantômes*. And in the English: *PRESTIGE—delusion—imposture—deceit*.

Philippe learned the abortion of the regency, the dissolution of the Chamber, and the overthrow of the monarchy; that the courage of the Duchess of Orleans and the devotion of the Duke de Nemours had been in vain, and that it was not even known what had become of them or the children—in short, that anarchy reigned in Paris, and doubt and terror everywhere. This unexpected turn of events upset all previous arrangements. It was now plain that the idea of attaining and still more of residing at Eu must be abandoned, and that nothing remained but to reach some point of the coast of Normandy, and embark for England. General Dumas's daughter had married the son of M. de Perthuis, one of the King's former *officiers d'ordonnance*; and the General knew that M. de Perthuis had a small villa—in fact, a garden-house of two rooms—on the hill over Honfleur, within half a mile of the coast, in which a little furniture was kept for an occasional summer excursion. Thither it was proposed that the King and the Queen, who would not be separated from him, should endeavour to make their way; to this plan there was no other objection than that it necessitated another separation and dispersion of what remained of the family. The King, who had estates in the neighbourhood, and a steward at Dreux, received there a small supply of money—under, we have heard, 200*l.* M. Lamartine says it was derived from a subscription of the loyal inhabitants, and there is no doubt they would have made such a contribution, had it been necessary; but the money that the King got here was his own.

The arrangement now made was that the Duke of Montpensier with the Duchess of Nemours and her two sons should proceed in a carriage hired in the town (the St. Cloud omnibus had been dismissed the night before), with two of the King's servants on the box, to Granville, to take the packet for Jersey with passports under feigned names procured at Dreux.

General Dumas and Capt. de Pauligne were dispatched in a little country carriage to join the Rouen railroad at St. Pierre de Louviers, and so on to Havre, to provide a vessel to embark their Majesties from M. de Perthuis' villa.

The second berlin hired at St. Cloud was to convey the King and Queen, under the names of *M.* and *Mde. Lebrun*, and General Rumigny, under that of *Dubreuil*, with the King's valet and Queen's maid, to Honfleur. M. Maréchal, the sous-préfet of Dreux, when the news from Paris had announced the whole extent of the misfortune, redoubled his attentions, and now mounted the box of the berlin (with the King's valet-de-chambre) to protect the travellers, if necessary, by his official authority. On departing from Dreux it was still given out that Eu was the object, and so they

they took the high road to Verneuil; but when clear of the town they turned to the right and took the road to Anet and Pacy-sur-Eure through the forest of Dreux, part of the patrimony of the House of Orleans; so that the King was not only a fugitive from his kingdom, but through his own private estate—where, however, it is due to him to say that he was deservedly popular—so much so that at Anet the travellers were surprised to find the whole population assembled in the streets, who received them with general sympathy and cries of *Vive le Roi!*

This rather alarming loyalty was occasioned by the indiscreet zeal of the Postmaster of Dreux, who, not aware of the whole state of the affair, had, without M. Maréchal's knowledge, sent forward to order horses. As the same well-meaning mischief had probably been done at Pacy-sur-Eure, the next relay, where the temper of the population might not be so favourable, M. Maréchal thought it best on leaving Anet to direct the postillions to take a short turn by a cross road which runs through the forest of Ivry—again the private property of the King, and near the scene of the celebrated victory of his great ancestor Henry IV.—to a stage on the high road to Evreux called La Roche St. André.

They had now to cross the river Eure near a manufactory, where a mob of workmen, probably apprised of the royal visit by the indiscretion of the Postmaster of Dreux, and agitated by the incendiary reports of the three days' insurrection at Paris, had assembled in a formidable body on the road the King was to take. But when they found that he had gone by the other road, then some of these ill-disposed people, taking advantage of the hill which the carriage had to ascend after crossing the river, pursued it with evidently hostile intentions, crying *Vive la Réforme!* and *à bas Louis-Philippe!*—but two or three only were able to overtake the carriage, and there was no interruption.

At La Roche St. André it was market-day, and the *poste* was in a narrow street; and, though the King's face was muffled up and disguised with spectacles, a man of a somewhat remarkable appearance looked into the carriage, and muttering between his teeth *C'est lui*, hurried away to summon the gendarmes, who immediately came, and were about to be troublesome, but M. Maréchal interposed his authority, and they retired. The fresh horses were soon put to, and the postillions went off full gallop, affecting not to hear some cries of 'Stop, stop!' which rose up behind them.

On approaching Evreux, the passage through which (being a large town) was a matter of some anxiety, M. Maréchal observed

a small château, called Melleville, on the left of the road, where he thought it might be prudent that the party should pass the night. It turned out that the owner was a M. Dorvilliers, the King's agent for the forest of Breteuil; but the house was empty. The farmer of the estate, by name Renard, however, informed that they were friends of M. Dorvilliers, received them into his own cottage; and some expressions falling from him that inspired confidence in his loyalty, he was told who his guests were. He was very much affected at the news, and immediately offered whatever services he could supply. M. Dorvilliers was sent for to Evreux, the St. André post-horses were discharged, and M. Maréchal, who was now beyond his own bounds, and could be of no more use, took his leave; the farmer, a man of courage and intelligence, undertaking for the rest of the journey. M. Dorvilliers arrived, and the King again received a small advance from his own revenues—about 40*l.*, we believe.

The unusual sight of a berlin in the farm-yard had attracted some notice in the neighbourhood. Four young men in particular, well dressed, but whom the farmer knew to be of *opinions exaltées*, made a minute inspection of it, and proceeded back to Evreux, with an intention, the travellers feared, of gratifying their curiosity as to the occupiers of the carriage more fully when it should reach the town. It was clear that either from St. André or from Pacy the news of the King's journey had reached Evreux. The intelligent and active Renard, however, defeated any schemes of interruption that might have been made. He obtained a cabriolet, in which he undertook to drive the King and his valet all the way, twenty-four leagues, to Honfleur; while his farm-servant was to take the berlin, with two stout farm-horses, to *La Commanderie*, the next posting stage on the high road to Honfleur beyond Evreux; both parties thus avoiding the necessity of taking post-horses at Evreux, through which town they passed by back-streets and by-ways. After the King had departed, the Secretary of the Prefect of Evreux, apprised by M. Maréchal, came to Melleville to offer his services, and was useful in piloting the farm-servant, who was not quite familiar with the back way through the town of Evreux. This gentleman left the Queen when clear of the town.

The farmer's horses took the cabriolet the whole twenty-four leagues (not less than sixty miles) with no other stoppage or refreshment than a few seeds of oats or beans at some way-side *cabarets*. The King must have suffered considerably during this long journey, for, besides the inconvenience of three not slender persons in a common cabriolet convenient only for two, the weather had grown very bad—a strong, cold wind had set in—the

the commencement of a heavy gale which lasted several days, and added, as we shall see, to the difficulties of the escape.

When the berlin with the Queen reached the posthouse of *La Commanderie* and ordered horses for Pont Audemer, the postmaster approached M. de Rumigny and whispered—‘A berlin arriving with farm-horses and taking post-horses! ’Tis odd! But, sir, in these times one neither asks questions, nor looks into carriages.’ Then, raising his voice, he called aloud to the postillions to make the best of their way to Pont Audemer. Here again it was evident that the travellers were recognized and respected—at least as political fugitives.

A curious incident of the King’s journey hereabouts may be noticed. One of the *cabarets* at which the horses were fed is called the *Malbrouck*. It is near the limits of the Department, in a central position. where, about fifteen years before, the King had been received under a triumphal arch by the magistrates and National Guards of the neighbouring districts, and had made an answer to their address in which there was a phrase that made some noise at the time—‘That in our days flattery had changed sides, and that the flatterers of the people were now become quite as dangerous to society and good government as the flatterers of kings used to be.’ We wonder whether the King, shivering with cold in the corner of that wretched cabriolet, remembered, as he now passed by the *Malbrouck*, that great and loyal assemblage, that triumphal arch, and that prophetic warning against popular delusions.

The cabriolet passed through Pont Audemer, a large town, at half-past three in the morning of the 26th. A little beyond this, while feeding the horses at the door of a *cabaret*, the berlin arrived—the royal couple exchanged a few words, and pursued and soon after completed this portion of their journey—the berlin arriving about daylight at M. de Perthuis’ villa, and the cabriolet soon after.

Every one who has sailed in front of Honfleur must have remarked a little chapel situated on the top of the wooded hill that overhangs the town. It was dedicated by the piety of the sailors of ancient days to *Notre Dame de Grace*, as was a similar one on the opposite shore, and both probably had originally some relation to the name of the estuary called *Havre de Grace* and of the great town which has grown up on the north shore of the river. From it M. Perthuis’ house is commonly called *La Grace*, and we can easily imagine the satisfaction of the royal guests at finding themselves under the shelter of a friendly roof with a name of such good omen.

We cannot part from Renard—another Pendrell—without
2 P 2 adding

adding that he resolutely declined the proposition which was pressed upon him of some remuneration for his time, trouble, and expenses. 'Don't talk to me of that,' he said to General Rumigny; 'these affairs of the heart are not to be paid for by money.'

The pavillon of *La Grace* consists, as we have said, of two small rooms with two lofts in the roof. It is separated from a high road but by a path and a hedge. M. Lamartine says that so great was the mystery maintained, that the shutters were never opened nor a fire lighted, lest the smoke should betray that the pavillon was inhabited. This was not so. The Queen had arrived, publicly with post-horses, as the *aunt* of M. de Perthuis, and some of the neighbours had even called to pay their respects to her in that character. Some of those visits seemed to have more of curiosity than kindness, and were civilly declined by M. de Rumigny in the name of the sick lady, who had but one room, and that her bedroom. These visits, however meant, had at least one good effect—they prevented any suspicion of the presence of the King, and M. de Perthuis' *aunt* was suffered to occupy her pavillon for five days without disturbance from strangers.

The difficulties the King and Queen would have found in getting along by the railway, even if they should not have been recognized, may be conjectured by those that Messrs. Dumas and Pauligne found in reaching Honfleur. They had parted, as we have said, with the King at Dreux, and had reached Rouen by the railroad; but at the station there they found so great a tumult and confusion, arising from political agitation and the burning of the railroad bridges, that they were forcibly separated, and never met again till they reached *La Grace*. M. de Pauligne was forced to cross the Seine at Rouen, and got to Honfleur by the left bank of the river on Saturday evening, the 26th. General Dumas succeeded in getting to Havre, but found the storm so violent that even the steamboat to Honfleur could not ply, and though within sight of *La Grace*, found it impossible to reach it. It happened that a young officer, M. Edmond de Perthuis, a son of the owner of the pavillon and brother of the General's son-in-law, was at that moment in command of *Le Rôdeur*, a small vessel of war, lying in the harbour. To him M. Dumas applied for advice and assistance, not only as to crossing the water, but as to subsequent measures for the escape of the King. On this latter point they were unable to make any arrangement; and as to getting across to Honfleur, M. de Perthuis advised the General to return about half way to Rouen, and to cross where the river begins to narrow, between Tancarville and Quillebœuf, offering to accompany him. Even there the boat-

men

men refused to attempt the passage, till, observing the anxiety of M. de Perthuis—an officer in the navy, and who had served in the *Belle Poule* with the Prince de Joinville—to get his friend across, fancied that General Dumas was the Prince, and under that idea made an effort that, as they told M. Dumas after they had landed him, they would not otherwise have done. We mention these circumstances to mark the natural difficulties which increased the personal embarrassments of the King's position.

MM. Dumas and de Perthuis arrived at La Grace on the morning of Sunday, the 27th. They had, at Havre, entrusted a M. Besson, an ex-officer of the navy and a friend of M. de Perthuis, with the object of their mission; and though he zealously undertook to follow it up, he had so little hope of success, that the King was obliged to adopt some immediate measures on his own side of the river. The gardener of *La Grace*, by name Racine—not, as M. Lamartine says,* previously entrusted with the secret, but having recognised the King from a lithograph print which hung in his kitchen—was not only loyal, but active and intelligent, and obtained the King's consent to consult an intimate friend of his own, a sailor of the town, of the name of Hallot, who had served with the Prince de Joinville in the *Belle Poule* as coxswain of his gig, and on whom it had happened that the King had conferred the cross of the Legion of Honour.

This man Hallot, whom Captain Chamier miscalls *Halley*, and misrepresents as having afterwards betrayed the King, was, on the contrary, devoted heart and soul to the royal family, and set himself zealously to contrive their escape. He thought that they could not embark unobserved from Honfleur, but that if the King would consent to venture in a fishing boat, one might be had at Trouville, a little town on the main sea, about fifteen miles west of Honfleur. M. de Perthuis concurring in this advice, there was no other objection than the separation of the royal couple. It was impossible that the Queen should attempt the passage in such a boat in such weather, and it was equally certain that the idea of a separation would be alike repugnant to both her and the King. The Queen, however, after what was evidently a severe struggle with her feelings, decided with her usual good sense that the first and most pressing object

* M. Lamartine and Captain Chamier have got the names, and some of the circumstances, of this portion of the story, but very inaccurately. This is not surprising in Captain Chamier; but it seems strange that the head of the Government of the day, who professes to give a minute and accurate detail of a transaction into which it is to be presumed he had made official inquiry, should have so completely misstated almost every circumstance.

was to put the King in safety, and she joined her influence to that of de Perthuis and Hallot to overcome his Majesty's reluctance. The result was that Hallot was dispatched on the evening of the 27th to hire a boat at Trouville. In the course of that day the storm had so far abated as to allow the usual steam-packet to ply between Havre and Honfleur, and it brought M. Besson, who reported that he had not been able to find a vessel at Havre, and that, though he knew the passage in a fishing-boat to be very dangerous, he had nothing better to propose, except that he thought that the *Express*, an English packet steamer, then about to sail for Southampton, might run in to meet the fishing-boat off Trouville and take the King on board. The King authorized him to make a guarded and confidential proposition to the English Captain to this effect, which M. Besson hastened to do; but the Captain at once declined such a deviation from his orders. M. Lamartine, besides many other more important mistakes, makes here a minor one, which we wish to set right. He says that the Captain, Paul, who rejected M. Besson's overture, was *an officer of the Royal Navy*. He was in fact, we believe, a Master in the Navy on half-pay, but he was now only in the command of one of the Southampton passage-boats, and may have been more dubious as to the approbation of his owners and underwriters than the commander of one of the Queen's ships would have been of that of the Government. He may have also thought, as we do, that the proposed plan was an imprudent one. On his arrival at Southampton next day, Mr. Paul, we understand, apprised the Admiralty of the semi-confidence he had received from M. Besson; but our Government had previously, we believe as early as Sunday the 27th, dispatched several steam-vessels to various parts of the French coast to look out for all the royal fugitives; Lord Palmerston had also sent orders to our consuls at the various ports of the Channel to afford them all possible attention and assistance. The *Express* was hastened back to be at the King's disposal, and it was on board her that the King eventually escaped.

At first sight the refusal of the English Captain might appear somewhat churlish, but it was in fact justifiable, and probably fortunate: it seems very unlikely that the proposed scheme should have succeeded; there was not sufficient time to combine the corresponding movements from Havre and Trouville—the same difficulty that eventually prevented the embarkation at Trouville would have occurred—the unusual proceedings of the packet would have excited suspicion, and there would have been, after all, the disagreeable risks of the meeting of the vessels and the transhipment of the passengers in a heavy sea.

However

However that might have been, there seemed now no other resource than the attempt to cross the Channel in the fishing-boat which Hallot might be able to hire at Trouville. The King's position was very painful—he was in entire ignorance of what had happened to the various members of his family, his children and grand-children, since he had parted from them. The last he had heard of the Duchess of Orleans and her boys was that they were enveloped in the perilous tumult of the Chamber. He was equally ignorant of the state of affairs at Paris, and the riots at Rouen were alarming indications of a general commotion; but the greatest of his anxieties seemed to be the separation from the Queen. There appeared, however, no alternative.

Hallot returned from Trouville before M. Besson had gone back to Havre, and brought an account of his having procured a boat for England for 3000 francs (120*l.*), which was to be ready to sail next night, Monday the 28th. All the King's advisers, three distinguished military and two experienced naval officers, concurring in recommending this course, it was so arranged; and on the Monday morning MM. Rumigny and De Perthuis on foot, under the guidance of Hallot, took a short cut across the country to Trouville. M. de Pauligne went in a diligence, and the King and his valet were driven by Racine in a rickety cabriolet, with a single horse, so starved and restive that his Majesty would have reached Trouville probably quicker, and certainly more comfortably, if he had, as M. Lamartine says he did, gone on foot. The Queen remained with her maid and General Dumas, with the intention of passing—as it was expected she would do unobserved—by the ordinary packet boats, as soon as she should hear of the King's embarkation.

It was arranged that the gentlemen who had preceded the King should meet him at the entrance of Trouville, and accompany him on foot along the quay of that town, which is of considerable length, to the boat which was to be in waiting at the other end. The King did not reach the rendezvous till after the appointed hour, but that was of no importance; for on his arrival there he was met by the unwelcome intelligence that the wind and sea were too high to admit of their sailing that night, and what was still more decisive—that the boat was not afloat, and as they were in the neap-tides, would not be for twenty-four or perhaps even forty-eight hours. It seems strange that Hallot had not foreseen this difficulty, but there was no remedy. M. de Rumigny, however, who arrived some hours before the King, had already made an arrangement for concealing him at Trouville till the moment of embarkation. In this emergency he had ventured to take into his confidence the Captain of the Port, a M. Henri Barbet (on whom also the

the King had formerly conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour), who entered warmly into his views, and procured for the King a lodging in the house of his brother Victor Barbet—an old sailor—which happened to be in a little garden-court behind the street. Here the King, with Thuret and M. de Pauligne, was sheltered accordingly. Victor Barbet's house was kept by his daughter, a young widow, whose husband, the master of a fishing boat, had been recently washed overboard in a gale of wind. She was extremely pious, and had a kind of religious veneration for the Queen, before whose picture she had taught her children to pray for the royal family. It was a strange astonishment and happiness to this simple and affectionate devotee to receive the King in her house, and to prepare and serve with her own hands his very modest meals. Here he remained the 29th February, and till the evening of the 1st March. The other gentlemen were at a tavern hard by.

The anxiety of all parties, already sufficiently great, was seriously aggravated by M. de Rumigny's having discovered (probably from Henri Barbet) that orders had come down that evening from the Provisional Government to the Custom-house and Coast-guards to *exert the utmost vigilance to prevent the escape of political fugitives*. M. Lamartine makes no allusion to this remarkable order, but states that—

‘Although *Louis-Philippe* and *his friends* were not aware of it, the Government had authorised M. de Lamartine himself to *provide the means of escape*, with all the prudence which the *peril* of the case demanded, and with all the consideration due to misfortune.’—p. 305.

Very well; but why was it not communicated to ‘*Louis-Philippe* and *his friends*?’ A well-intentioned message might surely have found him, in the eight days of the royal pilgrimage—what had been ostentatiously done for Charles X. might have been quietly done for him; and M. Lamartine, who tells us that he was authorised to *provide* the means of escape, does not appear to have taken the smallest step towards providing, or even *affording* them. The royal family consisted of about twenty persons, who escaped, literally, north, east, south, and west, in five or six different batches, and not one of them saw any trace of M. Lamartine's protection, but, on the contrary, underwent a variety of persecutions and dangers, and particularly the ladies, unexampled except in the history of the *Reign of Terror the First*.—But only two pages later he gives a somewhat different version of the generous proceedings of the Government:—

‘*No order for opposing the departure of the King* had been issued by any one, and instructions perfectly adverse to any attempt against his

his safety or liberty were in the hands of the Government agents.'—p. 307.

The variance between this and the former statement is remarkable. To be authorized to *provide the means of escape* is one thing, but the merely not *issuing an order to oppose the escape* is quite another; the first means active assistance, the last means only neglect or neutrality; both cannot be true. But then comes this special order, of which *M. Lamartine makes no mention*—to exert the utmost vigilance along the whole coast to intercept fugitives—an extraordinary order, which must have been equally effective against the ex-King as against the ex-ministers. We can easily believe that M. Lamartine, and indeed all his colleagues, would have been very sorry if the King had been seized, and very much embarrassed what to do with a captive who might very possibly find himself in a condition to capture his captors. But we do not believe that they had courage to give effect to their feelings either of prudence or generosity. Why, if this order was not meant to apply to the royal fugitives, was there not a distinct proviso that the royal personages were not to be molested?—why were all these generous sentiments locked up in M. Lamartine's breast or desk at the crisis when they might have been useful to the parties, and only revealed when they could serve no other purpose but his own vanity? But after all, those secret instructions, even if really sent to the Government agents, would have been of no value. There was no real danger either to the King or the ex-ministers from the hands of any *legal* authority—the danger was tumultuous insult, perhaps massacre—in the King's individual case, almost certain assassination; and the whole public conduct of the Government—this circular to the ports, and the simultaneous warrants against the Duchess of Orleans¹ and the ex-ministers issued in Paris—had all a tendency to excite the populace to such violences if any of those whom Citizen Caussidière, in recording the issue of these warrants, calls 'the oppressors of the people,' had fallen into their hands.

The practical result was that this circular was a great increase of the King's personal difficulties—all the sentinels on the coast were doubled, and the inland passes leading to the port were additionally watched. All this so alarmed Captain Barbet, that he, heedlessly and without consulting the King, thought of breaking off the bargain with the boat first hired, which was aground and likely to be so for a day or two, and to hire one which was either afloat or likely to be so sooner; and he proposed to divide the 3000 francs (which the King had brought in a bag, and the weight of which had almost broken down Racine's old cabriolet), 1000 to the first boatman, and the rest to the second. The first fellow,
dissatisfied

dissatisfied with this proposal, immediately denounced that there was a stranger concealed at Victor Barbet's, whom he had been requested to convey to England. This caused great rumour in the little town, and dispositions, according to people's political opinions, to prevent or to favour the escape of the stranger. His friends were both more numerous and more active. At about eight o'clock in the evening of the 1st March, Captain Barbet rushed into the little room where the King was—told him that they were betrayed—that the authorities were about to make a domiciliary visit to the house, and that there was barely a moment to escape—he hurried, almost dragged, the King into a little dark back court, where he delivered him into the hands of a stranger who was waiting—Barbet hastening back into the house to arrange for the reception of the threatened visit. The stranger whispered the King—‘Sir, a faithful and devoted servant is about to conduct you to a place of safety;’ and then, taking out a large bunch of keys which opened a succession of doors, passed through several courtyards and little streets to a house which they entered by a back door. It turned out that the stranger was M. Guestier, a gentleman in easy circumstances, who had lately retired from the office of Mayor of Trouville. M. Lamartine and Captain Chamier both misstate the names of the parties and all the details of the affair. Not, we again say, surprising in Captain Chamier, who had no access to official information, but very unbecoming in a person talking *ex cathedra*, like M. Lamartine.

At M. Guestier's the King found that gentleman's family and some friends whom there had been no time to get rid of; nor was it necessary; for they were all zealous for the King's service. They indeed assured his Majesty that such was the unanimous feeling of the town—for that, of above 3000 inhabitants, there were but five or six of the contrary opinion; but ‘it must be confessed,’ they added, ‘these five or six intimidate all the rest.’

Here the King was soon rejoined by his suite, who had prudently dispersed themselves at the first alarm, and it was obvious that nothing now was to be done but to retreat from Trouville as soon as the advance of night should have emptied the streets. M. Guestier had a cabriolet, and the master of the neighbouring hotel, who was also of royalist opinions, and was therefore applied to, had char-à-banc, which he willingly offered—both he and M. Guestier making it a *sine quâ non* of their assistance that they should themselves have the honour of driving the carriages. Here, however, occurred one of those little incidents that sometimes have serious consequences. The pad of M. Guestier's cabriolet-harness had been damaged and sent to be mended. There was no moving without it, and as it would take a considerable time to borrow

borrow another, the whole party, to save time, set out on foot, leaving the carriages to follow. They had to pass three guard-houses before they were out of the town; but, in spite of the order of the Provisional Government for doubling the sentinels, two of the guardhouses showed no sentinel, and one at the third did not observe the passengers. It probably was lucky that they had not waited for the carriages, which, no doubt, the sentinel saw, but saw empty. It was not till they had walked as far as the village of Touques that the carriages overtook them, and it was between four and five in the morning when they set them down within a short distance of La Grace—M. Guestier proceeding forward in the cabriolet towards Quillebœuf to find a safe retreat for the King, as there seemed so little chance of his getting off from Honfleur. It had been settled that if the King had got off from Trouville, M. de Perthuis, on his way back to rejoin his vessel, should have announced it to the Queen: and now, to prevent her being painfully surprised at the King's return, M. de Perthuis went forward to break it to her. Her Majesty was very much agitated at this failure, and the short interval till morning was spent, sadly enough, in relating the vexatious past and planning for the gloomy future.

On Thursday the 2nd of March, just at daybreak, the inmates of La Grace were startled by the arrival of a stranger, who however turned out to be Mr. Jones, the English Vice-Consul at Havre, with a message from the Consul, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, announcing that the *Express* steam-packet had returned and was placed entirely at the King's disposal, and that Mr. Jones would concert with his Majesty the means of embarkation. He also brought news, if possible, more welcome—a letter from M. Besson, announcing that the Duke of Nemours, his little daughter Princess Marguerite, and the Princess Clementine with her husband and children, were safe in England. This double good news reanimated the whole party, who were just before very much exhausted both in body and mind. But the main difficulty still remained how they were to get to the *Express*.

Escape became urgent; for not only had the *Procureur de la République* of the district hastened to Trouville with his gendarmes to seize the stranger (who luckily had left it some hours), but, having there ascertained that the stranger was the King, and that M. de Perthuis was in his company, that functionary concluded that his Majesty was at La Grace, and a domiciliary visit to the Pavillon was subsequently made. It is clear that this *Procureur de la République* was not one of those 'agents' whom the Provisional Government had directed to protect and facilitate the King's escape. Mr. Jones returned to Havre by the packet-boat by which he had come, with the King's grateful acknowledgment to the

the Consul, and a request that he and M. Besson would decide on the best course to be taken, which the King would implicitly follow.

At the same time General Dumas went down to Honfleur to see what could be done on that side, if no practicable proposition should arrive from Havre. But the evening packet brought back M. Besson and Mr. Jones, with the result of the council held at the other side of the water—which was, that the whole party should instantly quit La Grace, and, taking advantage of the dusk of the evening, embark, in the same packet by which these gentlemen had arrived, for a passage to Havre, where there were but a few steps to be walked between leaving the Honfleur boat and getting on board the *Express*. The Queen was to be still *Madame Lebrun*; but the King, with an English passport, had become *Mr. William Smith*. Not a moment was to be lost. The King, disguised as before, with the addition of a coarse great-coat, passed, with M. de Rumigny and Thuret, through one line of streets; *Madame Lebrun*, leaning on her nephew's arm, by another. There was a great crowd on the quay of Honfleur and several gendarmes; but *Mr. Smith* soon recognized Mr. Jones, the vice-consul, and, after a pretty loud salutation in *English* (which few Mr. Smiths speak better), took his arm and stepped on board the packet, where he sat down immediately on one of the passengers' benches. *Madame Lebrun* took a seat on the other side. The vessel, the 'Courier,' happened to be one that the King had employed the summer before at Treport, during his residence at Eu. M. Lamartine, who mistakes even the place and all the circumstances of his embarkation, embroiders it with a statement that the King was recognized by the crew, who, with the honour and generosity inherent in all Frenchmen, would not betray him. We are satisfied that there were very few seamen who would have betrayed him; but the fact is, that he was not recognized; and when the steward went about to collect the fares and some gratuity for the band, *Mr. Smith* shook his head, as understanding no French, and his friend Mr. Jones paid for both. On landing on the quay of Havre, amidst a crowd of people and the *crieurs* of the several hotels, was Mr. Featherstonhaugh, who, addressing *Mr. Smith* as his *uncle*,* whom he was delighted to see, conducted him a few paces further on into the *Express*, lying at the quay with

* Mr Featherstonhaugh—the representative (we are told) of the once powerful family of that name in the North of England (whose ancient castle was so skilfully repaired and embellished by the late Lord Wallace)—is well known as, we believe we may say, the founder—certainly the first successful teacher and active promoter—of geology in the United States. His travels in that part of the world, still more extensive than those of his royal *uncle*, have been narrated in pages of singular liveliness.

her steam up; *Madame Lebrun* following. When they had got down into the cabin, Mr. Featherstonhaugh exclaimed, 'Thank God, Sir, you are safe!' The King repeated the exclamation, in which the Queen devoutly joined; and with the more gratitude, as Mr. Featherstonhaugh informed them that the Duchess of Montpensier had arrived in London; that the Duke of Montpensier, and the Duchess de Nemours with her two sons, were safe at Jersey; but of the Duchess of Orleans and her children there were still no news.

While the royal couple were thus congratulating themselves on their escape, neither they nor Mr. Featherstonhaugh were aware that the greatest danger they had yet run was barely, if indeed really, over. There is, as every one who has happened to land at Havre must know, a certain female *commissionnaire*, who is always to be seen at the arrival of the packet-boats very active in recommending lodgings and hotels, and offering her services to ladies, and even gentlemen, who may have any desire to escape the too-close inspection of the Customhouse officers. Now, this good woman—generally so civil, and occasionally so useful—was near occasioning a great misfortune. Either by the help of her dark-lantern, which she generally carries, or by the light of one of the gas-lamps, she immediately recognized the King, and ran in her giddy surprise to communicate the discovery to an officer who was in some kind of command on the port. This man hastened to the *Express*, and just caught a glimpse of *Mr. Smith* as he entered the vessel. He saw that the woman was right, and he immediately began a kind of expostulation with Capt. Paul about his evident preparations for sailing. Paul answered, that he was proceeding with dispatches. The officer thought it very strange, and expressed a curiosity to see his cabins; Capt. Paul hastily said, it must be at his next trip, and, the vessel beginning to move, this personage had barely time to get on shore, as the Consul had just done. 'Pray,' said he to Mr. Featherstonhaugh, 'who was that whom you put on board the *Express*?' 'My uncle,' said Mr. Featherstonhaugh. 'Your uncle?' said the functionary incredulously, 'Ah! Monsieur le Consul!' and he retired, shaking his head. He immediately dispatched, as it afterwards appeared, a report to M. Deschamps, one of the *Commissaires* of the Provisional Government at Rouen.

The wind was violent and there was a heavy sea, but the *Express* made a tolerable passage, and the fugitives were landed, early on the morning of the 3rd, on the shore close to New-haven; and on the 4th they arrived at Claremont.

The last incident on the quay of Havre is almost the only
one

one correctly told by M. Lamartine : the cause of which unusual accuracy is easily explained. He had seen the report of the officer, whoever he was, to Ledru Rollin's *Commissaire* ; and that little circumstance is further noticeable, as it seems to show that *this* 'Government agent' at least had received no instructions to protect and facilitate the King's escape. M. Lamartine, though in possession no doubt of the official reports, concludes the narrative with a couple of inaccuracies which are worth producing as specimens of his habitual laxity. He says, the King came to Havre in a steanboat *from Rouen*, and that he landed 'à Southampton, où l'attendait l'hospitalité de son gendre le Roi des Belges dans leur château royal de Claremont' (i. 53). These are trifles ; but it is strange that the Dictator who expelled and replaced (*Dieu sait comment*) the King, and affects to give such minute details of his flight, should have been ignorant of his embarkation at Honfleur—of where he landed on our shores ; and that—affectionate and dutiful as the King of the Belgians would undoubtedly have been if his orders could have been taken—Louis-Philippe's reception at Claremont was not, and could not have been, prepared or foreseen by him.

It was thus that the French nation, or rather the fifty conspirators and a couple of thousand ruffians who usurped its name and authority, expelled Louis-Philippe and his family—a man remarkable for his personal talents and private virtues, and who, as king, had no other defect than the having originally accepted the sovereignty from such giddy heads and lawless hands, and the having undertaken the hopeless task of governing by law a people that we believe can never be governed but by some near approach to arbitrary power. And what have that people got in exchange ? A succession of abortive ministries changing with the moons. Three successive dictators—a coxcomb—a Jacobin—and a puppet—all governing not by law, but by force—two of them already ostracised, and the third awaiting with a mixed air of apprehension and bravado the next turn of the wheel. They have got that system of election by faction, trick, and terror denominated *universal suffrage*, which, even before it has had time to develop its ultimate and inevitable mischief, has already shown that it is no safeguard to liberty, and that it only affords an excuse and protection for a system of arbitrary government which is only to be matched in history by the Convention and Buonaparte. We need not remind our readers of the mingled foolery, robbery, jobbery, and confusion of Lamartine's melodrame, nor of the 10,000 killed and 12,000 prisoners of Cavaignac's Austerlitz, nor that there are at this hour more *state prisoners* in that

that land of *liberty, equality, and fraternity* than the Bastille had received altogether during the 400 years of its existence. But the *details* of the despotism which the government of universal suffrage has imposed on France are even more wonderful. Even while we write two circumstances present themselves to us, which are looked upon as trivial and even ridiculous in Paris, but seem to us so remarkably characteristic of the revolutionary system of law and government as to be worth our readers' notice.

We find in the *Journal des Débats* of the 27th of February, 1850, an account of a debate the day before in the Assembly on the two following points. A law was passed in April, 1848, for the controlling the publication of handbills, placards, and the like ; but it contained a proviso that for the forty-five days previous to a general election, the addresses, &c. of candidates were to be unrestrained. There were then about thirty vacancies created by the exile and expulsion of Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, &c.,—and the Government, pretending that these were not *general* elections, decided that the addresses of the candidates for these vacancies were not protected by the proviso—which doctrine was subsequently ratified by the Court of Cassation. The other side contended that the very first principles of freedom of election required a contrary construction, and that it was absurd to say that at a *general* election a candidate shall have a licence that is denied to him when it is most needed for the support of his individual claims ; they added also that the whole course and spirit of the law showed that by the words *general* elections were meant all elections of members *to the National Assembly* in contradistinction to the various local and particular elections for the departmental councils and administrative offices. This was undoubtedly the common sense of the case ; and if it had been doubtful, one would have expected that a National Assembly sprung from universal suffrage would have hastened to remove so absurd a restriction on the liberty of candidates and the freedom of election. Not at all. A complaint having been made that the Préfet of one of the departments had suppressed the address of a candidate, the Ministers avowed that it was done by their orders, and the Assembly, almost without discussion, acquiesced in their view. Nay, there has since been introduced a law to abolish the privilege even in general elections. They have also proposed new and severe restrictions on the press, more strict and repressive than Charles X.'s *Ordonnances* or than Louis-Philippe's *Laws of September*. On these measures and the clamours they occasion, the *Journal des Débats*, much the soberest and most judicious journal in France, says—

' We have unfortunately learned that in revolutions it is always
Liberty

Liberty that suffers, and those who complain of the restrictive measures to-day—MM. Pascal, Duprat, and Crémieux—were the promoters of the state of siege and other violent proceedings of the Dictators. M. Crémieux will tell you that “*Never, no never, had the monarchy proposed laws so severe as those now introduced.*” Well; we do not deny it. ‘Tis true; but *whose fault is it?*’—*Débats*, 22 Mars.

‘O Liberty,’ said Madame Roland, ‘what atrocities are committed in thy name!’

In a later part of the evening before mentioned—the 26th February—occurred a still more strange exemplification of the new species of liberty which France enjoys. If there be anything more characteristic than another of that country in its better days, it was the festive good-humour and gaiety of her population, and especially in the provinces. Their *danses et chansons* were a happy contrast to the less temperate enjoyments of the more northern nations; and every Englishman has read, with something of envy, the charming picture that Sterne has left us of the festive manners of that happy district ‘from the banks of the Rhône to those of the Garonne,’ where the sunburnt children of labour tempted him to join in their dance, to the sound of the pipe and tabor and of their own roundelay—‘*Viva la joie! Fidon la tristessa!*’* Now in this very region—between these two rivers—lies the modern department of the *Ardèche*, of which one of the principal towns still retains the pretty and *hitherto* characteristic name of *Joyeuse*. But the *Ardèche* is to be *joyeuse* no longer. Towards the close of last autumn the Prefect of the *Ardèche* thought proper to issue the following proclamation:—

‘Art. I. Songs, dances, promenades, and *farandoles*† in any public places (*voies publiques*), with or without colours or music, are prohibited, by day or by night, throughout the whole department of the *Ardèche*.

‘Art. II. Are equally prohibited songs, declamations, shows, and concerts, whether in taverns, coffee-houses, eating-houses, drinking-shops, or any other public establishment.’

Of this extraordinary law thus imposed on a great province by the will and pleasure of the Prefect, the representatives of the department complained in the first instance prudently and privately to the Minister of the Interior, but, obtaining no redress from that quarter, one of them, M. Chabert, brought the matter before the National Assembly; and how, will our readers believe, was this complaint received?

When M. Chabert had read the first article, there followed

* *Tristram Shandy*, vol. vii. ch. 42 et seq.

† ‘*Danse particulière aux Provençaux; c’est une espèce de cours mesurée.*’—*Dict. Fran.*

'*rire général!*' When he read the second, '*longue explosion d'hilarité!*' M. Chabert proceeded to state that

'The department was perfectly tranquil—no disturbances—no state of siege—I ask, then, by what law, by what right, can the Prefect prohibit these things? (*On rit*—and a member exclaims "Rights to the *farandole!*") And observe'—continues M. Chabert—'that there is here no question of tumultuous assemblies, of licentious or seditious songs—nothing of the kind, but inoffensive songs, promenades, concerts——

'The Minister of the Interior, interrupting.—And *farandoles*—— (*On rit aux éclats.*)—*Débats*, 27 Fev.

The minister thought the very word *farandole* ridiculous, but did he not see that the interdiction of the *farandole* was at once ridiculous and odious? And the *Débats*, in its leading article, specially applauds this treatment of M. Chabert's complaint, and wonders that the Assembly should have even tolerated as far as it did such 'ridiculous gossip.' Thus it is that the new French republic understands civil liberty!

Our readers will ask, Are the editors—the minister—the National Assembly lost to all sense of right, law, or liberty? No: the Journal is one of the most respectable in Paris, the Minister of the Interior * is a sensible and worthy man, and the majority of the Chamber mean well; they see, as we do, the unconstitutionality of such proceedings, but they are, as every sober-minded man in France is, so alarmed at the volcanic danger of their position—they see all around them such accumulating masses of inflammable materials, and such a number of wild and wicked incendiaries, that they are forced to tolerate, and even to perpetrate, under an affected contempt and assumed levity, outrages on law and common sense and public liberty that in other circumstances would excite the indignation and vengeance of a civilized people.

Much less monstrous were the disorders that M. Guizot describes as 'odious and intolerable' at the close of our Grand Rebellion:—

'These violent oppressions in the midst of anarchy seemed more odious and intolerable coming from *men who had demanded so much of the King*, and promised so largely for themselves, in the way of liberty; from men most of whom were till then obscure, and had risen from ranks and conditions in which the people were not accustomed to look for rulers.'—*Guizot*, p. 40.

And where is this to end? All that seems certain is, that the present state cannot last. Great surprise and alarm have been

* M. F. Barrot—already, no longer minister:—'they come like shadows—so depart.'

created throughout France by the success of the Socialist candidates at the late elections. We feel the greatest alarm at the ultimate and certain results of universal suffrage—the predominance of brute numbers over intelligence and property—but no surprise. An analysis of the votes on the last and former elections satisfies us that there is no real change in the state of parties, and that they are all awaiting in a trembling balance the preponderance of the sword. But even if there were no danger from the Socialists, it is clear that the existing Constitution cannot work, that its component powers are irreconcilably discordant, and that the Assembly must either get rid of the President and become *Convention the Second*, or the President must get rid of the Assembly and become *Napoléon the Third*; either is possible for a season, but neither could last. As to the *Prince-President*, as they affect to call him, with his *Idées Napoléoniennes* and his imperial visions, we adhere to our opinion that he is a mere stop-gap—a fly on the wheel! He has hitherto played his part in the interlude with decency, gravity, and (generally) apparent good sense, but it is but an interlude. If France is to be a Republic, the President must be a Republican; but if a Monarchy, it can be no other than a legitimate hereditary monarchy. They have already tried a *quasi legitimacy*, under its most favourable circumstances, and it has failed. Can any one hope that an infant king and a female regent would be stronger or more durable than the experience, the talents, the kingcraft of Louis-Philippe? If individual ability and the impulses of national choice could guarantee stability, neither Napoleon nor he would have fallen; but what the people give, they can, and if they can, they will take away. If they can crown, they can uncrown, and, like Drawcansir, ‘Will do it all, because they dare.’ The hereditary principle has been adopted, not for the sake of any of the royal races who happen to be its objects, but for the sake of the people themselves—to secure the internal peace and happiness of nations—to repress individual ambitions—to avert the greatest of all evils, civil war—to

*Forbid to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.*

They talk in Paris about a ‘fusion of parties,’ meaning Legitimists and Orleanists. This seems to us no better than mischievous nonsense. No professed union of these parties could remove, though it might rather increase, the difficulties of the situation. Whatever is to be done must be the act of the nation at large, guided not by the feelings of individuals, but by the experience of all—by the effect, in short, on *public opinion*—~~regard~~ *del mondo*—of the grand experiment in which France has been

been so unfortunately involved, but which she must work out. Time and events will teach the French people whether a republic suits their tastes, their temper, or their interests. If it should, we wish they may find a Washington; but we rather expect a Cromwell. If it should not, they have our example to guide them, and M. Guizot, in his account of England in 1660, plainly indicates the analogy of the cases and the identity of the remedy:—

‘Some solution of the existing state of things was absolutely necessary. All the men of mark or influence who had brought about the revolution, or whom the revolution had raised into notice, had been repeatedly put to the proof. Though their attempts to govern the country had not been thwarted or obstructed by any external obstacle or national resistance, none of them had succeeded. They had destroyed each other. They had all exhausted in these fruitless conflicts whatever reputation or whatever strength they might otherwise have preserved. Their nullity was completely laid bare. Nevertheless, *England* was still at their mercy. The nation had lost, in these long and melancholy alternations of anarchy and despotism, the habit of ruling, and the courage to rule, its own destinies.

‘During this interregnum of twenty months, and in the midst of this ridiculous outbreak of chimerical pretensions, the only competitor who did not appear was ~~in~~ upon whom the thoughts, hopes, and fears of all England were fixed—the only one whose claims were serious.

‘The long reverses of the royalist party had taught them good sense. They had learned not to take their wishes for the measure of their powers; and to understand that, if *Charles Stewart* was to regain the crown, it could only be by the general will and act of *England*, not by an insurrection of cavaliers.’—*Guizot*, pp. 74, 75.

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